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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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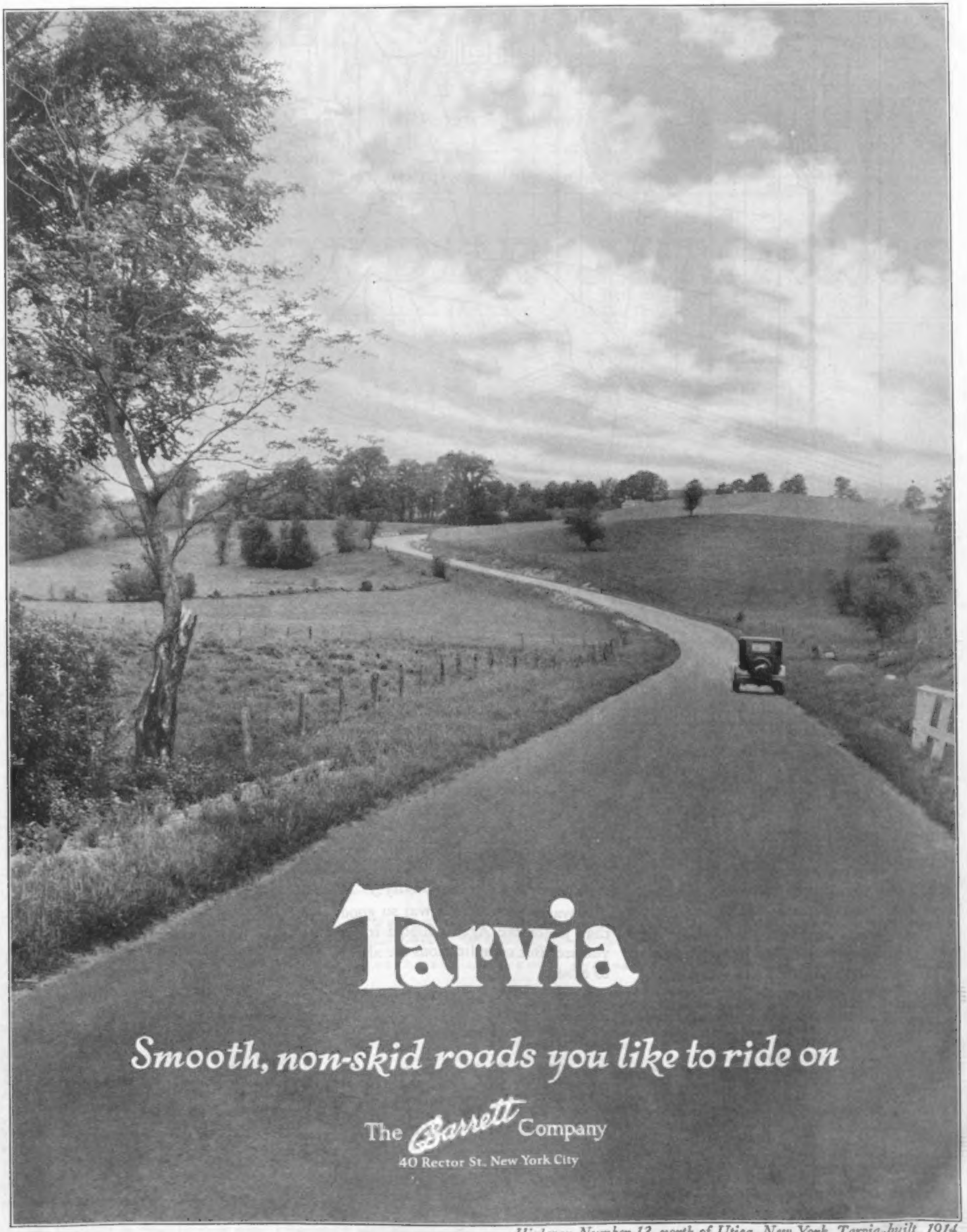
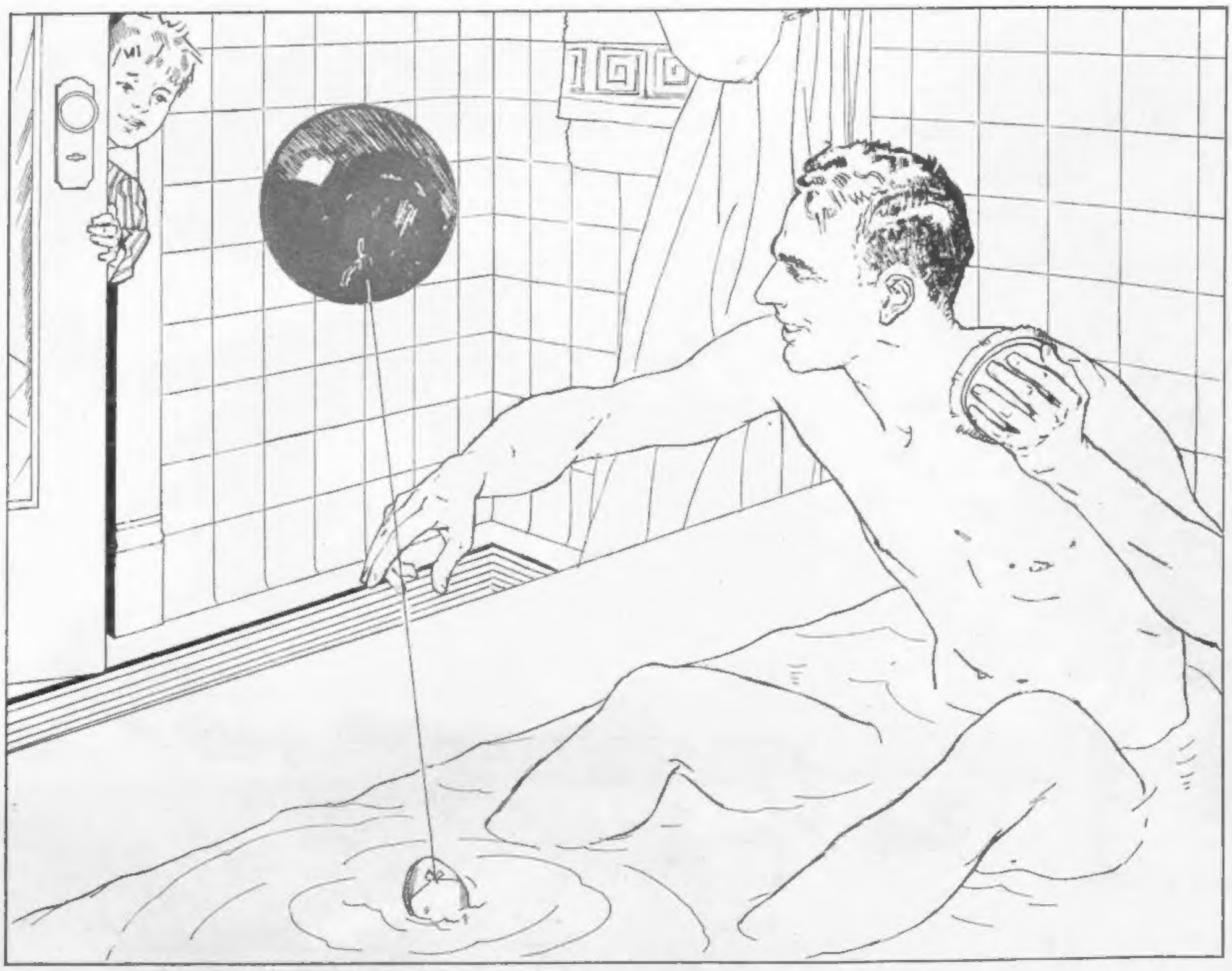


Highway Number 12, north of Utica, New York. Tarvia-built, 1914.



To balloon-stealing fathers

James the Aged had been a sinker-soap sufferer for years. He had wasted incalculable hours hop-frogging around the tub-bottom after jeering, rainbow-tinted soap-clods.

The temporary solution of his sinker-soap problem, pictured above, came about in this wise:

James the Young had bought the balloon with a thin dime while the Greatest Show on Earth was parading through the town.

Came evening and the bathing hour, and young Jimmy struggled with his sinker-cake. It shied here and it hid there. It *laughed* at him ha-ha.

Then *he* invented the levitation act. (Principle of Physics: Balloon plus sinker-soap counteracts gravity.)

It was a good act. It was so good that James the Aged adopted it, as you see. But complications are about to ensue:

James the Young wants that balloon back—*now!*

What to do! What to do!

"Jimmy," cajoles the Aged Parent, suddenly inspired, "tell your mother I'll give you back your balloon if she will dig me up a cake of Ivory Soap."

* * *

Note to soap-diving fathers: Don't steal the young son's balloon. Ivory floats under its own power. It stays on top, inviting the eager hand. It is the only soap we know of which invests bathing with all the comfort and luxury to which a gentleman is entitled.

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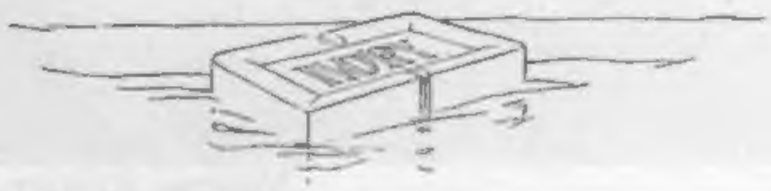

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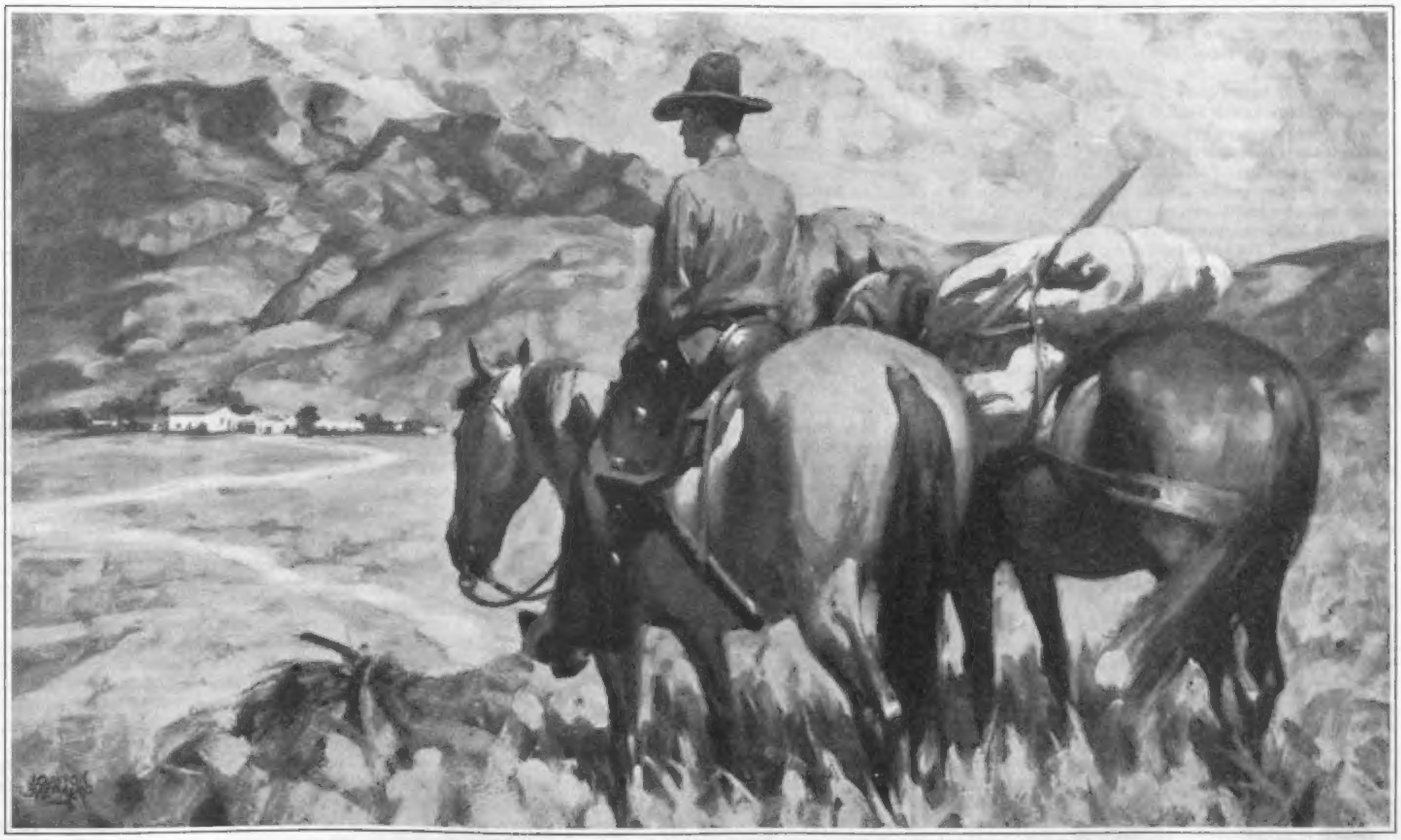
THE BORDER JUMPERS



It Was Not Until He Topped Out on a Gentle Rise That the Ranch Buildings Became Visible. "There You are, Pony," He Observed to His Saddle Horse

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

FOLKS' ideas as to just what constitutes God's country differ a considerable," the dusty horseman observed. "Now this particular stretch of landscape would tally with my idea of the country God forgot. But to Carlos Francisco Martin it seemed the ultimate that any heart, human or divine, could petition for; and from what I knew of Carlos, he was as near right about things as any man is apt to be. So while this isn't by any stretch of imagination my idea of God's country, it was his, and I'm endeavoring to view it through his eyes."

It was not until he topped out on a gentle rise that the ranch buildings became visible. Some four or five miles across the blistered flats, they nestled in a pocket at the base of the barren hills. "There you are, pony," he observed to his saddle horse. "Thirty-odd miles of desert and right at ten hours on the trail without a swallow of anything but dust; but you can be dipping your fevered muzzle into cool water before long now."

The animal nickered, his ears pricking forward alertly. The led horse, too, gave evidence of increased animation and a lessening inclination to drag behind at the end of his lead rope. The road that led in from the railroad to the T. P. Ranch showed as a white scar across the parched and arid flats. Little puffs of whitish dust, stirred up by the horses' feet, curled aloft to remain suspended in the still air of the desert. Shimmering heat waves blurred the perspective. A road runner careened into the track and raced along ahead of the little cavalcade. Then, as if finding the pace unexciting, the bird galloped off at right angles. Little hummocks of prickly pear, scattered yuccas, clusters of greasewood fringing the depression of an alkali sink, purplish tufts of desert buckwheat, an occasional cholla cactus, a dog town in which the occupants trilled shrill protest against the intrusion, their little tails jerking abruptly as if to accent their vocal efforts; and even the traveling of prairie dogs from one mound to another stirred up resulting trails of dust. Stunted vegetation, all of it, and in the breaks between there was a scattered stand of grass.

"Fair feed," the rider commented. The road led across a half-mile stretch of rocky ground covered with straggling ocatillo that obscured his view of the ranch buildings. He pulled up his horse to peer down at certain tracks on the left-hand side of the road. A car had stopped there apparently, and the men who had made the tracks had come from the south and entered it.

"Some parties caught a ride," the horseman analyzed the evidence. The ocatillo growth thinned out. A hundred yards beyond, he observed a second line of tracks that ended similarly at the road. This time he did not so much as halt his horse. "Several parties caught the selfsame ride," he amplified. "Also, someone might have trained a pair of glasses on me from the ranch house to determine who it is that approaches, and it maybe wouldn't do for a wayfaring stranger to act too curious."

He rode on until the buildings of the T. P. Ranch, low and squat and solidly constructed of adobe, loomed before him. Giant cottonwoods, a few trees each of figs, English walnuts, peaches, oranges and pears, all of them ancient, graced the ranch yard. A half acre of grapes adorned a gently sloping sidehill. A sizable expanse of dusty green, which the rider estimated as somewhere round twenty acres, was given over to alfalfa.

"So this," he said, "is the old Teepee Ranch where Carlos Martin was born and reared, the thought of which made his eyes glisten when he spoke of getting back to God's country some day if the breaks came right. Well, he got the breaks in his favor

and he came back. And then some other resident of God's country—if we concede that this is it—left Carlos face up to the sun. Anyway, if his time had come to go, I'm glad he got back here before it happened. And if I cut the trail of the miscreant that put him across, there won't be any need of a burial squad to pat him in the face with a spade. The coyotes can attend to the obsequies."

The weary horse, eager to reach water, broke into a shuffling trail trot and the led animal crowded up beside him, sensing the journey's end.

"Carlos described this spot to me so many times in every detail that it does seem like I'm riding up to some old familiar scene," the rider testified. "I can almost picture him standing out there and shouting a welcome to us, pony, offering us the keys to the ancestral mansion. But I'm unprepared to prophesy as to just what sort of welcome this man Paige, who owns the Teepee layout now, will accord us. Fair feed hereabouts," he said again. "But it's mighty few cow-critters we've laid eyes on in an all-day ride. Likely Paige hasn't restocked the range to any great extent since old man Martin failed."

The corral was an ample affair with five-foot adobe walls. A short, dark man approached. It was evident that he was of Mexican extraction—perhaps not quite a full-blooded product. Two huge police dogs, tethered some fifty yards apart, raged furiously at the end of their chains.

"Turn your horses loose in the corral," the dark man invited. "My name is Snell."

His speech gave no evidence of his Mexican ancestry. Later, it was increasingly evident from his speech that he was a town product. Probably a half-blood who had been educated in the public schools of some American city where he had been thrown more into contact with whites than with Mexicans, the new arrival decided.

"And mine," the latter introduced himself, "is Carson. Could you put me up overnight?"

"Sure we can," Snell returned with bluff heartiness. "Long dusty drag in here from the siding. It's bad enough by car and it must be sheer hellish to travel that stretch on a horse."

"Plenty of both dimensions—length and dust," Carson assented.

Such riding was but routine work to a ranch hand; yet Snell, who obviously was dressed as a ranch hand, spoke as if the discomforts of a day in the saddle were purely matters for speculation in his case. "Never made the journey astraddle of a horse yourself then?" Carson made casual inquiry.

"Oh, yes, many's the time," Snell hastily returned. "But each jaunt don't make it any the less monotonous. I made the round trip in the saddle only the first of the week, leading a pack horse. Had to go out and bring in supplies."

"You," Carson said to himself, "are just a barefaced liar, Mr. Snell. There hasn't been even one horse over that road one way in ten days, much less a brace of horses over it both ways a couple of days back. In the next place, with three big touring cars setting in the yard, you wouldn't make a two-day ride after supplies with a pack horse."

But aloud he said affably, "Then you know from experience that it's a fair to middling hot and dusty jaunt."

Blake

When Carson had stripped saddles and equipment from his horses, Snell led the way to a cluster of chairs beneath a pepper tree. "Won't be feeding time for an hour or so yet," he said. "Might as well rest. Live round these parts?"

"My usual range is a few hundred miles east of here. I'm figuring to prospect the hills between here and Armajo for a spell. This is one snug layout here. It's an old place, too, looks like. Spanish, eh?"

"Yeah. It was built way back in the Mexican days," Snell returned.

Under cover of casual speech, Carson's glance roved over every detail of his surroundings. There had been little time or effort expended in keeping up repairs. Martin had used Mexican help in all departments. Blake had replaced those retainers with a few Chinese servants, Snell explained. A row of adobe tenant houses, as ancient as the trees that shaded them, now stood empty and deserted. The door giving entrance to the main house from a deep, low-ceiled veranda was closed, but Carson could visualize the cool interior beyond the thick adobe walls—the spacious living room and dining room, the tree-shaded garden in the patio, with the sleeping quarters opening off it. All that had been etched upon the tablets of Carson's mind by the graphic strokes of Carlos Martin's word pictures of God's country and the home ranch in its center.

Paige, Carson decided, must be an easy-going boss who encouraged his hands to sit round in the shade all day.

There was a tremendous quantity of cigarette butts beneath this particular tree.

"Paige ain't very practical," Snell said. "Blake runs things for him mostly, and kind of looks after Paige too. Here comes Paige now."

The two chained police dogs rose and strained at their tethers, regarding with bleak hostility the man who had just come from the house. Even after Snell had performed introductions and Paige had seated himself, the two savage dogs regarded him with watchful hostility.

"Beastly hot," Paige said. "I've just had a tub, but its cooling effects are wearing off." He rose from his chair and the nearest police dog rose and snarled. "You big devil!" Paige snapped. Carson, glancing at Snell, saw a fleeting scowl and almost imperceptible shake of his head. Had Snell directed that gesture at the owner? But Paige, as if he had not noticed it, and now ignoring the dog, said affably to Carson, "Come in. We'll have a pick-me-up before dinner."

Snell rose and accompanied them through the big living room to the patio. The trees that shaded the garden were magnificent, but the lawn was uncut and shot through with weeds.

Paige lifted his voice and a Chinese servant appeared. "Scotch and soda," Paige ordered, holding one hand above the other and elevating the upper member with a negligent gesture to indicate that the drink should be a tall one. "We have no ice, but it's wet. What will you have, Carson? We can scare up a bottle of 'most anything you're craving."

"The mate to yours," Carson specified.

So the owner served five o'clock tea in the garden to the ranch hands and their stray guests, did he? Odd custom. Paige was a tall athletic-looking man of perhaps thirty. The sun had washed his face with a light coat of tan, insufficient as yet to conceal the pallor that had stamped it but recently. His eyes were restless—feverish. Evidence of protracted dissipation was beginning to mar a face that was still extremely handsome. He made various quick gestures that betrayed jerky nerves. Carson was aware of a haunting sense of familiarity. Had he known that face somewhere?

Paige rose and took a few nervous paces, wheeled and returned. It was when he stooped to pick up a magazine that had fallen to the grass, looking up at Carson as his fingers touched it, that the latter's thoughts clicked into place, and with a shock he recognized the man. Those broad shoulders, that crouching pose, with fingers touching the ground.

Carson was transported back some eight years to the day when two elevens had been lined up facing each other while the thousands cheered. And this man, crouching, fingers touching the ground, had looked at him as he had looked just

"Not So Much as a Cow Trail Up Through That Brush in the Bottoms," He Mused. "A Man Would Have to Slash His Way Through"

now. And the stands had chanted, again and again, "Paige! Paige! Paige!"

Again the man took a nervous turn about his chair. Then he repaired to the house. Ten minutes later he returned. The jerks had ceased. His hand was steady, his eyes were bright.

"H'm," Carson mused. "So that's it! A rotten shame."

Snell gulped the last of his drink and smacked his lips with satisfaction as he poured himself another.

Carson felt that he was being regarded from the house. A casual survey failed to reveal evidence of a face behind any of the windows or doorways facing on the patio. He wondered if Paige had recognized him as a former opponent on the football field. But the man seemed to have no recollection of their former meetings. The difference in attire, probably. Paige had never seen him except in football togs. Carson's glance strayed down across his well-worn leather chaps, the sagging gun belt with the heavy six-shooter in its holster, his spur-rigged, high-heeled boots.

"From your get-up, I take it you're a stockman," Paige submitted.

"My rigging does rather advertise my calling," Carson agreed amiably. "Yes, I've worked with stock more or less all my life."

"So's your old man," said Paige unexpectedly.

Both the words and the tone in which they were uttered were so foreign to the man's customary manner of speech that Carson was mildly surprised, though he gave no evidence of it. Snell, however, permitted his facial expression to betray his surprise, and he glanced at his visitor to see if he had taken offense.

"Yes," Carson agreed, smiling, "so's my old man. My whole family has been what you might call cow folks for three generations—if you count me as a generation."

They chatted on for a space of five minutes. Paige pushed his hat upon the back of his head, and presently it fell to the ground behind his chair. He rose and moved round to it, lurching a trifle. When he stooped to retrieve it he became overbalanced and for a moment his finger tips rested upon either side of it, his left knee bent, his right leg extended behind him; and again Carson recalled his old football crouch as Paige balanced there unsteadily, looking at him. Paige's tongue was thick when he spoke again: "Hit the line hard! Listen to your signals and don't fumble the ball!"

"Here!" Snell remarked suddenly. "You're going to pitch on your nose. Better get back in your chair." His words had an edge.

"So's your Aunt Hattie," Paige observed brightly, retrieving his hat and resuming his seat.

Snell, it seemed to Carson, had turned alertly suspicious. His glance flitted swiftly between Carson's face and Paige's, as if he were endeavoring to observe them both at the same time. When Paige reached for the bottle, Snell removed it and placed it upon the ground between his own chair and Carson's, indicating by a gesture that the latter was to help himself if so inclined.

Lanyhorn

So this ranch hand felt privileged to decide when the owner should be deprived of liquid refreshments, even though he continued to ply his own glass with Paige's liquor, Carson thought. Had Paige recognized him as an old football opponent? Why else that crouch and the mumbled reference to signals? Was he trying to convey to Carson some message that the watchful Snell should not overhear? Not likely. On the contrary, if what Carson suspected was true, it was not surprising that Snell should observe Paige closely in his present dope-ridden condition lest he should drop an incautious remark before a stranger. Snell suddenly stretched both arms above his head, and as if this had been a signal, another man came from the house and crossed the patio toward them. This was Blake, Snell informed.

"So's the weather," Paige remarked, apropos of nothing.

Blake, a big, florid man, joined the group. He greeted Carson with the genial affability of a Florida real-estate broker, his broad face expressionless save for a smile that impressed one with its professional quality.

"Right nice layout you have here," Carson commented.

"Yes. Paige stole it," Blake boomed heartily. "Old fellow that owned it—Martin, his name was—got loaded up with high-priced cows during the postwar boom and the deflation broke him. The old lady had died six months before. A bank went down in the smash with him, and I guess the trouble was too much for him, because he died shortly after I bought the place for Paige for a song at foreclosure sale forced by the creditors."

"Martin had no heirs?" Carson asked.

"Yes, there was a son, I heard, but he had been away somewhere. He came back into these parts after the place had been sold and the old folks had died, someone was telling me, and went into the customs service, or maybe it was the immigration—some government outfit like that. The Martin boy run foul of some bad ones when he was out on border patrol or something, I guess, and failed to show up. I recall hearing something about it, but I can't recollect the details."

"I never met him myself," Paige contributed.

The Two Chained Police Dogs Rose and Strained at Their Tethers, Regarding With Bleak Hostility the Man Who Had Just Come From the House

"I mistrust," Carson said silently to himself, "that you're a ring-tailed liar. But up to date I can't prove it on you." Aloud, he said casually, "Then the Martin family is extinct?"

"Wiped out," Blake affirmed cheerily.

Carson was regarding the tips of his boots so that the hostility that he felt toward his hosts would not be observed if it should creep into his eyes. He was thinking what a shock it must have been to Carlos Martin. Throughout the war he had kept cheerful by looking forward to returning to his well-beloved parents and this God's country of his, with the ranch as its throbbing center. It seemed almost indecent that after going through what he had he should have returned to this—to find the Teepee lost and his parents dead, his father having passed out but two months prior to Carlos' home-coming. While engaged with these depressing reflections, he nodded and made occasional rejoinders to Blake's comments relative to their plans for the future of the ranch. These plans were rather more general and expansive than replete with details that would impress a practical stockman.

Blake turned suddenly to Snell. "Bring in Mr. Carson's effects," he instructed.

Snell, in the act of lifting a drink to his lips, paused with the glass suspended halfway and stared in outraged surprise, his mouth half open as if to frame a retort. Then he nodded suddenly.

"Oh, sure thing, boss. I'll get 'em in two shakes. Soon's I finish this drink." He gulped a portion of the contents. "You want your whole outfit, Mr. Carson?"

"If you're going to provide me with the luxury of a bed, I won't need anything but my war sack," Carson said. "I hadn't expected anything but the usual bunk-house hospitality."

He would, in fact, prefer to be left to his own devices in one of the outlying cabins, he thought, instead of occupying a room in the main house, but Blake was bent upon entertaining him.

"Snell will bring in your effects and look after your horses," Blake boomed cordially. "All you have to do is to rest and enjoy yourself." His bluff joviality would have reflected credit upon the chairman of a chamber-of-commerce welcoming committee.

"The keys of the city are mine, so to speak," Carson mused. "And I'm wondering why. Maybe it's his idea of Western hospitality to take every stray grub-lining rider into the house as a member of the family instead of bidding him welcome to the bunk house and the ranch hands' table. Then again, maybe there's a reason."

II

A CAT-FOOTED Chinese served the meal. Carson's gaze strayed through the window, and he noticed that the three big touring cars in the yard were drawn up almost abreast and facing upon the edge of the little flat alfalfa meadow. When the meal had ended, Snell motioned Carson aside and communicated the fact that Blake had one peculiarity—his insistence upon absolute quiet after his own retiring hour, which was early. "He's got us all broke in to be dead quiet so's not to interfere with his snoozing."

"Any time," Carson said. "I've had a hard day myself and bed will be welcome."

"You're going to prospect, Snell tells me," Blake observed.

Carson nodded. "Somewhat out of my regular line. I picked up an old map from a Mexican. Near as I can make it out, it's located in the Armajo Mountains. Seems like an early day prospector made a strike up in there. On his way down the south slope of the hills, out toward where the railroad is now, the Apaches ambushed him. Some Mexicans found the remains later, almost stripped, but still with an undershirt on, and pinned inside it was this map. Anyway, I thought I'd take a whirl at locating his old strike."

"Ah! Lost mine, eh?" Blake said. "Here's luck to you. This country is full of lost-mine legends, and no doubt some of 'em are founded on fact. The Apaches were bad in the Armajo country, I've heard. Used to give the troopers the slip in the Armajo hills every time."

Blake urged drinks upon Carson in most hospitable fashion, but the guest declined to imbibe so soon after dinner. "I've got a long dry pull to make tomorrow," he explained, "and a craving for ice water can't be satisfied out where I'm heading."

Blake seemed much interested in Carson's contemplated prospecting activities and made minute inquiries as to the general location of the alleged mine. Was it in the hills just west of the ranch, out in the desert, far out to the north, or perhaps off in the jumble of mountains to the south? And where would Carson get his water?

"It's over west," Carson informed. "Well over on the Armajo side, in fact. I'll water at the Armajo Tanks, not on this side of Big Bench anywheres."

Within two hours after dinner Blake rose and made his apologies. "We keep early hours religiously," he explained. "In the city, of course, it's rather impossible, so when we're out here we make up for lost sleep. Matter of fact, it was with something of the sort in mind that Paige had me buy the place, rather than with any idea of making a big success of the stock business. Neither of us is actually a practical stockman," he admitted with disarming candor. "Please make yourself quite at home despite the delinquency of your hosts."

"I'll show Carson to his sleeping quarters," Paige volunteered.

"Never! I claim that as my privilege," Blake declared with genial finality. He led the way round the flagged walk that flanked the patio. "Great chap, Paige," he said with a touch of regretful concern in his voice. "None better. We're getting him on his feet again. I know you understand. Terribly fond of the boy and I dislike to discuss it. . . . Nice peaceful place to sleep here, Mr. Carson."

Carson agreed that it was quiet.

(Continued on Page 158)

A HOLE IN ONE

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THIS is a serial in two parts. You may be one of those who don't like continued stories. But this fact might interest you: This is about a suffering Actor. Now I knew a man that always subscribed for the Congressional Record. It, of course, mentioned the fact if any Member of Congress had passed away. So he said he always took it because he just loved to read about dead Congressmen. Oftentimes you have been made to suffer by Actors. So you will be tickled to death to read about an Actor who suffers, and the more continuous he suffers, the more you will like it.

Now Irvin Cobb—Bless his ugly old frontispiece—not only gave us many a laugh with his classical Operation Book but he showed us the practical side of humor by making an operation pay its way.

I had tried to crowd all this cause and effect of this operation into one Article, or Installment. Then I got to thinking about the bill—it hadent come yet. But I knew my literary efforts were not appreciated enough by hard-hearted Editors to have one installment pay for a modern, up-to-date, with all late improvements operation. 'Course Cobb could do it on his, and maybe Bernard Shaw might if the operation was only a shave. But I decided on two parts, and if it's not humorous, why, don't blame me. It's hard to be funny when you know the check will only pass through your hands.

We kid about our Doctors and we hate to pay 'em after it's all over and we have quit hurting. But I expect a lot of us have got 'em to thank for being here. So I dedicate both check and Article to two charming members of an ancient and—I hope—honorable craft—Drs. Percy G. White, and Clarence E. Moore. Don't be misled by their effeminate given names. They are a couple of big rough bruisers, physically.

This story opens on the bank of the Verdigris River in the good old Indian Territory, four miles east of a town called Oo-lo-gah, and twelve miles north of a town called Claremore—best Radium water in World. The plot of the story is a pain in the stomach. The stomach was located amidships of a youth who was prowling up, down, in and across said Verdigris River. The plot first appeared when the stomach was at a tender and growing age. It would generally appear after too many green apples, too many helpings of navy beans, of which said stomach has always been particularly fond, and right after hog-killing time. With the backbones and the cracklins and the chitlins, the old plot would bob up again.

As I think back on it, we were a primitive people in those days. There were only a mighty few known diseases. Gunshot wounds, broken legs, toothache, fits, and anything that hurt you from the lower end of your neck on down as far as your hips was known as bellyache. Appendicitis would have been considered as the name of a new dance or some new game with horseshoes. Gallstones would have struck us as something that the old-time Gauls would heave at the Philistines or the Medes and the Persians—maybe get up on Mount Mussolini and roll them down on 'em.

Nervous indigestion was another unknown quantity. In order to have it you had to be nervous and in order to be nervous you had to imagine you had some imaginary illness and that nobody understood you.

Putting the Lid on Your Troubles

WELL, in those days, when you felt that way and couldn't explain why you were queer, why, they had an asylum for you. There was no such thing as indigestion then, as everybody worked. Of course, when a bunch was talking and there was quite a sprinkling of girls and women, why, we did have such a parlor name for this plot as Cramp Colic; that was the Latin for bellyache.

I don't remember when I first had it, but I sure do remember one of my dear old Mother's remedies for it. They just built a fire in the old kitchen stove and heated one of the old round flat kitchen stove lids—the thing you take off the stove if you want what you're cooking to burn. Well, they would heat it up—not exactly red hot, but it would be a bright bay. They took it off, wrapped it up in something and delivered it to your stomach with a pair of tongs. We didn't know what a hot-water bottle was, and the only thing made out of rubber then was boots and the top of lead pencils and gents wearing collars. A drug store had to get their money then out of paregoric, Cheatam's Chill Tonic and pills by subscription. There were no rubber goods, banana splits, steaks, lettuce sandwiches, flivvers and flasks. In those days a rolling pin was made to flatten out a pan of biscuits and not to flatten out the starches in a protruding stomach.

Well, the heat from one of those stove lids burned you so you soon forgot where you were hurting. It not only cured you but it branded you. You would walk stooped over for a week to keep your shirt from knocking the scab off the parched place. Anybody that would look at you who was not familiar with a stove cap would think that an elephant had stepped on you. All it needed was the little scalloping around the edges to make it look like where his toes had sunk in.

After a little spell of this the plot maybe wouldn't show up for a year or maybe two years. Well, a little thing like that didn't compose much sickness for a strong-bodied and weak-minded old boy to have. Having a cramp colic every two or three years didn't hardly bring me under the heading of what you would call a invalid.

Oh, yes, I did have some chills, too, one summer, from what we afterwards learned was malaria. I used to have one every other day. Some people had them every day, but you can't expect in this world to have everything. Days when there were no chills billed with me I could get out and do a fair Kid's day's work, but on chill days I didn't punch the clock at all. My day's work was to chill, and I hope I am not egotistical in saying it, but I did a good job at it. I had it down pat.

This is the way you chill: First you get cold and you shake, your teeth chatter and your body commences shimmying. It's the same thing Gilda Gray got and never got over. Only she was smart enough to cash in on it. City folks call it a dance; we call it a disese. Then after the shaking is over you get a fever and your head hurts like it is going to bust. When the head quits hurting and the fever goes away, why, that's all there is to the chill; it's over—that is, it's over for that day.

I used to try to have them two days running so that would give me a few days off; but, no, Sir, you couldn't do it, those chills knew when they were going to happen and they happened. If you get chills that is working right, you can make a bet on when it is going to happen. A lot of people in those days who had chilling children didn't have to keep a clock or a calendar. If Lizzie had a chill early in the week you'd know it was ten o'clock Monday morning. Quinine was a regular food, not a medicine. It set on the table the same as sugar. The minute you would take it you'd eat something right quick to take away the taste, but you never could do it quick enough.

Well, I finally shook the chills off and in years to come I never was bothered with them any more. But the old plot of the piece, the stomach ache, she would play a return date about every couple of years. I had it here in the movies one day when I was working, and they put a mustard plaster on it, as there was no such thing as a stove cap in Hollywood. They had all been replaced by the can opener. Well, with this plaster on my stomach, I unconsciously did the funniest scene I ever did in my life. It was in a picture called Jubilo.

The Plot Begins to Thicken

IT HADN'T shown up in years, until this spring, on my tour of national annoyances, I hit a town called Bluefield, West Virginia. I hadn't been there long when the old plot showed up. Now ordinarily when a pain hits you in the stomach in Bluefield, West Virginia, you would take it for gunshot wounds. But the old town has quieted down now and the sharpshooters have all joined the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs. So I knew it wasn't wounds. Then the pain struck me before the nightly lecture and I knew no one would shoot me before the lecture, unless by chance he had heard it over in another town.

Well, the next time it hit me was just a few weeks later, out at my old ranch on the Verdigris River, in the same house where I was born and where I had previously balanced those flat irons on my stomach years before. My niece, who was living there and had a baby, she gave me some asafetida. The only thing it tastes like is spoiled onions and overripe garlic mixed. And the longer after you have taken it, the worse it gets. If I was a baby and I found out that somebody had given me that, if it took me forty years to grow up, I would get them at the finish, even if it was my mother.

Just a few nights after that, and my last night on the train coming home to check up on the moral conditions of Beverly and Hollywood, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the West, that night the old pain hit me again. You see, the plot is slowly thickening. Instead of quitting me after a few hours, as it generally had, it kept hanging on. If it did go away, it would be right back.

When I got home they called in a doctor. He gave me some powders. Well, the pain just thrived on those powders. I never saw a pain pick up so quick as it did when the powder hit it. Instead of setting around like most people do, I would take a stool or chair and arrange myself over it something like this: My head and arms would be on the floor on one side and my knees and feet on the floor on the other side. My middle was draped over the seat of the chair.

Well, finally my wife called in Doctor White, a famous physician. He had assisted us in some other family illnesses and we knew his telephone number. Well, he came and he had one of those old-time phonograph tubes where you stick one end in each ear, hold the other up against your chest and see what you can get. The static must have been something

terrible, because he pulled it away and shook his head. I thought maybe he had found out that I wasn't breathing and didn't know it. Then he would lay his hand on my stomach and thump the back part of his own hand with his other one. That formed a kind of contact and gave him sort of a new connection—or a wave length.

"What part of your stomach hurts?" he asked.

"Practically all of it, Doc." I almost forgot to tell you that the first part he got to thumping and feeling around on was down low on the right-hand side, where I had always been led to believe the appendix is.

I says, "There's where you are wrong, Doc; that's the only part that don't hurt."

He says, "Are you sure there's no pain there?"

"I'm absolutely sure, Doctor."

Well, that seemed to kind of lick him. An appendicitis operation within his grasp, and here it was slipping through his hands. He looked kind of discouraged. But he was a resourceful fellow. He never, like a lot of these other doctors, hung all his clothes on one line. I could see his mind was enumerating other diseases that were not down so low. He commenced moving his thumping and listening around to other parts. He began to take soundings around the upper end of the stomach. When I told him it hurt there, I never had any idea that I was announcing a lead for pay dirt. When I told him where the pain was worse, his face began to brighten up.

Then he turned and exclaimed with a practiced and well-subdued enthusiasm, "It's the Gall Bladder—just what I was afraid of."

Now you all know what that word "afraid of," when spoken by a doctor, leads to. It leads to more calls. Now I had heard of the Gall Bladder in a kind of indirect way, but I never had given much thought about where it was or what it was doing.

He then said, "Look up." And as I looked up he examined the lower parts of my eyes. Then he says, "Yes, it's Gallstones."

Then I says, "Doc, are they backed up as far as my eyes?" I asked him, "What do you do for them?"

If Lizzie Had a Chill Early in the Week You'd Know It Was Ten o'Clock Monday Morning

Accessories Before the Fact

HE DIDN'T answer me direct, but he casually inquired if I had had a good season. I told him that outside of Waxahachie, Texas, Hershey, Pennsylvania, Concord, New Hampshire, and Newton, Kansas, I had got by in paying quantities.

He then says, "We operate."

My wife says, "Operate?" And as soon as I came to enough, I says, "Operate?"

My wife says, "Is there no easier way out?"

Then I showed that the pain had not entirely dulled my intellect. "Yes, is there no cheaper way out? Can't they feed me something heavy to wear out the stones?"

The Static Must Have Been Something Terrible

"No," he says. "You will always be bothered. The best way is to go down and have them taken out. . . . Where's the phone?"

I didn't know whether he was going to phone for the knives, the hearse, the ambulance or what. The wife pointed to the phone kind of dumfounded. Why didn't I think of telling him the phone was not working? That would have stalled the thing off a little longer. Well, he phoned for what seemed like a friend, but who afterwards turned out to be an accomplice. These doctors nowadays run in pairs and bunches.

This is a day of specializing, especially with the doctors. Say, for instance, there is something the matter with your right eye. You go to a doctor and he tells you, "I am sorry, but I am a left-eye doctor; I make a specialty of left eyes." Take the throat business, for instance. A doctor that doctors on the upper part of your throat he doesn't even know where the lower part goes to. And the highest priced one of all of them is another bird that just tells you which doctor to go to. He can't cure even corns or open a boil himself. He is a Diagnostician, but he's nothing but a traffic cop, to direct ailing people.

The old-fashioned doctor didn't pick out a big toe or a left ear to make a life's living on. He picked the whole human frame. No matter what end of you was wrong, he had to try to cure you single-handed. Personally, I have always felt that the best doctor in the world is the Veterinarian. He can't ask his patients what is the matter—he's got to just know.

Well, after a while I heard a big expensive car coming up our driveway hill. It made it. After years of experience in listening, we can tell the caliber of our callers by how many times they have to shift gears on our hill inside the yard. When they make it on high without a shift, we go to the door. On a one-shift noise, we let the maids go—I mean the maid. And on a complete stall, why, everybody ducks and no one is at home. Well, this fellow came up on high and right on upstairs, and they met.

When Doctors Do Agree

THERE was a kind of knowing look between them, as good as to say, "I think we can get him." This was Dr. Clarence Moore, the operating end of the firm. He is the most famous machete wielder on the Western Coast. He asked the same line of questions, but before I could get a chance to answer them myself, why, Doc White answered them for me the way they should be answered, to show that I had a very severe case of Gallstones. Right away this Guy asked about the pain down around that old appendix, but the other one answered him with rather a sigh, "No, it's not there; but I have discovered a better place for it." It seems the appendix is always their first shot.

The first doctor said, "What do you think?"

The second one says, "I think Gallstones."

The first one says, "That's what I said."

I says, "I'm glad you boys are guessing together."

"What do you advise?" the first doctor asked.

"I advise an operation," said the second.

"That's what I advised," said the first.

Imagine asking a surgeon what he advises! It would be like asking Coolidge, "Do you advise economy?"

My wife said, "When?" The whole thing seemed to have gone out of my hands. I was just laying there marked Exhibit A.

One doctor was for doing it that night, but the next one was more of a humanitarian. He suggested the next morning. Well, Number One rushed to the phone again and called up. I couldn't think who they would be calling now; they already had the doctor and the surgeon.

(Continued on Page 72)

LITTLE MISS CHAMELEON

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BECAUSE of an observation which he let fall, as it were, into his fourth whisky-and-soda, on the evening of his return to the West Coast of Africa after six months' leave in England, it is necessary that Mr. Christopher Bayliss Dow should engage, for a brief moment, your attention. A tall, bald man with a large, permanently saturated mustache, C. B. Dow was as almost wholly devoid of charm and beauty as his normal conversation was free from intellectuality. But some ten years before he went to the palm-oil, nut and copra trading station of which he was now manager, he had—as a promising youth—like others, believed himself to be in love with sweet little Miss Shirley Deane, daughter of Wyndham Deane, squire of the little agricultural parish of Rewbenbury.

The man Dow was but one of many youths who had fluttered like moths in the rays of Shirley Deane, and doubtless he would have continued his flutterings indefinitely had not his parents expressed themselves one day earnestly and clearly on the subject of young men and steady work. They had then proceeded, most disconcertingly, to match their actions with their opinions so mathematically that before Dow had quite grasped the general scheme of things he had bidden a rather confused farewell to Shirley and was well away for that unattractive portion of Afric's sunny clime which, in a spirit of playful irony, somebody once named the Gold Coast.

"What is it, Mantis Darling? Is Anything Wrong? Are You Worried?" Asked Shirley Quickly

When he left, Shirley Deane was a slim, graceful, sweet-natured, rather innocent, golden girl, very generous, quite even tempered, wholly unselfish, with a charmingly anxious regard for other folks' feelings. She was also one of the loveliest little souls in the county.

Christopher B. Dow said all that about her, and more, to a crony on the evening of his return to Africa. And then he added:

"Queer, ain't it, that an exquisite, fairylike little thing like Shirley should have changed into a woman like the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun? In a short ten years. It's as if a lily had changed into a lance. . . . Pass the whisky."

Mr. Dow refilled, and staring rather absently at the space where the first half of the refill had been, resumed in a dreamy voice:

"They change—women do. They change like blooming chameleons, Joe. Naturally she was the first person I looked up when I got home. She was very sweet and gracious and still had a touch of her old coaxing, cooing charm, but she wasn't dear little Shirley Deane any more. No. She welcomed me—and I suppose I must have been welcome to her, for within three hours of our meeting she had sold me a motor car—not so much of a motor at that—four dozen of pretty poor sherry, a case of whisky, recommended me to a tailor—he ought to have been a pirate or a cannibal—got me made a member of a couple of rather swagger supper and dance clubs, and sold me a few shares in a Scotch radium mine in East Fife—some hopes of getting much radium out of East Fife, Joe, though it never struck me at the time. I then let slip that I had only just about enough money left to take a medium, careful, economical sort of holiday, and I suppose she felt sort of sorry for me and, for old sake's sake, she gave me a pat on the cheek and allowed me to wish myself good-by. The girl that was Shirley Deane! . . . Pass the whisky, Joe.

"She'd changed! Great Scott, how she'd changed! Her disposition, I mean—not her looks, for she was as smooth and perfect and polished and lovely a woman as I can call to mind. But, mind you, I don't blame her. Not me. She started all right, but something happened to change her, somebody did something to her that altered her, something cropped up during that ten years that made a great difference to Shirley Deane—dear little Shirley Deane."

Either the old memories or the new whisky was making the man Dow emotional.

He leaned forward, staring rather maxily at Joe, and then delivered himself of the observation which forms the sole justification for his intrusion—brief as it is—in this narrative:

"It would be mighty interesting to know just what they did to dear little Shirley Deane to change her into the kind of razor-edged, smart-set lady she is now. For it's a great change!"

The man was right, and his observation applied to every woman in the world. They all change, and the reasons, probable and improbable, possible and impossible, which cause them so to change present to the average inquiring mind such an inviting opportunity for pleasantly intriguing speculation, that he would be something of a superman who could refrain from at least an occasional passing thought concerning the reasons for the change he has observed in most of the ladies he knows and many he does not know, but has seen or heard of.

Mr. Dow's quite casual observation has borne fruit. The causes of the great difference between Shirley Deane at nineteen and the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun at thirty have been tracked down and are to be impartially set forth for the benefit of those who are interested in such matters.

There is, consequently, no further need of the thirst-harried Christopher B. Dow. He does not figure in the record, for there is no allurement about him in the least likely to tempt one to keep him there. He has only said, or done, one thing in his life capable of procuring him the honor of mention in this periodical. This honor has been paid him, the account is square, and so, farewell to Christopher Bayliss Dow.

II

SHIRLEY was in the old, poverty-stricken orchard collecting cow parsley for her rabbits, when big brother Geoffrey came galumphing heavily across the weedy lawn to announce the startling news that Aunt Harriet Deane had left Shirley no fewer than three hundred golden pounds in her will.

Picture the child receiving such a staggering fairy tale—such a large number of fairy tales rolled into one big bale with which Brother Geoff was battering her on the head, heart and soul. She had never owned more than possibly six shillings in cold, ready cash, and for a stunned minute three hundred pounds was meaningless conversation to her.

She stood ankle deep in the orchard grass, clutching a considerable bunch of rather pungent cow parsley to her bosom, and stared incredulously at the beefsome Geoffrey. The shock of the thing had driven the pink from her exquisite face, and her big, dark-blue eyes shone like sapphires as she listened.

It had never seriously occurred to Shirley that there was much more money than about six shillings in the whole world, and naturally a sum like three hundred pounds took a little time to get used to.

"What do you think of that, Shirley?" said Geoff, panting a little on account of the speed with which he had unselfishly hastened to impart the great news. "The governor heard the will read. 'To my beloved niece Shirley Florence Deane I bequeath the sum of three hundred pounds in return for many little loving kindnesses which she has shown to me'—that's how it went, Shirley," said Geoff excitedly, staring at her with something in his eyes which seemed odd to the little golden girl under the old Ribston pippin tree, but a something, nevertheless, with which she was destined to become familiar.

"That—that's ever so kind of Aunt Harriet—to leave money for me," faltered Shirley.

"Kind? Well, certainly it's kind," agreed Geoffrey, with extraordinary readiness. "But it's this kindness that counts, Shirley, mind you. Probably you fetched her slippers for her one day when her feet were tired when she was stopping here. Something like that, Shirley, no doubt it would be. She took it as a kindness. And you're three hundred pounds up on the strength of it. It just shows you how things work, Shirley. I used to do hundreds of kindnesses for her when she visited here—drove that crazy Irish hunter, Rory, the governor bought, over the jumps in the paddock to show her what a brute he was. Things like that! And what d'you think she left me in her will, Shirley? Nothing, Shirley. She never as much as mentioned my name. But I don't feel hurt about that. And I'm glad she remembered you, for you're a good-natured nice little kid, Shirley, and you deserve a bit of luck now and then."

Shirley stared, so thrilled and grateful that she could cheerfully have given the whole three hundred pounds away right there, as a sort of thanksgiving for being so stupendously remembered by anybody.

"Why, Geoff, it's wonderful," she said. "Fancy remembering me!" Her delicate face clouded. "But forgetting you."

It was quite impossible to believe that anybody could forget great, big, wonderful, handsome Geoffrey, the rider of fierce horses, who would presently emerge from his military college as a full-fledged and dashing subaltern. Shirley's grip on the cow parsley tightened so that its milky juice stained copiously the little brown fingers of that sun-burned, slender paw.

"Huh, I'm not complaining, Shirley," said Geoffrey, with some loftiness. "It's how things happen. If you cared to lend me a hundred of the money, I'd be glad. Fact, I'd think no end of it, as I'm in a bit of a hole. But I wouldn't care to press you—persuade you, a kid like you, charming as you are—to do so."

She was so innocent that she didn't get it for a moment; she just stared with big, puzzled eyes at her wonderful brother. Then she understood, and all the pink came back into her cheeks.

"Why, Geoff, of course I will lend you a hundred pounds for as long as ever you like," she said hurriedly. "I couldn't be happy having all that money all to myself."

"Thanks, old girl," said Geoffrey with something like a gasp of amazed gratification. "I'll never forget it. That's one thing I like about you, young Shirley—you're a true-blue little sportsman."

He threw a careless arm round her, dashed a careless kiss somewhere near her left ear, and turning, charged away in the direction of the dilapidated stables.

Shirley finished gathering the cow parsley, dreaming of the things she intended to do with the colossal fortune which still remained to her. Two hundred pounds! She ran over a list of the things which she had secretly desired for a long time. Every one of these she could have now, and still there would be oceans of money left, as well as the one hundred pounds which Geoff would repay sometime.

"How lovely," said Shirley, sighing.

She apportioned the cow parsley among the blue Beverens.

"You are nice little things," she told them, "but I suppose I shall have to give up keeping you now. After all, I am rather too old for rabbits, and I shall have to adapt myself to a new life, you see. But you have been jolly little friends to me and you shall all have a good home." She lingered a little, watching them busy themselves with their cow parsley. "I am going to have a big, black-and-white collie," she confided, "and a good little hunter, and a brand-new riding kit!"

The rabbits did not appear to be particularly thrilled about that, and so Shirley hurried back to the house, there to run through her few frocks and frills. The frocks were old and the frills few and faded.

"Two new evening frocks," crooned Shirley, "and some summer things, and all my underthings, as new as new, and silk too."

The howl of a motor horn punctuated with the fierce yapping of an open exhaust interrupted her.

"Mantis!" cried Shirley, and flew downstairs to greet the married sister she earnestly believed she adored, but whom she merely admired.

Lady Mantis Richmond was five years older—in time—than Shirley and about a thousand years older in experience. At Shirley's age she had been even prettier than Shirley, but time and marriage had put a stop to that sort of thing. Mantis would always be smart, and for years yet would inevitably seem beautiful. But it would be a careful, sophisticated, adept, well-trained and slightly queer, perhaps dangerous, beauty. She possessed charm, but it was charm of the remotely hypnotic type usually associated with enchantresses, even sorceresses. Hard-up ones, for Mantis and her husband, Sir Pan Richmond, were ever engaged in seeking a solution of the ancient problem of how to live on their debts. Five years before, Pan Richmond had been well-to-do—in the sense that he owed next to nothing. His credit was practically ungnawn, and naturally with such rosy prospects neither he nor Mantis Deane, being in love, had any doubts about the wisdom of engaging the services of the most convenient registrar of marriages. But already their more intimate friends had—wittily, they believed—begun to call her "the Preying Mantis," which certainly described her more aptly than if they had spelt "praying Mantis," as do the students that curious insect *Mantis Religiosa*.

It was, of course, a pity that her mother, believing rather hazily that the mantis was a species of beautiful butterfly or flower, and liking the sound of it, had provided her with a name so open to the wit of her friends. But Lady Mantis did not care.

She came through the paintless French window of the shabby morning room just as gracefully as ever, kissed Shirley with unusual warmth and held her away at arm's length to look at her.

"What a lovely little thing you are," she said impulsively. "Why, child, your eyes are like stars!"

She released her, sighing deeply, dropped, like one exhausted, onto a settee and listlessly produced her cigarette case.

"Have one, Shirley—I shouldn't if I were you. Not that it matters much. Not that anything matters much."

Shirley, sensitive with her own happiness, caught the dreary note in the velvet contralto of Mantis, and a cloud passed over her spirit.

"What is it, Mantis darling? Is anything wrong? Are you worried?" asked Shirley quickly.

"Worried!" The Preying Mantis laughed a little bitterly. "Not I, my dear. I've forgotten how to worry." But Shirley could see that it was not so. "Though if I were given to the old-fashioned, indoor sport of worrying, I assure you, child, I have plenty of material."

"Nothing serious?" asked Shirley nervously.

"Oh, no; unless it's serious to have put yourself inadvertently into the power of one of the most brilliant and also unscrupulous society scoundrels in town. Bridge debts, child. Oh, bridge, bridge! I loathe the vile game, but I've got to play it or starve. Pan's been infamously unlucky for months, and as for me, I've done nothing but lose, lose, lose for ages. I managed to meet everything but the debt—only about a hundred—to this odious reptile. And he's pressing me—pressing me. Well, Shirley, it will give you an idea of what it means to me when I confess that I've come down here to see father and get him to help me out."

"Father!" cried Shirley, amazed.

"Yes, I know it's mad. Father hasn't had any money for ages—he says—but he's my last hope."

Shirley did not hesitate—it never occurred to her to hesitate.

"Aunt Harriet Deane left me three hundred pounds in her will," she began.

"Yes, I know—you deserved it—but I can't take—borrow that from you, child. How could I? You need it—most of it." Mantis sat up. "But there's this: You won't need it all at once. It will be weeks, months, before you'll need the third hundred. If you'll let me have that—the third hundred—for a month or so—just until Pan or I get a change of luck, it would save me from doing something desperate."

So Shirley, thrilled to do something for this glorious sister of hers, kissed her and promised.

"Have you received the money, child?" asked Mantis.

"No-o, not yet. But Geoff said it will be all ready at the solicitor's any day."

The Preying Mantis rose. "Well, I've got the car. Let's go and see. I'll do the talking for you."

That suited Shirley admirably.

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"That Will Do, You Great Overgrown Greedy Cadet—Who are Training to be an Officer and a Gentleman"

SOME FLIES LIKE VINEGAR

Annabelle Doubted That She Had Made the Expected Response

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE war between the composing room and the editorial office had reached a point of exceeding bitterness. Annabelle Mopps, the lady editor, was almost in tears because they had set her sob column in wrong type and wouldn't change it.

"I tell you I haven't time to monkey with it," said Saunders, the compositor, darkly—and "darkly" was the word for him, too, for all but his small baleful blue eyes was hidden with smears of ink. "I've got to get these forms off on the five o'clock truck and I haven't got nobody to help me."

"Oh, do say anybody," said Annabelle crossly. "You can't possibly not know better."

"I can't, eh? I'll go one further than that, young lady, and tell you that I can't possibly not know no better. Anyhow, I can't change those galleys. You didn't mark the copy plainly for the linotype"—an automatic accusation. He was deftly locking a form, and he tilted it and shook it with a speculative eye, as though daring anything to come loose.

"Anyhow," he insulted Annabelle, "that kind of mushy stuff don't belong in a farm paper."

"You mean, it don't belong in no farm paper." Annabelle seemed perversely bent upon decreasing her chances of getting the corrections made. Tom Saunders' grammar hurt her. She knew that he recognized a grammatical error as soon as he saw it, in type, and his atrocious English was pure defiance. Also, and incidentally, there was something robust and stimulating about quarreling with him. Annabelle admitted it to herself reluctantly.

"You know as well as I do, Tom, that it's because Mr. Hamel's away, and you're just taking advantage of me."

Saunders did not trouble to deny this, his manner inviting her to think whatever she liked. He walked away from her—a short, square, stubborn person—with a locked form hanging from each strong hand. He racked the forms with others by the freight elevator and came back to the imposing stone, set in its heavy frame stand. Beyond him, through the big doors, came the rhythmic crash of job presses; and farther off, the big press sounded like an Elevated train as it banged out the remaining few thousand copies of last week's paper.

"Even a respectable farm paper—the oldest weekly in the state—has to have a sob sister these days—and a beauty column!" remarked Saunders to the room at large, and Annabelle knew that she was helpless against him. If he was going to start that ——

He knew her futility and gloried in it. A thousand recollections of changes made in set pages lingered in his inky head.

Ink, the devil, had pulled proofs of the new galleys, and he handed these to Annabelle and watched her retreat, with a grin. She made a face at him, and before she could see his response she went back around the elevator and up the stairs. She followed a narrow corridor, with the circulation department on one side and the advertising department on the other—front offices—back to the meanest and dingiest offices on the floor, where, of course, the editorial force took refuge.

There was a big square room there, with Mr. Hamel's desk shutting off the light from one corner, making a cubby-hole for him. Here he edited the paper—Welch's Farm Weekly—smoked like a burnt offering, wrote stories for funny papers, and talked hours on end to farmers who came to see him. In the other corner Fatty Harris, Mr. Hamel's assistant—or associate, according to who named him—had his desk, his dictionary, his maps and reference books. He was away from the office a good deal, getting special articles, covering coöperative meetings, having a good time on the firm's money. In the center of the office, Annabelle Mopps, combination woman editor, stenographer, proofreader, office girl and file clerk, reigned in the midst of alarms and excursions.

Fatty was just leaving as Annabelle came in. "Got to pop out a minute, Ann," he said easily in his rich friendly voice. He was a big overgrown man, as cheerful as a fat boy.

Annabelle eyed him coldly for a moment.

"There's a lot to do," she said, and asked him: "Did you fix that page? Mr. Welch changed the tractor ads and said for you to put something else in there instead of that harness story."

Fatty looked vague, but Annabelle knew that that look meant swift effective thought. "I forgot it," he said. "Where are the pages?"

Annabelle brought them to him. He spread them out on the big table that squared the office, and with a paste pot and scissors and a few minutes of frowning concentration he straightened out what had looked to her like a hopeless muddle. Then, before she might find other chores, he vanished.

Annabelle gazed at his empty desk thoughtfully for a moment after he had gone. It was more and more like Fatty, she reflected, to go away on an afternoon when Mr. Hamel was in New York and there was much to do. His job was too easy for him. He was often idle, and he was getting so that he liked it.

She sat down and arranged the wet yellow sheets before her and began to check corrections with a painful meticulousness. She had the conviction common to editorial folks that a typographical error in a printed page was a most heinous offense. And with Mr. Hamel it was an offense likely to cost one a job.

Fatty should have read all these proofs. He earned twice as much as she did, and yet he was willing to leave the responsibility upon her. She read his copy. He had a good story in the paper. He could write in a half day the best story printed in any farm paper. She had learned almost as much from him as from Mr. Hamel since she had come here, green from school. In some ways she thought he would be a greater editor, for he was more modern, more direct. She had loved learning from him, following his clear, quick mind.

"But he's a ditcher," she said half aloud. "He is! He knows how much there is to do and how slow I am. But does he care? Ha-ha!" Her own bitter laughter amused her, and she grinned at herself, and took her mind from

Fatty and put it on the moist sheets before her. She might be scrappy, but she wasn't going to get all nervous and bilious thinking mean thoughts!

She went through the last of the galley proofs, looked up the pink left-over and found sufficient sob column in correct type to make a small department without the aid of Mr. Tom Saunders. She pasted up the last page and took it downstairs.

Mr. Welch was there, from the front office, fussing around, as he always did. He was the publisher and also the advertising manager - a tall, lank New Englander, at times suave and at other times nervous and irritable, thrusting his long black hair on end with clutching fingers, tapping his eyeglasses against his high nose.

Saunders stood and looked at Mr. Welch in profound silence. Mr. Welch was going to move the tobacco-tin ad again. Annabelle had a moment's sympathy for Tom Saunders. Really he was the victim of all their notions. For a never-to-be-forgotten instant she had a vision of a compositor's dream of heaven—to work on a paper with an editorial staff which had everything ready to be set weeks ahead of time, which never changed its mind or argued; with an advertising manager who made up the dummy just once and forgot it

She squelched these treacherous feelings. It was against tradition, it was against good manners, to feel for the composing room.

With an air of false meekness, she gave Tom the corrected dummy, with last week's love letters, like last week's beef, hashed up on it. He looked at it and gave it to Ink the devil and returned his bitter and ruined gaze upon Mr. Welch, who ignored it nervously. Annabelle waited for two new page proofs, and was about to slip away when Mr. Welch spoke her name.

"I say," he said in his quick New England nasal tone, "I want you to come upstairs with me. There's a feller up there I want you to talk with a bit. I asked Miss Sims to call you in ——"

Annabelle gasped. "I can't, Mr. Welch," she protested. "I've got to read proofs on these pages and get corrections made before the truck leaves. You know, this is our busy day, and Mr. Hamel's in New York "

Mr. Welch could be playfully persistent. He took the proof sheets from her and gave them to Ink. "Take these to Mr. Harris, with my compliments," he said, and smiled at Annabelle and took her arm and drew her toward the door.

Annabelle opened her mouth and closed it again. Furious as she was at Fatty, she couldn't tell Mr. Welch that he was gone—today of all days. Perhaps it would save time to yield to this front-office whim and cut and run as quickly as possible.

"I'm awfully untidy," she demurred as they went upstairs the front way; and she became conscious of the reverse of an article on sheep dipping on her right forearm, showing where she had negligently leaned upon a wet proof, and on the other elbow a reproduction of a tractor, accumulated reaching across the imposing stone. She ought to wear long paper cuffs, as did Miss Sims, Mr. Welch's secretary. Only she couldn't work in things that hindered her. She'd rather get inky and then tidy up when the day's work was done. She put her hand hastily to her hair, brown and straight and fine, cut across her brows in a bang and shingled here and there. At least, she reflected, there was this advantage in a wind-blown bob—no one could tell whether it was combed or not!

Nevertheless, Annabelle had never felt so soiled in her life as when she followed Mr. Welch into his shiny office, with its big mahogany desk and deep leather chairs and charcoal frescoes—showing the superiority of Welch's Weekly over any other farm paper—on the walls, the door's worn sill betraying Annabelle, hot and inky, to the blue gaze of the best-looking young man she had ever seen!

He rose from his place by Mr. Welch's desk with a certain formality in his manner which was yet easy and friendly, and Annabelle at once took an intense dislike to him, his name and his nature. She had never seen anyone cleaner. His fresh fair face looked as though he had just shaved. He was clean with the warm brown cleanliness of sun and wind and white sails on blue water. Big, sunburned, blue-eyed, he was not only fastidious in his tidiness, but extraordinarily handsome—straight nose, square jaw, fine straight lips and even white teeth, big strong body and square shapely hands—the kind of feller that even a disillusioned lady editor may still pray the good gods to send her. There was not a spot or a wrinkle upon him, from his white shirt and bright blue-and-silver tie to his highly polished low black shoes. His gray suit, full trousered, sack coated, yet not at all collegiate, looked as though it were just home from the tailor's loving magic.

Annabelle looked at him and made low moans for the smears of ink upon her arms, her crazy wind-blown bob she'd never go to Mike's for a haircut again; he was always experimenting with her—her oldest office dress, the scuffed lizard-skin pumps she wore only on make-up day. To come like this, face to face with perfection! Weren't men owls anyhow? Imagine anybody as smart as Mr. Welch believed himself bringing her, like this, for a business interview!

"This is our Miss Mopps," said Mr. Welch in the gentle, admiring tones he reserved for advertisers, so that Annabelle knew at once the nature of the stranger's call. The publisher placed a chair for Annabelle with unwonted courtesy. "And this is Mr. Delohery, of the Carnation Beauty Corporation, Annabelle. Mr. Delohery is making an investigation trip through the Middle West and he wants to ask you some questions. I told him you'd be glad to answer a few questions for him."

Oh, dulcet tones! Oh, sweet, sweet syllables!

"I'm terribly busy," said Annabelle, wishing that Mr. Welch were not so transparent. She sat on the edge of her chair and tried to tuck the spotted lizards out of sight. But the dress was the shortest she owned and none of them was long enough by eighteen inches to hide even a small pair of pumps.

"Our editor is away," she said, smiling mechanically upon the beauteous Mr. Delohery, of the Carnation Beauty Corporation, "and we're making up the paper. We go to press tomorrow."

"I'll not keep you long," he answered pleasantly, and he sat down again by Mr. Welch and looked at Annabelle and smiled at her, ignoring her ink stains and telling her with his look that she was young and pretty. But Annabelle hardened her heart. He was not the first advertising man she had met.

"I'm out for our people," he said at once, becoming more businesslike, "getting a line on what the women are using in the way of cosmetics in the small towns and in the country. I find an idea in the New York office that the city market is the only one worth developing. I feel that there's a good deal of money to be made by us in the rural districts, selling beauty articles, and I want to get first-hand information. I wonder if you could tell me something about the kind of questions that come to your

(Continued on Page 117)

She Was Alone With Fatty. How Right Everything Was! It Filled Her Heart, and Yet, Down Deep, Something Hurt

GETTING INTO AVIATION

By Helen Kay Schunck

Former Secretary to Anthony Fokker

IT WAS one of that flood of letters that have come to my desk every day since Lindbergh flew to glory; written in a sprawling hand on indifferent stationery, it bore the postmark of a little town in Pennsylvania. The writer wanted to get into the flying game—why will they use that word?—and he had come to the decision that we would be good people to get a start with.

Our busy season was at its height, and I tossed the letter into a basket to be answered when the office pressure dropped off a few degrees.

A week later I looked up to see a tall youth at my desk.

"I want to see Mr. Fokker," he informed me severely.

"Mr. Fokker isn't in just now," I answered sweetly. "I am his secretary. Can I do something for you?"

"I can't talk to anybody but Mr. Fokker," explained the visitor with a touch of courteous patronage for a mere woman. "I have come all the way from Pennsylvania to help him build airplanes. I wrote him a letter about it."

I waved him to a chair with a sigh for my crowded desk and spent fifteen minutes in imparting the painful truth about jobs in the aviation industry. He didn't want to believe me—and I don't think he did. I hope he had a return ticket to his Pennsylvania home.

Mr. M. M. Merrill, who manages the Curtiss Flying Field at Mineola, Long Island, had a similar visitor the other day in the person of a boy who had traveled all the way from Idaho to learn the art of flying. This boy arrived at Mineola with $375, the lifetime savings of his mother built up a penny at a time from her little dressmaking business.

Friday the Thirteenth Has No Terrors for the Navy's Graduating Class of Parachute Jumpers Who Insisted on Making Their Commencement Jump on That Day

The Long and Hard Road

"I WANT to pay you $300 for your flying course," the boy told Mr. Merrill. "The other seventy-five dollars will keep me going for four or five weeks until I learn to fly."

"What are you going to do then?" asked Merrill.

"Why, fly, of course," answered the boy with some astonishment. "You'll give me a job, won't you?"

Like all the rest of us in these familiar circumstances, Mr. Merrill pushed his work aside and tried to give the boy an inkling of what it took to be a flyer. At the end of his explanation he could see that the boy didn't believe him; the dream that had dragged the youngster more than 2000 miles refused to die just because it was impossible.

Every manufacturer and operator of aircraft is besieged by a daily army of these splendidly enthusiastic boys who want to be aviators. Before many years we are going to need all of them, and it seems to be a waste of good human material to turn them away now. Most of them are sincere and humbly anxious to learn; they are willing to work for just enough to keep them alive, and some waive that requirement by offering to work for nothing.

Flying isn't a trade; it is a profession. You can't break into it; you must work into it—and the road to success is in many ways as long and as hard as the road that must be traveled by the legal or medical student. The educational requirements are high and the completion of the flying-school curriculum means just what it means in any other profession: Your diploma is a license to get out into the world and acquire experience.

Last summer's drama of the air burst so suddenly into the headlines that it is difficult for the uninitiated to realize that years of patient study and dangerous hard work were expended before the curtain rose. Nearly everyone of any standing in American aviation today has served a long apprenticeship; even such a humble worker as myself can look back over a dozen years of struggle, most of it poorly paid for in money.

Colonel Lindbergh studied, worked and trained for years before he was ready for his great moment. Clarence Chamberlin fought almost every obstacle and discouragement a man could face before he was ready for his flight from New York to Germany. Commander Byrd dreamed of flying as a boy and was a recognized international authority on aerial navigation long before he crossed the North Pole or flew to France.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C. © BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, WASH

Students Mapping a Terrain From a Relative Airplane Height

Experience

I KNEW Lieutenant Maitland as a skilled Army pilot in 1921, and Lieutenant Hegenberger, his companion on the Honolulu flight, has specialized in aerial navigation for years. I worked with Billy Brock when he was flying instructor at a little hay-wire school of aviation out in Ohio in 1917—and he was a good flyer even before that.

A thousand more cases could be cited to prove the necessity of long experience in this business of flying. No Air Mail contractor is permitted to employ a pilot with less than 200 hours of actual flying on his air record, and most of them prefer men who can show 500 or 1000 hours. The Army Flying School students must do 250 hours before they can pass their preliminary training and qualify themselves for consideration as candidates for commissions.

There will be opportunities in the air for the young men who start to prepare themselves now. The financial rewards of flying are better than the average of professional earnings and the rapid expansion of the industry will offer unusual opportunities to men of unusual abilities. Pilots with regular employment earn from $6000 a year upward; the top pay check in the Air Mail was the late J. D. Hill's $12,000 annually. The average earning capacity of Air Mail pilots under government operation was about $8000, but the contract operators cannot afford to pay that much until their revenue shows larger totals than they are receiving now.

Let me quote Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan, president of Colonial Air Transport, Inc., one of our pioneer air lines. This company operates a daily airplane service between Boston and New York, carrying passengers, mail and express on Contract Air Mail Route Number 1—the first private Air Mail contract given by the Government.

"Air experience does not come ready-made," said General O'Ryan. "We can't be casual in selecting the men who work for us; the law of gravitation permits no percentage of error, and our pilots and mechanics must be superlatively good and experienced men.

"Each ship requires a pilot; as ships grow in size, each will also need an assistant pilot who can serve as navigator. Each ship in the air requires two mechanics on the ground—a total of four employes for each airplane in service.

"The mechanic is and will be the foundation of air-transport personnel. He must know intimately every part of the plane on which he works; he must know how each part functions, why it functions and what to do when it does not function. He can acquire this knowledge only through long experience.

"Our airplane mechanics are trained in the factory where the ships are built, and our engine mechanics are sent to us by the builder of our engines; we do not train our own mechanics. The present rate of pay is seventy-five dollars a week for the chief mechanic and fifty dollars a week for his assistants.

"Under the terms of our Air Mail contract we are not permitted to employ pilots whose records show less than 200 hours of actual solo flight. Our pilots receive a base pay of $2200 a year, with an addition of five cents a mile for day flying and ten cents a mile for night flying; the average total pay is about $500 a month.

"We expect to graduate our assistant pilot navigators from the ranks of our mechanics. Men who have proved their ability on the ground will be given instruction in flying and navigation as a preparation for jobs in the air. These navigator pilots will receive about fifty dollars a week, with flying bonuses, which will bring their total pay up to between sixty and seventy-five dollars weekly, and they will be in line of promotion for vacancies in our staff of pilots.

"The young man who wants to enter aviation had better take either the Army or Navy course in flying; he will get more navigation in the Navy, and a knowledge of navigation is an important factor in the success of a commercial aviator. Flying is a profession and not a casual employment; preparation must be long and thorough, and the individual must have the highest degree of mental and physical fitness for the work."

Lieutenant W. A. R. Robertson Showing the N. Y. U. Flying Cadets the Type of British Plane Used by Major Bishop, a British Ace

A Limited Education

BUT how is a young man of average financial standing going to prepare himself for this profession, even if he has the highest degree of mental and physical fitness for the work?

There are three methods whereby he can accomplish this. The first is by entering a private aviation school. Schools of this general class can be found in almost every state, but the would-be aviator should use a great deal of care in selecting his aerial Alma Mater. The school selected should first of all have competent instructors and equipment; in the second place, it should not promise too much; in the third place, the student must not expect too much.

Testing a Future Pilot's Reaction to Dizziness, at Mitchel Field

No flying school which does not give actual flying instruction can be of great value in furthering aerial ambition. Theoretical instruction will be helpful, but the only way to learn to fly is to fly, and those who employ aviators cannot accept any substitute for actual flying hours. Too many so-called schools of aviation are being conducted by men who are without the training that would fit them to instruct students. One of the oldest and best-known schools in the country offers a primary flying course, including ten hours in the air, for $300. This course includes twelve lessons in dual-control machines, each lesson lasting thirty minutes. The student is taught the operation and function of the controls and how to make landings, take-offs and turns. When the necessary degree of competence has been developed by the student he is permitted to solo, or fly alone. He is then given four additional hours of advanced instruction, such as the handling of tail spins, cross-wind and side-slip landings and cross-country flying. At the successful conclusion of the course the student is given a diploma certifying his graduation and flying experience.

The most interesting thing about this school's prospectus is the following excerpt:

> It is well for the prospective student to realize, rather than suffer disappointment later, that ten hours of flying will not qualify him as an experienced, skilled pilot. The new United States Department of Commerce regulations require a minimum of ten hours of solo flying before issuing a private pilot's license, and fifty hours' solo before permitting him to carry passengers. The problem is to bridge the gap between the time you first solo and the time when you have acquired sufficient experience to be licensed as a pilot. The solution of this problem is highly individual and rests with the student himself, the main factor, of course, being constant practice.

That seems to be a clear and honest statement of the shortcoming of the private aviation school. Additional solo practice at this particular school costs the student twenty-five dollars an hour and qualifying for a pilot's license is a matter that runs into quite a sum of money before very long. The school is not to blame for this; it gives full value in instruction for the money it receives from the student. It costs the Government several thousand dollars to train a flyer in the Army or Navy flying schools, and the private instructor has no mystic power by the use of which he can reduce the cost. Some schools let the student expect too much for his tuition fee.

Young men who qualify for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps can take a private course in flying which will secure them permission to put in the needed hours of solo flying in National Guard or United States Army planes without cost for this needed practice. The cost of such a private school flying course will be about $600 with competent instruction and equipment.

The second method is to qualify as a flying cadet in the Army Air Corps. The Army is authorized to maintain flying schools for a total of not more than 2500 flying cadets The entrance requirements are quite stringent. The applicant must pass a strict physical examination. Unless he can produce documentary evidence of the proper credits for two years of college work, he must also pass an educational examination to determine his possession of the scholastic requirements of the school There is also a psychological examination to determine whether or not the applicant possesses inherent flying ability before he actually undertakes flying training. Any unmarried male citizen of the United States between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven years who can meet these qualifications is placed upon an eligible list, and when his turn comes is enlisted as a flying cadet and ordered to report for training. The enlistment is for a term of three years, but students are usually released upon completion of the prescribed course.

Upon satisfactory completion of the course a limited number of cadets are offered one year's active duty with the Army Air Corps as second lieutenants. At the end of this period they are eligible for the competitive examination usually held each year to fill existing vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant.

Colonel Lindbergh chose this method of getting into aviation. Brook Field, the home of the Army training school, has any number of graduates whose names appear in the Who's Who of Aviation.

A Navy Flyer's Training

THEN the third method is by enlistment as a seaman, second class, in the United States Naval Reserve, provided he can pass the same stringent examinations required for the flying cadets, and comes within the age limit: Eighteen to twenty-six. Upon acceptance, a theoretical and practical flying course requiring six weeks of active duty is given. If the student demonstrates his ability in the ground school he is given ten hours of instruction in a training seaplane with dual controls, followed by thirty hours of solo flight

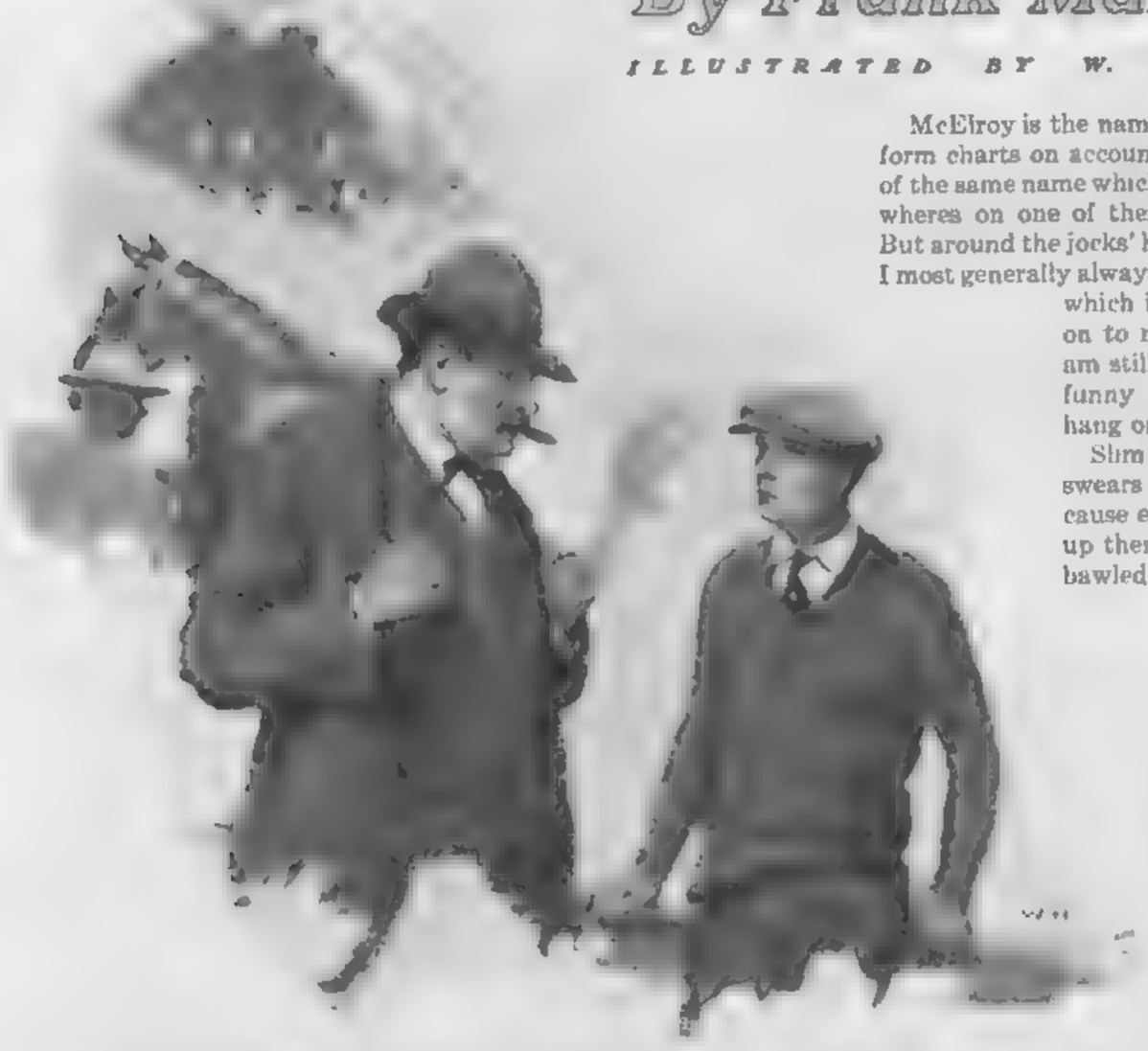
After this primary course, the student is eligible for advanced training at the Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Virginia. This course normally takes six weeks; it includes additional theoretical instruction, as well as fifty hours of actual flying in service types of aircraft. After a final examination the successful student receives a rating as ensign, United States Naval Reserve, and a designation as naval aviator. *(Continued on Page 76*

Student Aviators' Dormitories, at Mineola, Long Island

CRYIN' JOHNNY McELROY

By Frank Mann Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



You Can't Never Tell; You May See a Chance to Bump Something Out of the Way

TALK how you like, twenty thousand is a nice piece of change; and I suppose I was the biggest kind of a lob for to toss it off right when I had it in my mitt. But now that it's all over with, I can't say I'm so awful sorry I done it. Dough isn't everything there is in the world, although when you haven't got none, it seems like it was. Still, I'm not crying no spilled milk over it, because even if I didn't collect the twenty grand, I got other things out of it which satisfy me pretty good.

For one thing, I'm getting my chance at last for to do my stuff up there on the Big Apple; and, believe it, I am going to show the folks around Belmont and Aqueduct and Saratoga some race riding as really is race riding. Those big-timers think they got all the high-class talents on earth sewed up; but just give me a even break and my fair share of four-legged stock to ride, and I will gamble I will soon have their Maibens and their Fators and their McAtees whipping hard for to catch me.

And for another thing, I don't need to be sweating my gizzard out trying to make no 105 lbs. no more. My new boss isn't bothering with none of your cheap hounds which clamp their tail between their legs and holler bloody murder any time you throw a decent-size package on their back. He's a high-up millionaire, Mr. Gerring is, and don't waste no time on anything which isn't class. The least I will have to do now is around 114 or thereabout, which I can do like snaring turtles in a sewer. So no more of them lousy 5-mile runs in the early A.M., praise the Lord, with nothing in the old stomach excepting for a miserable cup coffee with a shot of Epsom salts for flavor. From now on I hope to eat regular meals regular, which should be a big help.

But best of all was the look on Mike Hannigan's ugly mush when I told him. You would thought the big cheese was going to throw a fit right there and then; and the satisfaction of hearing him sort of gasp, like he had swallered something which it was choking him, more than made up for the difference between the swell check Mr. Gerring presents me to and the twenty thousand.

"Hannigan," I says—no, I remember I was polite and said mister—"Mr. Hannigan," I says to him—"Mr. Hannigan," I says, "you're nothing more nor less ——"

But maybe I better commence at the gate and shoot you the whole piece. Perhaps if I unload it on somebody else it might help to straighten it out in my own mind. Because, after studying it all over something like four million times since it happens, even yet I am damned if I can figure out why I really done it.

McElroy is the name. J. McElroy on the form charts on account there is another boy of the same name which rides out West somewheres on one of them leaky-roof circuits. But around the jocks' houses and barns, what I most generally always get is Cryin' Johnny, which is a name was wished on to me away back when I am still a little punk kid. 'S funny how a monniker will hang on like that.

Slim O'Neil all the time swears that I was gave it because every time I am called up there in the stand to get bawled out for some rough trip I have just rode, I always turn on the waterworks and get the stewards so sorry for me that they leave me go; but everybody in the world knows that Slim O'Neil is a dirty liar and always was. How it really happens is one muddy day, when I am just breaking in, some horse in front throws back a clod which catches me smack in the face; and as Monty Eagleson has just tried to slough me over the fence rounding the last bend, I naturally, being awful green and innocent then, have decided to make a squawk. So as I am climbing up the stairs and reciting over to myself all I am going to tell the stewards about Monty, I am wiping the mud out of my eyes with my cuff. And some wise cracker sees me doing so and comes out with the tale that I am sobbing my heart out to the officials.

So from then henceforth I am Cryin' Johnny; but what do I care? One name is as good as another, I guess. But if I had of wept every time I been up in front of them stuffed owls in the judges' stands, I would easy of shed enough tears by this time to float a kidney. A boy can't ride under Mike Hannigan's orders no four years, leave me tell you, and not know his way up them steps; for Hannigan can sleep in any corkscrew and never even bend his knees. But I am outrunning my field too far, talking about him yet.

I am just fifteen past, the day when I and Wally Mallon play truants from school and go up the hill to old Pimlico with our both hearts set on becoming world-famous jockeys. Neither of us even know which side of a horse you climb on at; but we have been studying these racing film dramas careful and it looks like a cinch to us, when some dizzy frail can shed her skirts and hop into silks and ride the Derby winner without no previous experience.

Well, up we go, and two days later Wally's old man and the truant officer discover where he's hiding out and drag him back between them. But there waan't anybody for to worry over me that way. My old folks both die when I am too young to know anything about it, and my Aunt Bella, who takes on the job of trying to raise me, has seven or eight of her own to look after, poor thing; so when I disappear I don't suppose she even misses me for it's likely a month. Anyways, I stick; and I been around race tracks ever since, and if I don't get knocked off before next April, I will be twenty. Although when I think back over all I been through it seems as if I must be close to a hundred, more like.

First off, I catch me a job with old Barney Creemore, who was a real smart horseman when sober, which was seldom ever. And after I have been 'nitiated by being set to fight a blindfold duel with a stable goat, and sent over to ask the track superintendent for the hinges of the starting gate, and a few more of the cuckoo tricks they always play on a new kid, I learn how to tie myself on a horse and am let exercise a few.

I seem to catch onto the hang of it quicker'n most, and it is only a few months later that Barney has a filly in a heat down to Blue Bonnets with only 88 lbs. to carry; and as there don't happen to be no real light boy handy, and the filly don't appear to have a chance anyhow, they let me take the trip. And through a combination of I guess it's bullhead luck and ignorance I manage some ways to kick her down there in front; and when I ride back before that crowd and raise my hand for to salute, I hope to inform you I wouldn't of gave the President hisself a tumble, I am that high on myself.

From then on I get a occasional mount, and while I don't destruct no records for riding winners, because some of the oats consumers they put me on the twelve holy epistles theirself couldn't of win with, still I don't do so bad. And by the time Creemore finally kicks off through disputing a right of way with a coal truck which is loaded

From Baltimore to Windsor I Ride the

near as full as he is, I have already got myself talked about considerable as showing signs. And before I know where I am at hardly, I have signed a three-year contract with the Spargus Stable. At least I think then it is Spargus, and don't find out till a lot later that smart Mr. Hannigan has made out the contract in his own name personal.

Probably you are not acquainted to Hannigan, which, if not, you needn't lose no sleep over it. But he don't advertise hisself much, I'll give him that much credit; and the less the papers says about him, the better it suits him. But you have no doubt heard plenty about the famous Spargus Stable which he is the trainer of. Trainer? And then some! Why, the Spargus Stable is Mike Hannigan and Hannigan is the Spargus Stable, and don't you leave nobody try and tell you no differently.

Of course, if old Spargus ever heard me say that it would be a shock to him, but that don't make no never-minds. Colonel C. Q. R. Spargus is how they print it on his cards, although what he would ever be the colonel from is past me, unless it was a fleet of tea-room guards. I'm a kind-hearted guy, and I know it's a terrible thing to say about any man; but on the level, Spargus don't know what it's all about. He don't so. He simply does not know what it's all about. The horses run in his colors, and when one of them grabs a big race he is right there, all dollied up in the white spats and fancy scenery, waiting to lead it in and pose for to have his picture took hanging to the bridle. But outside of that, he don't actually cut no more ice around his own barn than—well, than I do myself now. Oh, no—I near forgot; in addition to his camera duties, Spargus also pays the bills.

And how! Man, oh, man! I remember one time of reading a piece where Spargus has been telling some reporter all he don't know about horse racing. All he does know you could write it on the cuff of a sleeveless shimmy. And when I come to the part where he states how running a big stable is the most expensible form of amusement there is, why, I just had to drop that paper and beller. If Hannigan seen it, he about laughed hisself sick. For it may be a costly sport for the colonel, but it is a pipe that Hannigan never found it that way. He started in with less than nothing, and now they say he has dough in over twenty banks, which I don't doubt it, him being the kind wouldn't trust too much in any one joint for fear it blows shut in his face.

But if anybody had of cracked anything against Hannigan the first three months I am with him, I would of pucked them in the eye, whoever they were. He treats me that elegant and makes such a fuss over me that I think he is the most grandest gent which ever draws breath. I do for a fact. Normie Boylen is still with the stable then, and is first-string rider; but Hannigan gives me plenty chances. And if I win a race, which, seeing we have some real stock, is quite frequent, he praises me up till I imagine I am about three of the four greatest jocks that ever straddled a horse. And if I happen to mess one up, he is there with the pat on the shoulder and sympathletic words until I am ready to fight anything from a bull snake up which even hints anything against him. Breaking me in nice and gentle, you see, because he knows even then I am there with the goods and will be plenty useful when educated.

The way I get my eyes opened is sort of funny too. Being only just a apprentice, I am eating and flopping and spending practically the whole of my time at the track; so whatever goes on there I don't miss none of it. And one evening after all the work has been did, I am parked out in front of our barn with my back against a empty feed boiler, trying to learn myself how to tongue a mouth organ, which is the heights of my ambitions right then. And just as it is getting dusk, what do I see but a couple of ginnies with wheelbarrows stop in front of our feed room and load up with three or four bags oats and a couple of bales hay, and then off with them down the alley.

I know who these ginnies are all right. They work for a owner by name Andy Flood who stables a string of cheap ones not far from us. And it suddenly strikes me how every time the feed man's truck has been to our place lately, them same two wheelbarrows has paid us a visit shortly following, always coming empty and going away loaded. Four or five times I've saw it happen, but never thought anything about it previous.

But now I get the notion that it's suspicious. I and Isaac Robinson, our stable foreman, is on the outs on account he hates the sound of a mouth organ and whacks me over the ear every time I cut her loose in his vicinitage. And when you are sore on a man you are always looking for to get something on him. So I figure to myself that Isaac is likely doing a little private grafting with our good feed and probably I better slip my dear friend and idol Mr. Hannigan a earful.

So the next day when I think that I and he are all by ourself, I make a crack about this Andy Flood being a strictly one-way stream, and I wisht you could of saw the color Hannigan's face turns. Pickled beets are pale compared.

"What are you talking about?" he hollers. "And who's been filling you full of lies about Andy Flood?"

"Nobody hasn't been telling me nothing, sir," I says, awful scared, because he is registering a temperature of about eleven hundred. "All I know is that his ginnies is all the time borrying our feed and not never returning any of it back, and I just wondered did you know about it."

"You just mind your own business and quit horning into what don't concern you," he hollers; "and keep that little trap locked up or I will take that there bale stick and fan you till you can set on the back of your own neck." And with that he walks away, still burning up, and leaves me a mighty disconsolated kid. Gee, I think the cellar has dropped out of the world! A minute or so after he blows I hear a dry sort of a chuckle and I look round. The door of the end stall is open a little, and when I stick my head in, there is Isaac, bandaging the brown gelding's leg.

Mrs. Gerring

"Well, son," he says, "the next time your boss leaves his pet bunion exposed, you better walk somewheres else but on it."

"What do you mean—pet bunion? All I says to him is just about this Flood borrying feed all the time, and why should he put me in the hot grease for that?"

"Wait and find out," Isaac replies. "You don't know everything there is to a race track, even if you have got a pretty fair seat on a horse for a punk."

This being the first time I have ever heard a word of anything except abuse from Isaac, I immediately begin to think a lot better of the old crab. So I set down alongside of him and warm up to him a bit, thinking he will give me the low-down on the break I have made. But Isaac isn't spilling anything. "Stick around and find out," is all he will say, or words to that defect.

So the next morning when I am cleaning tack I tell Normie Boylen about it and he is only too willing to give me the dirt. Normie hates Hannigan like poison and is only just working out the last couple months of his contract. He dishes me a heap of scandal, and amongst a lot of other things says that Hannigan is the really owner of this bunch that runs in Andy Flood's name, and is feeding them mostly at old Spargus's expenses.

At first I don't believe a word of it. "You must be dizzy in the head," I tell Normie. "Running horses under a phony name is dead against the rules and regulations."

"What is rules to a egg like Hannigan?" Normie answers. "He breaks them or not, just as he sees fit."

"Well, then," I objects, "why should a man which trains a high-class stable like this bother with a lot of no-count dogs?"

"Why?" Normie says. "Just because he's Mike Hannigan; and running for the purses is too tame to suit a man which would sooner chisel somebody out of a hundred than earn a thousand on the square. You can't shuffle class horses around and deal them from the bottom the way you can a lot of nickel plugs; and Hannigan sure does love to get out the tools and frame something."

"I think you're just sore," I says, "because he's letting you out."

"Me sore?" Normie says. "And him let me out? Why, listen, bug, if I wanted to stick here I could stay till I am treading on my beard. Because you've rode a couple of lucky winners, don't think you are setting my cue in the rack. The day my contract is up I am going to kneel right down and offer up thanks for getting clear at last from the biggest gyp—yes, and the cheapest one, too—which ever saddles a horse, and that is taking in considerable territory too."

"Maybe that is how you think, Normie," I says, "but I want to tell you that Mr. Hannigan never yet asks me to do a single thing which isn't on the up-and-up."

"Tell me that a year from now, if you last that long," Normie says sourcastic, "and it will maybe mean something."

II

THAT night I layed in the hay and don't close a eye for seems like it's a year, thinking on what Normie tells me. Way down in my heart I know it is mostly true, and I am wondering how I will act supposing the boss was to ever ask me to pull something crooked.

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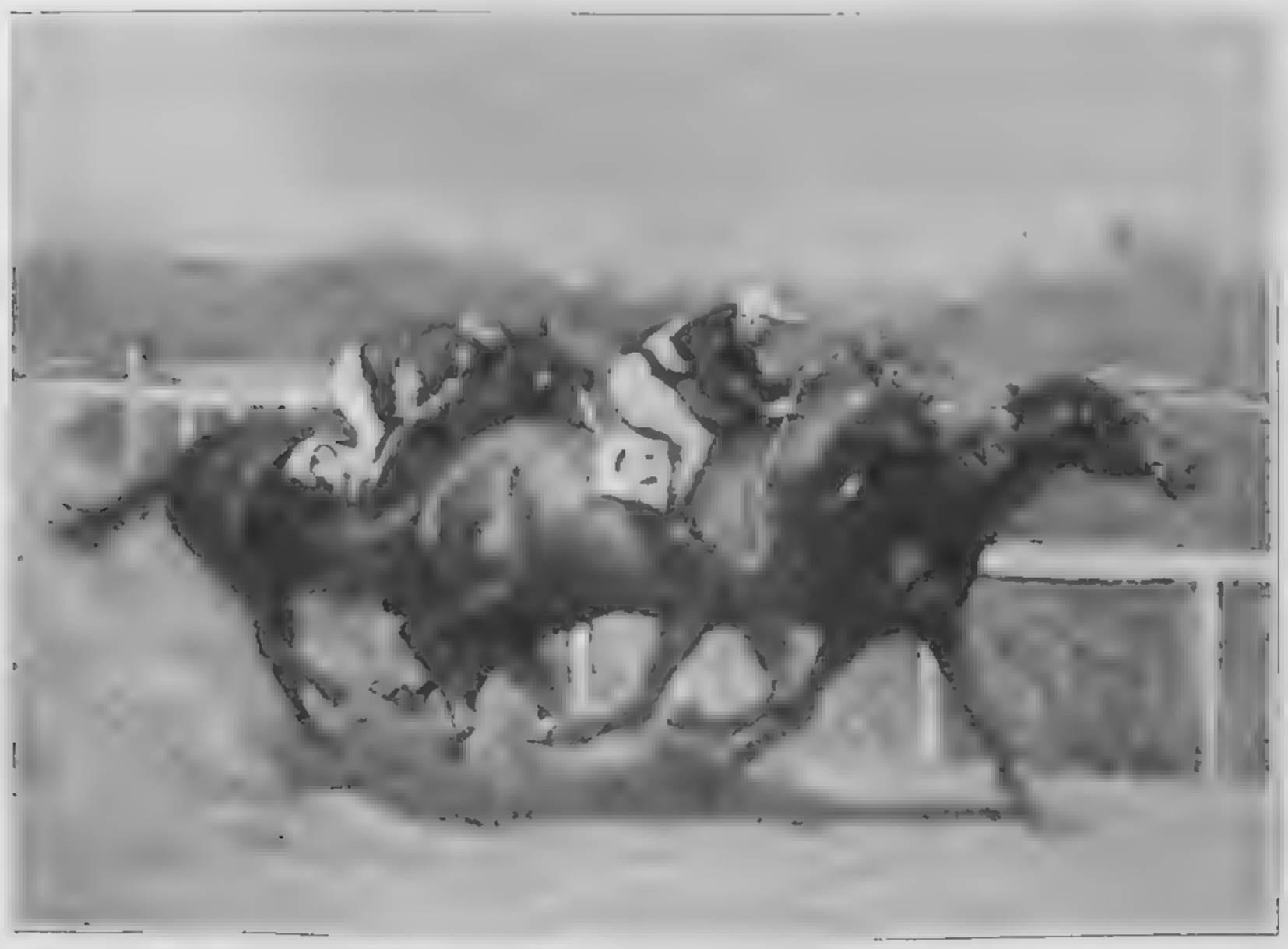

Horses Hannigan Tells Me to, and I Ride Them the Way He Wants

A DESERT NINCOMPOOP

By Martin Johnson

"BOOM—boom—boom-m-m!" My friend, on *safari* for the first time, threw a startled look out into the black African night. Beyond the narrow cylinder of our camp-fire's glare green eyes of big preying cats shone at intervals. A heavy body rustled through the bush. A hyena laughed hysterically on the rise behind us and was answered by another cackle of his species in a little donga near by.

"Boom—boom—boom-m-m!"

My friend reached out and gripped my arm. For a moment I thought the night had got him. It does, you know, when you are not used to Africa; when you realize that half a dozen lions are out there a stone's throw from where you are sitting, their long tails slashing in murderous irritation at man's fire which they dare not face; that a shadowy leopard is slinking in your tent's short shadow for a closer look; that an ill-tempered rhino may be at that very moment on his way to investigate the human intruders. One actually did stick its head into Saunderson's tent one night. He kicked it in the face, rolled out and fled while the beast charged, taking the tent away on its horn.

Yes, night on the African veldt can easily get the newcomer.

"Boom—boom—boom-m-m!"

Of a sudden I was conscious of my friend's real perturbation. His hand on my arm gripped tighter as he pointed with the other in the direction of the sound to which every African traveler becomes so accustomed; the only other continued night noise besides the demented laughing of the hyenas.

I laughed. The African dweller always laughs when he answers this particular question.

"Ostriches," I explained. "Only ostriches. Their booming is the most common, the most carrying, the most senseless of all animal speech—yes, even more so than that of the crazy hyenas."

"Boom—boom—boom-m-m," again like some gigantic bullfrog of the desert.

Less is known and more is misunderstood, I think, about this huge bird—that isn't a bird—than about almost any other animal in the world.

Much Dignity for a Small Head

THERE is a pathetic vanity about an ostrich that other animals seem to understand far better than man does. An ostrich doesn't walk, he struts; he doesn't scratch, he preens; he doesn't look from side to side, he cocks his head with a silly archness quite in keeping with his whole dude-like personality.

I remember sitting in my blind one morning at a water hole waiting for the game to give me the film I wanted. There were zebra, gazelle, wildebeeste and wart hogs about in thousands. Unfortunately, the weather was scorching hot; and since it had not rained for days, a powdery dust rose under the nervous hoofs of the animals and filled the air with mistlike clouds that made photographic work impossible.

My chief amusement came from watching the ostriches as they marched down from time to time to drink. They came individually. Each strode slowly through the herds, his head held pompously high and his long legs thrust out affectedly at each step. Though he looked neither to the right nor left the quadrupeds made way for him. I watched carefully to see if perchance there would be a collision at any time. But there wasn't. However, I have long since been convinced that other animals are afraid of the ostrich's terrible kicking power.

Having reached the water the ostrich settled itself in its tracks and glanced haughtily about. If it was a male, he usually swallowed a time or two. Had he worn cuffs I am sure he would have shot them, probably taking a silk handkerchief out of his breast pocket to wipe his beak before the first sip. Were it a female, she rose slightly on her toes and fluttered her wings before settling herself to the serious task of quenching her thirst. Somehow this performance conjured up the vision of a lady twitching her shoulders and coyly pushing up the edge of her veil.

The actual drinking consisted of two motions: A shovel-like dip of the beak into the pool and an upraising of neck and head while the water ran down the long neck. This was repeated several times, with a deal more of the comical hitching and gesturing between mouthfuls.

Incidentally, it is this drinking act that has given rise to the tradition that the ostrich hides its head in the sand when pursued by man. What it really does is drink in sandy spots where the average animal might have difficulty finding water. The traveler sees the big bird in the distance with its head apparently buried, and erroneously concludes that it is hiding.

The ostrich chiefly flourishes in Southern Africa. Xenophon in his Anabasis mentions having seen it in the southwestern desert tracts of Asia. In East and South Africa the big birds inhabit every waste extensive enough to give the arid solitude an ostrich seems to love.

The wild ostrich is disappearing rapidly on account of man. To be sure, it is preyed upon by the carnivores, but not seriously as compared with the native and settler who trap it for domestication. Before 1860 the ostrich was a wild bird. In 1862 half a dozen chicks were caught in Cape Colony for the purpose of experimenting with them as domestic fowl. It was realized that the feathers were valuable; and the eggs were of such size as to promise returns, provided they were as edible as reported. The first hatching was in 1864. To the vast satisfaction of the pioneer the chicks proved a success; in fact, with careful feeding and housing, they soon became more healthy than their parents.

Today there are nearly 20,000 highly bred birds in South Africa alone. These produce 85 per cent of the world's total supply of feathers. The other 15 per cent comes from North Africa, Australia and California, each producing about 5 per cent. California birds are said by experts to give feathers nearest in quality and size to those of South Africa. As diet is probably the determining factor in feather quality, this speaks well for the fertility of our home state.

In early days the best white feathers sold at seventeen shillings a pound. Now pure white feathers bring as high as fifteen to twenty-five pounds a pound. Price varies with fashion on one side and the supply on the other. But since the altogether unrelated ups and downs of both do not at all coincide, the ostrich raiser can never be quite sure where he stands.

An Ostrich Farm at Oudtshoorn, South Africa

A Recipe

WING and tail feathers are clipped when the bird is seven months old, but the finest plumes come from birds two to thirty-five years old. Each wing gives about thirty white feathers, weighing around half a pound. Double that quantity of tail feathers come from a bird, but these are considered second in quality. Light and dark feathers from the female are not so much in demand as the fine pure white ones from the male. From both sexes hundreds of small gray and black fancy feathers are cut to thin the heavy coat the birds grow when healthy. These are sold for dusters.

I must confess that most of my interesting experiences have been with the wild birds. I find them far more engrossing, though less beautiful, than the fat domesticated fowl, which are usually logy with overfeeding.

Mrs. Johnson and I are always glad to get back to a mess of ostrich eggs. We like them best scrambled, though they can be prepared in any style. Each egg weighs about three and a half pounds, and, from a culinary point of view, is equal to about three dozen hen eggs. It takes forty minutes to soft-boil an ostrich egg and at least four hours really to hard-boil it; once done it will keep for weeks.

I remember an afternoon when company came suddenly. Osa, my wife, told one of the ladies she guessed she'd make a cake for dinner.

She disappeared for five minutes and came back with the remark, "Well, that's that."

"You don't mean to say you've made a cake in that time!" exclaimed the guest.

Osa beckoned the doubter to follow her. "One egg, one cup of flour, and a pinch of salt," she laughed, "and you have a cake."

There on the table was the huge shell of one ostrich egg with a gallon flour bucket by its side. The native cook had just slid the cake into our hot-stone oven. It was just a case of putting the whole operation on a gigantic scale, with cup and egg nearly forty times their conventional size.

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QUEEN CINDERELLA

Marie-Mignon, of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia, Thrice a Queen

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

MARIE-MIGNON! A shaky handwriting and a blot! Yesterday I found her first childish signature in my house book at Posada our place in the Carpathians—and saw again in my mind the scene around an inkpot—the three fair heads, varying in height, of the three children of the then crown princess and prince, who later became Queen Marie and King Ferdinand of Rumania.

"A blot, of course!" cries the eldest of the three, Prince Carol—"a blot—that is just like you! Mignon and a blot—it is the same thing!"

The little girl blushes pink as an apple blossom under the blow of this pitiless teasing. But she will not cry, she smiles at her big brother with that brave smile of children who will not let the tears come. She is not yet six years old, but she is already very brave.

Elisabetha, the second child, follows the lead of her brother. She leans her beautiful face over the ruined page and remarks scornfully, "What else could you expect of Mignon?"

This remark, coming from so high, makes the humiliated little girl turn away her head in the endeavor to hide the tears which she now can no longer keep from her eyes. Elisabetha always knows how to make her cry.

The Tragedy of Being Youngest

I SEE them again, the three of them, as they were then. Mignon, tender and charming little girl, pink and plump, with hair like the threads of pure silk; her face, her neck, her arms and her hands just made for kisses, as a honeyed flower attracts the bees; Carol, a big, growing boy in knickerbockers, more a tease than a real bully, but loving to criticize, to give lessons, and absolutely convinced that he knows everything, that he is superior to humanity in general and to his younger sister in particular. Marie-Mignon—in the category of human beings he has placed her, once and for all, below everybody else. From this lowly position Mignon will never escape. Her brother and sister will keep her there.

Elisabetha is no longer a child. But was she ever really a child that wonder, that charming morsel of humanity that is a little child? Her earliest portraits show her as already possessed of all her beauty. Since she came into existence she has had that irreproachable face, as perfect as it is classic, so classic as to inspire much the same feelings as those called forth by a wonderful piece of sculptured marble

An Early Photograph of Queen Marie of Rumania, With the Little Princesses Elisabetha and Marie-Mignon

Elisabetha, When Princess of Rumania

Elisabetha petrifies Mignon and can make her cry when she wishes. It is sufficient for her sister to give her a certain look, specially reserved for her, and Mignon's eyes fill with tears at once. It is only right, however, to say that her tears come easily; she seems made to melt into tears, as all that is good, tender and defenseless.

"Isn't Mignon appetizing?" would say her mother, the crown princess, smothering her with kisses. She loves her little daughter just as the fairy loved Cinderella; but mothers getting ready to be queens are very like fairies. They have so many thousands of things to see to that they cannot be perpetually watching over those under their protection.

Mignon, just as the heroine of the fairy story, will be handed over defenseless to the brother and the sister who have assigned her to the last place in creation. Nurses and governesses will try in greater or lesser degree to save Mignon from the teasing. But in the mysterious world of children, the relations of the elder children to the younger members always seem to escape the control of governesses. These relations are based on prestige. The importance of Carol and Elisabetha was always unbounded in the eyes of Mignon.

That day on which the episode of the blot took place at Posada, as the three children were leaving, Mignon ran back, put her fresh soft little arm around my neck and whispered, "I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon for having made a mess in your book."

Sweet little girl! The blot which she had made against her will in my book, and for which her brother and her sister had reproached her so bitterly, was one of those blots which do not count.

Mignon the despised, Mignon the stupid, of whom might have been predicted, as of Mary in the Scriptures: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Voyages of Discovery

MY FIRST memory of her—or at least the first allusion to her which I heard is some six years previous to the incident of the blot; before she had ever been born. It is a delicate story to tell, and yet I wish to tell it, because I see in it the note of her destiny. I myself was still a child at the time, only twelve years old. That year we had gone for the Easter holidays to Constantza on the shores of the Black Sea, where the Crown Prince Ferdinand and the Crown Princess, now dowager Queen Marie, were also passing the holidays, living on the royal yacht. Every day they took us my mother, my elder sister and myself with them on sea trips and picnics, always finding new, as yet undiscovered, spots on the coast where we landed, accompanied with well-filled baskets for luncheon or tea.

These excursions amused us all prodigiously. For me especially, who lived in my imagination with James Fenimore Cooper, Jules Verne and Robinson Crusoe, they were real voyages of discovery and exploration. The Princess Marie, amused at my childish enthusiasm, had me dressed for the occasion in a costume

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Queen Marie of Jugo-Slavia, With the Little Crown Prince Peter; and Princess Helen of Rumania, With Her Son, Now King Mihai

NOT FOR SALE

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

PORTER HUNKINS, general manager, very red as to the ears, passed out of Daniel Chichester's office as Mark Galt was summoned in. The Gray Fox of Kearney Street glanced up at the younger man, waved him to a chair peremptorily, gave his black string tie a jerk and exploded.

Galt followed the diatribe with difficulty. It began to be intelligible as Chichester's pressure lowered.

"I wouldn't take a cool million for my reputation on the Pacific Coast, Galt!" he rasped, with another tug at his tie. "Of course I've had to hamstring a few hamstringers and thimblerig a few professional thimble-riggers in my time, but no one can say that I ever did anything shady except in a good cause. Now along comes this triple-distilled ass, Hunkins, and gold-bricks Colonel Adkinson, the last man on earth I would like to have hurt."

Mark observed mildly: "Where there's so much smoke there is usually some fire. But probably not. You keep mentioning this Major Adkinson ——"

"Colonel! The finest Southern gentleman who ever stepped in gray canvas shoes or mixed a julep. I can't remember when I've met a man I cottoned to as I have to Adkinson, and I'm teetotally thundered if Hunkins hasn't rolled him like a water-front drunk!"

"And when he finds out that Hunkins is your Man Friday, your stainless reputation and heart of pure gold ——"

"I can stand some forms of crude humor, Galt, but I won't stand cheap sarcasm. This is a serious matter, and it's more serious because Colonel Adkinson was warned in New Orleans that Pacific Coast operators are all slickers and steerers. He didn't want to believe it, but when the truth comes out in this redwood deal he'll pretty near have to—and I'll be the horrible example."

Chichester actually groaned, and Mark Galt dropped his light tone and spoke more seriously:

"If you'll tell me, sir, just what happened, I might be of some use."

"I am telling you. I was stuck about twenty years ago with a fine piece of standing redwood on Punta Colorada, up in Mendocino County, by that precious old outlaw, Morgan Frazier—God rest his soul!—and I have been saving it ever since to work off on some smart-Aleck competitor. In a weak moment I told Hunkins that I'd give him a nice little bonus if he would unload it on Crimmins or Beale or the Northwestern Redwood outfit, or some of those pouter pigeons in the lumber trade. Having just as much brain as a gnat, Hunkins lights on Colonel Adkinson, a newcomer with money to invest, sells him the Punta Colorada piece and then comes to me—to me!—and brags about it."

"What's the matter with the redwood?"

"The finest compact timberland in California!"

"With a flaw in the deed, perhaps?"

"The deed's as clean as a whistle. The trouble is that there is no way to get the timber to market."

"How's that?"

"Because the land runs out to the Pacific on a high cliff, and no harbor within a hundred miles."

"But on the land side?"

"Certainly! Go over to Dudley Coates for me, will you?—and ask him to sell me a right of way across his grandfather's cut-over fir land to the Pacific Northwestern Railroad at Devlin Junction."

Mark whistled. "That's Coates, of the Frazier Seaboard Lumber Company?"

"It is. Old Morgan Frazier whipsawed me into a deal once that gave me this redwood piece and a city property for some Oregon water front Frazier needed. I thought it was a neat bargain until I came to try to cut and mill, when I found that the Morgan Frazier property—mostly fir—completely surrounded this Punta Colorada land. Frazier laughed at me when I asked for an easement to get out, and when he died and young Coates—that whippersnapper!—inherited, I was worse off than ever. Coates is shrewd, I'll say that for him, and he knows that he can afford to wait for his cut-over land to grow up to timber again while I sweat blood." Chichester clawed at his tie angrily. "I could have stood the gaff and eventually got out somehow, but now, thanks to Hunkins, the gold brick is in the coat-tail pocket of Colonel Adkinson; and when he finds out that I was the seller I'll have to sit still and listen while this New Orleans gentleman calls me hard names."

"Too Beautiful to be Cut," Mark Thought, Awed by the Grandeur of These Trees, Five Centuries Old

Mark Galt had seen his employer in many moods, but he had never suspected him of fine feelings rooted in sentiment. Now he saw that the thought of having done wrong to a stranger whom he admired and esteemed was giving Chichester an exceedingly uncomfortable season, none the less unhappy because the whip hand in the situation was held by that rapacious schemer, Dudley Coates.

"I suppose," Galt said thoughtfully, "that Coates would take the piece off the colonel's hands if he would sell cheaply enough."

"Cheaply enough is right! He's been trying to force me to sell for ten years."

"If the situation were explained to Colonel Adkinson ——"

"Don't be a fool, Galt!" Chichester growled. "The colonel thinks he has a good thing, and anyone who suggests to him that he hasn't will instantly remind him of the warnings his New Orleans friends gave him against San Francisco lumbermen."

"I see." Galt hid a grin and suppressed a chuckle. The situation certainly had its humorous as well as its tragic aspects. "Well, sir, I suppose you want me to see whether I can straighten out the tangle."

"I don't want you to go fabricating one of your complicated Machiavellian business schemes, if that's what you mean," Chichester said positively. "All I ask is that you buy, beg, borrow or steal that redwood timber piece from Colonel Adkinson, as painlessly as possible, and that you try to keep him from knowing that I ever owned it. Is that clear?"

"It seems to be. But if your colonel thinks so well of his trade he will probably want to make something out of it. How much are you prepared to write off as a net loss if I wheedle him into selling?"

"I'm not the House of Morgan," Chichester growled.

Mark laughed. "Seems to me I've heard you say something about refusing a million dollars for your stainless reputation."

"This is different."

"I see it is, but I don't see how."

"Some day you will make a wise crack like that and find yourself out in the street looking for eating money. Good morning—and don't come back until you bring the Punta Colorada redwood-piece deed with you."

The movements of ships and the state of the shipping business are mirrored daily in the Globe, but if a San Francisco lumber or shipping man wants information concerning personalities he goes to Rodney Raidlaw. Raidlaw is a broker who will buy you anything from an old gasoline engine to a fleet of lumber schooners in two hours' time, or who will give you the antecedents, connections, financial standing and immediate activities of a Pacific Coast shipping or lumber operator or agent offhand and accurately. It was he who told Mark Galt exactly who and what Col. Richmond Chalfont Adkinson was, and it was equipped with this data that Galt went to the Franciscan and telephoned to the colonel's suite. A melodious, drawling Dixie voice courteously invited the visitor to step up to Room 308 and state his business.

The colonel proved to be tall, immaculate in silk and linen, with snowy hair brushed back from a high forehead, a faultlessly trimmed white goatee and keen gray eyes. He smiled on Mark, gave him a comfortable chair and offered a fragrant cigar. "Galt? Yes, suh. Honor, suh. What kin I do fo' you?"

Mark, feeling his way, opened indirectly: "I understand that you are in the lumber business in Louisiana, Colonel Adkinson."

"Was, suh—was. The Adkinsons—the Louisiana Adkinsons, not the Kaintucky Adkinsons that went in fo' hoss breedin'—have been makin' lumbeh on the riveh sence Lee was a boy. But now our standing timbeh is exhausted, and last autumn we closed down a million-dollah mill above New O'leans. The cypress we have left isn't big enough to cut match sticks from. We're clea' finished!"

"You'll have to move your mill then, as I understand it."

"Scrap it, suh! Cain't move a lumbeh mill. The day I locked the gates I wrote off the last penny of our capital investment—cha'ged it to obsolescence."

Mark's ears were pricked. "Do you mean to say that you're going to let a million-dollar mill go for junk, Colonel Adkinson?"

"The Adkinson family, beginnin' with mah grandfatheh, have taken seven millions out of that mill, suh; we've known for thi'ty yeahs that our business would be done and our mill wo'thless when the timbeh was done. We figu'ed that in."

"But letting it go without a struggle, colonel!"

Colonel Adkinson smiled. "I reckon you have diffe'ent ideas out hyar, suh. Daown South we don't fly in the face of Providence."

"I admire your philosophical attitude, colonel, but I could never acquire it. A million-dollar mill one day and scrap the next! No, it's too much for my crude Western imagination."

"I've been hea'ing a lot about yo' Califo'nia ente'prise, Mr. Galt, and if you think you can use our mill you can buy it at ten cents on the dollah."

Mark shook his head regretfully. "I'm only an agent, colonel, and not in the market."

"The offeh will be open fo' some time, my boy—come in any time. And now you might tell me what gives me the hono' of this visit."

"I'd clean forgotten that, colonel. I have an order for a tract of standing redwood, and when I heard on the Street that you had recently acquired a big piece I came on the off chance that you might put a price on it."

"It's not fo' sale, suh."

"I—er—happen to know something about the land you bought, sir. It's—it's just about inaccessible."

Adkinson looked at him sharply. "That info'mation has been volunte'ed to me twice in the last twenty-fo' hou's, suh. If it's correct, just what was you' client figu'ing to do with the inaccessible piece?"

Mark reddened. "My buyer is in a position to play a waiting game, colonel. If you would let me scout around I believe I could find you a trade that ——"

Colonel Adkinson waved a hand with dignity—and finality. "I've given you mah answe', Mr. Galt," he said. "I'm obliged to you fo' yo' good intentions—and let it rest the'. Is the' anything else I kin do fo' you? No? Then if you'll jest step into the nex' room, I believe the hotel po'teh has been a-passin' and I reckon I kin offe' you a compound of shaved ice, mint leaves and ce'tain potable liquids that is a conside'ble improvement oveh talkin' business on a wahm day. This do', suh, and tu'n to yo' right."

Half an hour later, as Mark Galt was waiting for his elevator, the next cage discharged to the third floor a new passenger—sleek, complacent, hard-mouthed—who passed down the corridor, glanced back, gave Mark a stare and then an oily grin, and disappeared around the turn of the hall toward Suite 308. It was Dudley Coates, whom Mark knew by sight and to whom undoubtedly Mark himself was known as an emissary of Daniel Chichester's. That oily grin stiffened Mark Galt's backbone and set his jaw for him. Colonel Adkinson did not want to be saved, but that sneer of Coates' determined the matter: the Southern gentleman was going to be saved, willy-nilly! Instead of reporting to Chichester that the redwood piece was not to be had at any price, Galt packed a suitcase, boarded a northbound train and hied himself toward the timber country to look over the ground for himself and study there the possibilities of rescue

A sorry livery-stable horse obtained, Mark rode westward out of Devlin Junction, on the main line of the Pacific Northwestern, early the next morning, following the abandoned line of an old narrow-gauge railroad. This line ran across a small valley, climbed into the foothills, entered a canyon and began a slow ascent into the coast mountains. A slow drizzle set in, turning into a downpour. Mark slumped on his nag and pressed forward until he came to a fence bearing a sign: Frazier Seaboard Lumber Company—the Dudley Coates property. For miles thereafter the narrow gauge and the road wound through spindling, ugly young firs, as thick as spines on a porcupine; underfoot was a tangle of rotting log butts, dead trees and brush, and here and there some abandoned and disintegrating wagon, cabin or logging machine. This was the cut-over fir land Dudley Coates had inherited, which he was patiently holding until it should grow into commercial lumber size—perhaps a matter of fifteen or twenty years.

The rain ceased suddenly and the sun appeared. The road wound higher, the ground steamed, the horse shook himself; birds came out and began twittering and calling. Ahead, at a turn of the road, Mark saw looming the solid, dark green wall reared by a magnificent stand of primeval redwoods, towering above the lanky and unlovely firs like giants. The narrow gauge ended in a tangle of rusted tracks at a dilapidated old mill. Galt pressed on, and presently, through a gap in an ancient fence, he passed into the dim aisles between the mighty columns of the *sempervirens*.

"Too beautiful to be cut," Mark thought, awed by the grandeur of these trees, five centuries old. But they must give way to progress, to the ruthless demands of man's civilization. Galt made a wry face. "Anyway," he exclaimed aloud, "Dudley Coates isn't going to fell them! I'm going to find a way to get this redwood to market if I have to open a regular line of balloons."

For two days Galt went over the ground, traveling westward to the coast, where the land fell away in cliffs the feet of which were laved and beaten by the churning sea a hundred feet below, and turning back thence inland to reconnoiter the second-growth fir holdings of Dudley Coates which completely surrounded, on three sides, the redwood Colonel Adkinson had bought. From a low summit he studied the lay of the land; the strategy of Dudley Coates was as easy to read as though it had been printed out on the face of things. To the west, on the coast, the dark masses of the redwoods loomed above the spindling fir growth surrounding them; far to the eastward the line of the Pacific Northwestern could be traced, running north and south; connecting the forests with the railroad was the old narrow-gauge line.

Coates' fir would not be big enough to cut for commercial purposes for fifteen years, but meantime Nature was working for the owner, adding annually to the value of his lumber harvest. Meantime also the redwoods were completely cut off from transportation, and Mark Galt knew enough law to know that there was no way to force Coates to give up a right of way through his land to make the big trees available. All he had to do was wait, like a cat at a rat hole, until Colonel Adkinson capitulated—and at Coates' own price!

On the third night Mark Galt, stopping at a little summer resort in the lap of the foothills, got into conversation with the owner—a spry, enthusiastic, bubbling little man with large ideas and rosy dreams.

"This is going to be the greatest resort country north of San Francisco," Brundige declared decisively. "I've got a lease on three hundred acres, I'm stocking the two creeks with fish and there are plenty of deer in the hills all around. If I had a railroad in here I wouldn't take a million for my next twenty years."

"There's an old narrow gauge running out this way from Devlin Junction," Mark said. "If the timber above you is ever cut ——"

(Continued on Page 82)

The Colonel Laughed and Sat Back. "That Gives Me to My Chat!" He Chuckled Admiringly

THE BLOOD FEUD

By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY DE ALTON VALENTINE

The Prisoner Remained Stubbornly Silent, Arms Straining Against the Grip of Two Burly Riflemen

VON STROLICH, of the Pomeranian Guards, bent low on the fire step to light a cigarette between closely cupped palms

Dietz, his company second in command, reached out a warning hand.

"Be careful, Herr Captain! Our friends across the way are good at pot shots."

His senior chuckled. "Not they. The English have gone. They were relieved last night by the little dark men from India; Gurkhas, they are called. They do not love the British raj, those natives. *Nein!* For three years I was in India—for commercial reasons, of course." He laughed again shortly. "I know them well: their language also, and their very thoughts. They will not bother us much. You are nervous tonight, Paul. Listen. How quiet they are!"

The two officers stood motionless. Earth dribbled from the parapet to the trench mat, making a tiny cataract of sound. Up Armentières way the mutter of the guns ebbed and waned. A solitary field battery slammed behind the German lines and the shells whirred far overhead to scatter a ration party at a distant crossroad. Somewhere along the sector a trench mortar popped off. The staccato lash of a sniper's bullet whipped across the sandbags. That was all.

A point of amusement again lit Von Strolich's eyes. "You see?" he smiled.

"*Eile mit Weile*—not too fast," Dietz reminded him soberly. "It is not yet midnight, and I do not like this quiet. It is not natural. I am going to have a look about."

"Trouble wears a long nose; but do what you like, so long as I am not disturbed. I am going to company headquarters dugout for more sleep. Have me called at two o'clock."

His tall shadow melted into the gloom of the communication trench.

Dietz remounted the fire step and raised his helmet cautiously above the parapet. An enemy flare soared in a trailing arc and plopped, lighting up the ground with pallid brilliance. Dietz did not stir, but his eyes took in every detail of the ugly strip of earth between their own and the British lines a little more than a hundred yards away; shell holes filled with stinking water; the hobnailed sole of an empty boot; a wire-hung rag of khaki, flapping in the night breeze that rustled the long dry weeds. As the flare died he stood suddenly upright in an effort to draw fire or some other manifestation of life. No sound or stir rewarded him. Nothing.

"Von Strolich was right, perhaps," he muttered as he stood once more on the floor of the trench, but the trained soldier in him would be satisfied with nothing short of certainty. He sent a runner for the company sergeant major, and when he arrived, issued crisp orders in a low tone. The sergeant major made a round of the sentries, keying them up.

A runner stumbled down the steps of the company headquarters dugout. Von Strolich, instantly awake, jumped out of his chicken-wire bunk. Even forty feet below the ground and behind the front line it was plain that something murderous was on. Machine guns hammered, rifles cracked, and bursting hand grenades gave their familiar metallic whine. The captain pushed the safety catch of his automatic. The runner, breathing hard, pulled himself up and saluted like an automaton.

"What is it?" the officer snapped.

"Enemy raid, Herr Captain. They past the outposts got, into a trap that the *Oberleutnant* had prepared for them, and ——"

Before he had finished, Von Strolich was halfway up the steps. He cursed as he scraped his shin against the doorway coaming at the top and stumbled along the trench. The air was acrid with shell fumes and cordite, and the ground shook with short, vicious gun bursts as the German artillery retaliation plastered the enemy position. Flares soared frantically, yellow and red and green.

The bombing had ceased, but two or three enemy shells exploded over the parados, showering him with dirt. A sound as of heavy wooden boxes clattered together told him that shrapnel was breaking over the front line. That, too, ceased, and in a momentary lull Von Strolich heard violent altercation. He broke into a run and, turning the corner of a bay, came upon what looked like a dog fight in the fire trench. Four or five of his men, cramped in a corner of a traverse, were on the ground trying to disarm a British officer and a large Gurkha.

They were secured at last and hauled to their feet, the Gurkha fighting like a maniac, biting, scratching, gouging, kicking savagely with his bare feet, and the white man's shoulders bursting through the seams of his tunic in mad frenzy to resist capture.

Dietz, who had wrested the British subaltern's pistol from him, stood back, dark, watchful, stemming the flow from a gashed forehead.

"What happened, Paul?" Von Strolich asked.

"What I expected," the other replied laconically. "I knew that such unnatural quiet meant something, so I had a gap opened in our wire and placed flanking posts. These fine fellows walked right into it. Three we killed, and captured these two. The others got away and dragged their casualties with them."

The party ducked and crouched as shrapnel burst overhead. When they straightened, Von Strolich faced the Britisher, annoyed at the unexpected vindication of Dietz's judgment. The subaltern was slightly built; hardly more than a schoolboy. His face was set and pallid with rage and humiliation.

"What is your name?" the Pomeranian asked in English.

The prisoner remained stubbornly silent, arms straining against the grip of two burly riflemen. Von Strolich reached forward and smacked him with his open palm across the face.

"Don't be sulky, you young dog. What is your name?"

There was another sudden violent struggle, in which Von Strolich himself was involved. He emerged dishevelled, with a torn shoulder cord, and again the prisoners were overpowered. They were spent but unsubdued. Von Strolich tried again.

"Answer me now! You are a captive, and to be nasty will do you no good," he growled, with hard eyes. "I will not hesitate to shoot you, remember."

"G-go to hell!" the youngster replied. "You'll g-get n-r-i-nothing out of m-me!"

"Very well. I will teach you sense later on." Von Strolich turned to the native: "What is your regiment?"

The Gurkha glanced at his officer. "*Chup raho!*" the subaltern commanded.

The native closed his lips.

"Take them to headquarters. We will try a different method of coaxing." Von Strolich ordered curtly, and turned to lead the way. Before he could take a step the officer prisoner wrenched himself free and jumped upon him, fighting for his pistol. They clattered to the bottom of the trench, and the Pomeranian, using his superior weight, ground his knee into the captive's groin. Then he rose to his feet and watched the other stagger upright, dizzy with pain. The guards made for him, but Von Strolich waved them back.

"Let him come on," he growled, his eyes black with passion.

Dietz, who saw what was coming, moved to interfere. He was too late. The Englishman, finding himself unhindered, sprang forward, and Von Strolich fired from the hip.

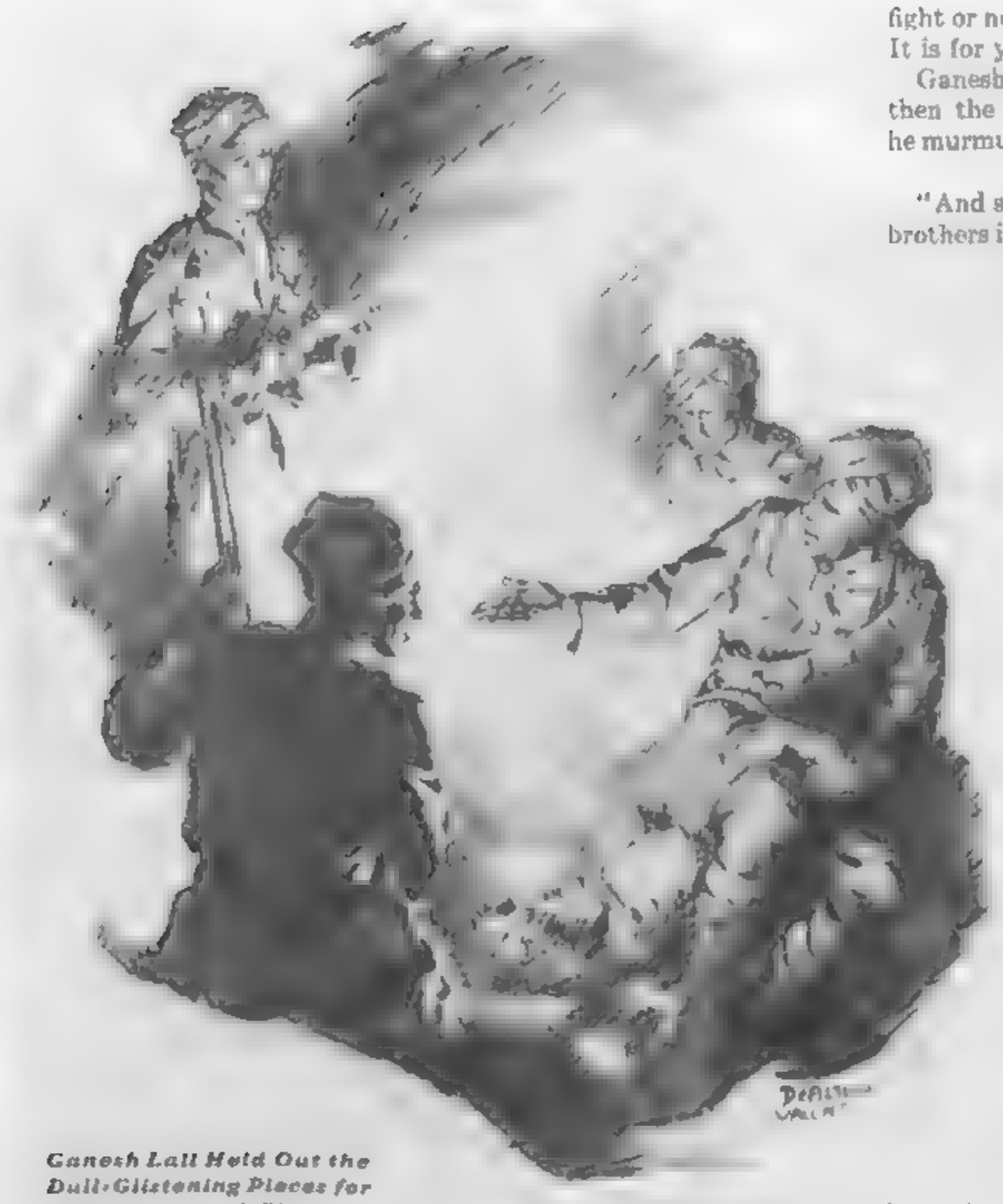
Von Strolich turned to Dietz, who did not trouble to hide his contempt: "It was unfortunate. He was a brave young man, yes: but foolish. I was compelled ——" He straightened abruptly. "Search him for identification and bring his personal effects to me. Then detail a burial party. Secure the little savage and come along."

Candlelight brought out the hard bold lines of Von Strolich's face as he faced his prisoner in the headquarters dugout. As he questioned he played, curiously, with a heavy curved chopping knife—the deadly kukri of the Gurkha soldier. The native, between two stolid guardsmen, his skirted tunic ripped and earth-stained, was well past middle age, short and thickset, with shoe-button eyes that glittered without expression in his broad parchment-colored Mongolian countenance. He showed neither emotion nor interest.

"What is your name?"

"Ganesh Lall, sahib."

"Your regiment?"



Ganesh Lall Held Out the Dull-Glistening Pieces for Inspection, and Ejaculations and a Whispering Half Sigh Went Around

The prisoner's shoulders lifted. "*Hamari sir men dard hai*, sahib. There is a pain in my head. I cannot think."

The Pomeranian drew his pistol from its holster. "I have here a cure for headaches. You have seen how effective it is. What is your regiment?"

"The First Nepal Rifles, sahib."

"When did you enter the trenches?"

"Four days have gone ——"

"*Jhuth mat bolo!* Don't tell lies!"

The Gurkha shrugged his shoulders. "Lo, I am a poor man, sahib, and have many children."

"You came in yesterday evening. You see? The *German-log* knows everything; so be careful."

The prisoner remained impassive. Von Strolich studied him for a minute in silence. Then he leaned forward. There no longer was menace in his voice.

"I have been to your country, Ganesh Lall, and have talked with your people. You are mighty fighters, but so is the *German-log*. Therefore we should be friends. Be honest with me and you shall not suffer harm. This war is none of your doing, and I may perhaps let you go free with a message to your comrades. Money and land shall be theirs if they do what I say."

Behind his inscrutable eyes, Ganesh Lall saw two things; he saw a tiny Nepalese village, hidden in the folds of the snow-capped Himalayas, with wood smoke rising in the winelike air, and goats and children—his children—playing among the hillside bowlders; and he saw, at the bottom of a muddy trench, the bloody crumpled body of his officer. But what Ganesh Lall thought about these things no man can say.

"Truly, there is honey in thy mouth, sahib; but I cannot do this thing, for I have eaten the king's salt."

"Do you then so love *Jarj Panjam*—George the Fifth? How fare your children, and their father about to die in a foreign land?"

"A goat gives of its milk, sahib. A soldier is born to die. I am a soldier, and but one of many."

"Are you and your fellows slaves, too, that you should be dragged from your own sunny homes to die for Englishmen in the wet?"

"*Nahin*, sahib. We are men and the sons of warriors."

"Yet you obey the striplings of an alien race, like that stuttering young fool I killed tonight."

Had the Pomeranian taken the trouble to be observant he might have noticed the tiny pulse that began to beat, beat, at the corner of the Gurkha's jaw. There was no other sign.

"Collins sahib was a boy and his tongue stuttered. His courage did not stutter. We followed him," said Ganesh Lall simply.

"He was not brave; he was foolhardy—and he was a symbol of your bondage. With the *German-log* you would fight or not, as you pleased—your own masters. It is for you to say."

Ganesh Lall's eyes flashed suddenly lustrous, then the lids dropped. "I am ready, sahib," he murmured. "What would you have me do?"

"And so," related Ganesh Lall evenly to his brothers in arms an hour later, as they crouched around a brazier in the Gurkha lines, "this foul-bellied pariah, this slayer of Collins sahib whom my wife, his amah, nursed at her breast, and to whom as a boy I taught the five soldierly precepts, took from his purse three pieces of gold. And he gave them to me and he spake thus: 'Ganesh Lall, return to your brothers, with this gold as witness of the faith of the *German-log*. For each information you bring to me you shall have more, and for each of your brothers who joins us, an equal amount.'"

Ganesh Lall held out the dull-glistening pieces for inspection, and ejaculations and a whispering half sigh went around.

"*Aiye-e!* And what said you then, O Ganesh Lall?" broke out young Krishana Parta eagerly, for he was keen, and unschooled in the councils of war.

"Still thy clack, little cockerel," the old tribesman reproved without heat. "Then, said I to the *German-log*, 'It shall be as you say, *hazur*, for truly we are weary of fighting the battles of these English pigs. Of what avail is it to battle if one may not loot?' And so a password was arranged, and the time is the morrow, when there is no moon. Are ye covetous, followers of Collins sahib, who was our father and our son? Would you, too, feel the gold of the *German-log?*"

At the question an understanding grin passed about the circle.

The smallpox-pitted face of Jogundra Sur, who was a terrible hill fighter in his own country, and lacked all the virtues except courage, beamed with joy. He fingered his kukri in its leather sheath.

"Thou art thirsty, little glutton?" he crooned. Then aloud: "It is a blood feud, Ganesh Lall?"

The old fighting man rose to his feet, his face grim in the dawn. He, too, fingered the haft of his kukri.

"It is a blood feud, wolf of the Himalayas," he said.

All day it rained steadily, and when night fell the leaden pall hastened the dark. The trenches were a quagmire which sucked men ankle deep, and the constantly crumbling trenches burst through their revettings and kept working parties grumbling and miserable. Dietz, glum and taciturn, splashed endlessly about the company front, inspecting his position. From time to time he consulted the luminous dial of his watch. Men cursed his restlessness and guarded themselves against his dour humor, preferring Von Strolich with his careless forthrightness and lack of nerves. The sullen mutter of the guns was deadened by the rain, and a fine, penetrating vapor, damp and cold like a Scotch mist, hugged every sheltered nook and crevice of the sodden trenches. Presently Dietz took shelter in a funk hole under the parapet, out of the direct downpour, and lit a cigarette. Von Strolich joined him, his face red and cheerful with something besides the rain and the cold.

"What a queer fellow you are, Paul," he chaffed. "Stopping out here, when you might be warm and comfortable within. What have we a sergeant major for, eh? Prowling about so, you give him nothing to do. From Douai this afternoon we received two cases of excellent ——"

Dietz cut him short.

"Do you think he will come?"

"Eh? Who? Oh, the native? Of course he will!" Von Strolich said testily, put out by the other's brusqueness. Then he rubbed his hands and his good humor returned. "Ah, this weather! Often we have cursed the rain, you and I, eh?—but for this purpose it could not be better. How they hate the cold and wet, those little savages. They are, understand me, lively and even dangerous fellows in an attack, although to my mind they have been overrated. They are said to be implacable and fanatic when their enmity is aroused, though equally faithful as friends. That was a lucky thought of mine last night, I must say; and now the rain has clinched it. To sit still in the rain-filled trenches under our artillery fire hour after hour, with nothing to do but think! Then they know the futility of the quarrel into which they have been forced. It takes the very heart out of them. . . . By the way, I noticed this afternoon that the Strassel *Graben* was four feet deep with water, and now it is dry. How did you get rid of it?"

"It was simple; we are on higher ground," Dietz growled. "I sent a working party out after dark and drained it into the enemy trenches."

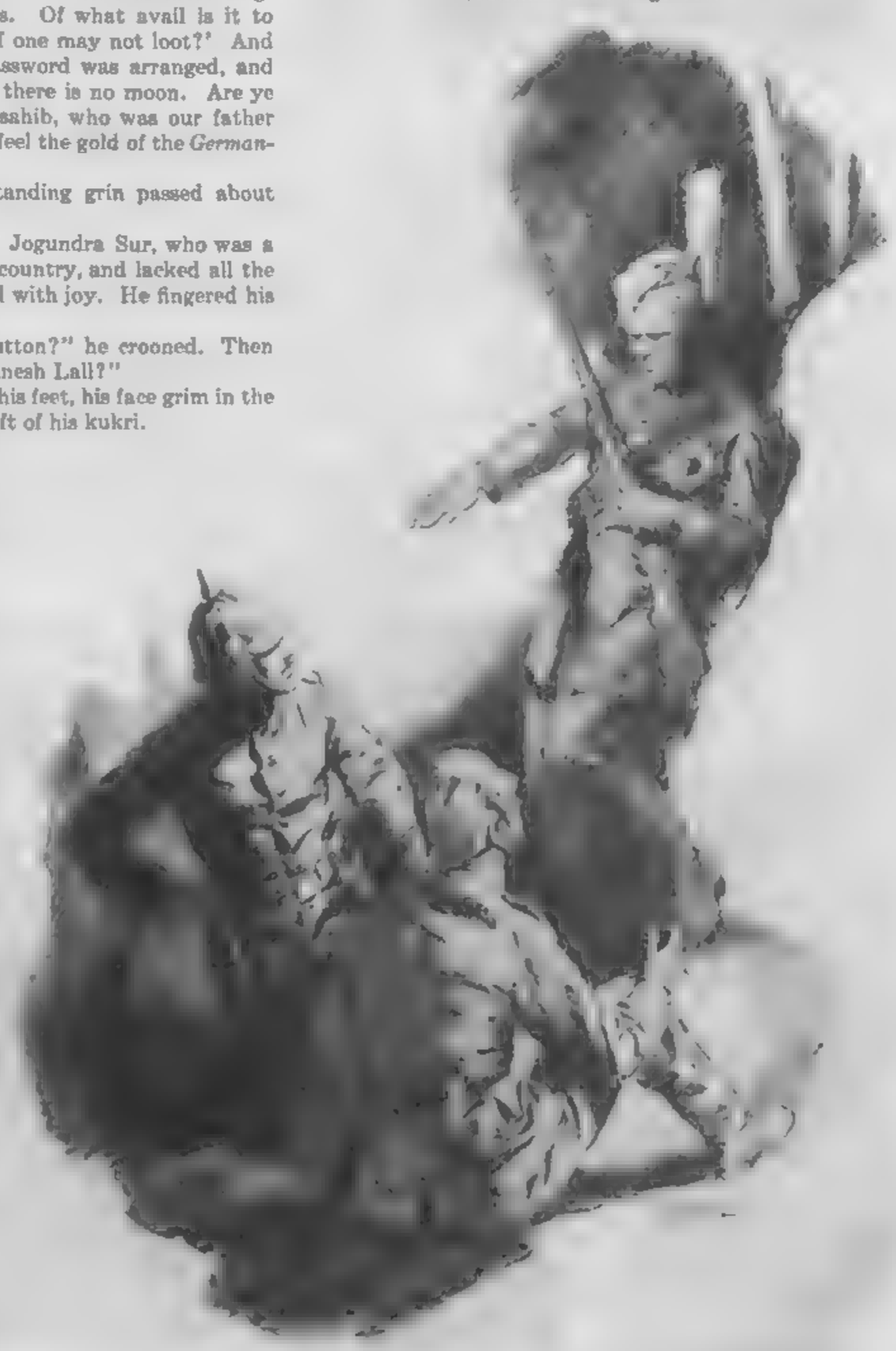
"Excellent! Splendid! That should put the finishing touch!" Von Strolich exclaimed. "They are but animals after all, as you shall see. He should be here now."

"He may have trouble getting through his own lines."

"They are serpents, those Gurkhas, though they seem so stupid. They are the best scouts on earth, and strike like cobras. You warned the sentries to expect ——"

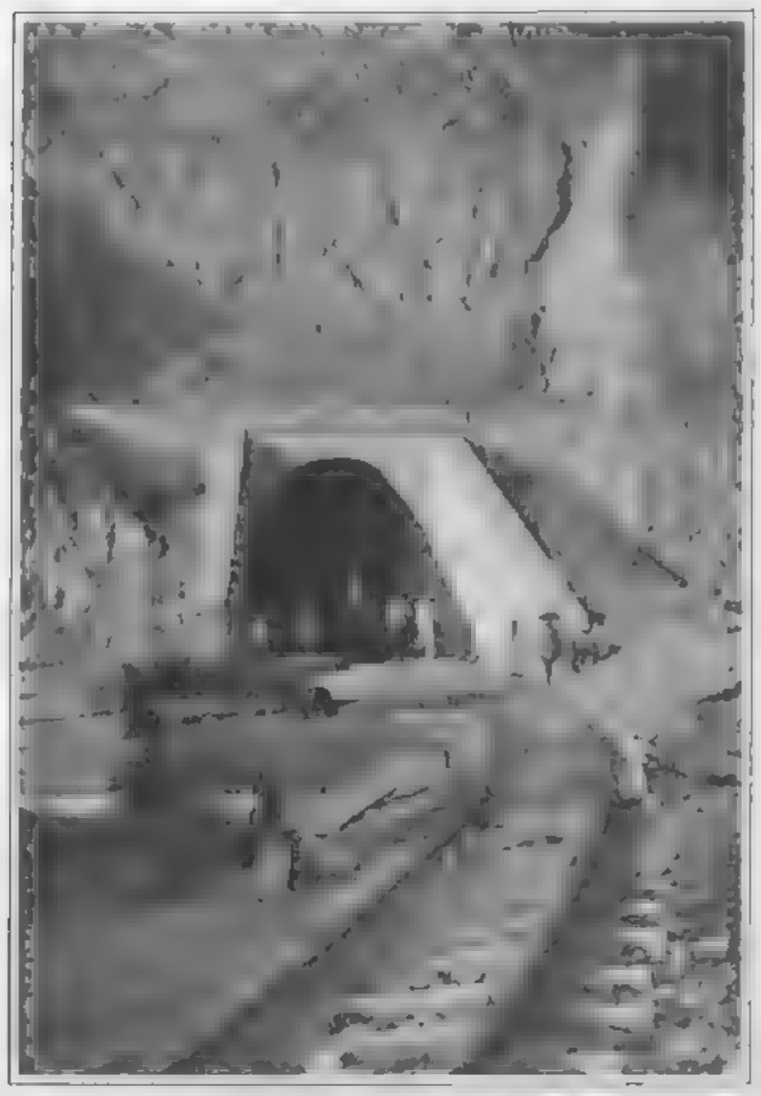
There was a sudden stir and a slight splash beside them. Startled, both officers leaped to their feet.

(Continued on Page 111)



"Salaam, Sahib!" Ganesh Lall Stood Before Them, Teeth Chattering, Mud-Caked and Soaked to the Skin

Central America—By Samuel Crowther



Tunnel No. 1 on the American-Built Cauca Railroad, Colombia

ALL the republics of Central America are still very poor, but not so poor as they were. Two-thirds of all the people are barefoot and live in thatched huts. The only workers who commonly have real houses and wear shoes are those employed by American companies. The cities are getting a few sizable modern buildings, but they still, for the most part, are made up of single-story, rambling, sun-dried brick houses built around bare patios.

The welfare of the plain people has been sacrificed to the greed to rule. The struggle to rule is between very small groups. The actual fighting is done by ignorant people who are impressed into the service.

Whatever progress these countries have made is largely due to the work of American engineers, business men and financiers. The integrity of their governments has been upheld by our armed forces. Without the Monroe Doctrine they would be European colonies today. They sell from half to two-thirds of their products to the United States—a few changes in our tariff laws would all but wipe them out of existence. We have guaranteed to them a stability under which they have begun to prosper. These guaranties are at the present time being challenged and misrepresented as imperialism—whatever that may be.

Deceptive Terms

THESE challenges are phrased in terms of liberty and democracy, and a great many people are being deceived as to what actually is going on and what Americans have really done in these countries. Honest citizens are being very greatly deceived, indeed, as to the motives of those who are doing the challenging. As was explained in a former article, the campaign against us is largely of Mexican origin, and is a crazy mixture of socialism, communism and plain envy. It is helped along by every political adventurer who is out of a job and sees a chance to get one out of disorder. Of such are many of the eyewitnesses who come to the United States with weird tales of American plundering.

Wall Street and Public Opinion

THE cycle of the program is made complete by the type of American who can always be depended on to be anti-American. Most of the Americans who pose as the friends of freedom meaning by this a kinship with every attack on the United States—are socialists. A few are communists, and many are ardent Russian sympathizers. They are, as a rule, quite gullible and take as true whatever they want to believe. The foreign propaganda is usually given to them as highly confidential information. Then they put forth this stuff, and thus they get it into print, for many of these people have scholastic connections—and they think in lock step. Thus by constant repetition a great body of misinformation has been built, all of which passes as true, but most of which either has no foundation at all or is the result of taking a half truth and twisting it out of all semblance to itself.

The objective of the propaganda is obscure, because the thought is so muddled, but the general notion is to show that the United States, through rapacious capitalistic creatures, has set out to devour these little republics which would otherwise be so prosperous and contented. This is imperialism. Since imperialism is a child of capitalism, the whole is to be cured by abolishing the capitalistic system and substituting something or other. Our dollars go abroad only so that our marines will have something to land for. It is to be remembered that in the Marxian delusion all evils flow from the private ownership of capital.

The anti-American movement in the United States is important, because the meetings and resolutions and committees which very few of us hear about at home are reported in the Caribbean countries as tremendous popular demonstrations against the intention of our Government, acting apparently apart from our people, to seize territory. This feeds the elements of disorder who are always planning some method of getting into power. For if, as it is represented, Americans themselves say that their foreign representatives are only a pack of thieves, why not declare all seasons open for hunting them? The anti-American campaign in Latin America would be of no consequence were it not for the anti-American campaign in the United States.

The Jinifana River Viaduct, Cauca Railroad, Colombia

Just as the Kaiser was fooled into believing that the pro-German sentiment in the United States was so strong that the nation could not go to war, so the peoples of these republics are being fooled into the belief that the United States will not protect its citizens, provided that before being outraged they are charged with being imperialists. I think the recent Nicaraguan revolution would never have started had it not been for the conviction, as I discovered in talking with a number of revolutionary leaders, that they were certain of full American public support so long as they pretended to be fighting against Wall Street.

They got this tip from Mexico, and now worthy patriots are springing up all over Central America ready to take arms against Wall Street—and, on the side, to capture the government with its numerous perquisites and emoluments.

Tropical Oil Company Barracks and Tank Farm, Colombia

The Enemy

THE deadly enemy of Central America is revolution—the armed struggle for power. The futility of revolution with the United States insisting on order was beginning to be realized, and the outs were beginning to turn their attention to the gaining of power by other than violent means. This is difficult, because the party in power rules the depositing of votes, and then, to make doubly sure, the count.

Several years ago all these countries sent representatives to Washington, where they executed a treaty not to recognize any government which came into being by coup d'état or revolution. This was a clever move made with a tremendous show of righteousness, by which all the

parties then in control agreed among themselves that they would stay in control, for they knew full well that only dynamite could ever get them out.

To this treaty our State Department, under Charles E. Hughes, was a witness, although not a party. The design was to have the United States refuse to recognize any government erected by force of arms, and to this we passively agreed, with a full knowledge of the humor of the situation, but in the hope that if these politicians had to check their firearms at the door they would eventually discover some political tactics which did not involve shooting.

This method was working out, until the anti-imperialistic propaganda gave the assurance that shooting to further a social program was quite all right and was really what the people of the United States had been looking for. Thus the old revolutionary spirit which was dying has been quickened, and these peoples who were beginning to emerge from destitution may be thrown back into it again unless the hand of our Government is very firm. And most of this is in consequence of the encouragement of American radicals—innocently talking for the sake of hearing themselves talk and without the remotest knowledge of what they are talking about. The whole thing is on a par with the steady feeding of the Russian people with the news that the world is about to revolt and join them.

News Highly Seasoned

THE newspapers everywhere are solidly anti-American, but their intensity varies. Some are pro-Mexican, and some are not. They all receive the full Aerial News Service. This is a free service supported by the Mexican Government. It has been running for several years and followed close on the elaborate presentation by Mexico of big, well-equipped, German-made wireless stations to each of the capitals of Central America. Nicaragua refused to accept a station and so did Honduras, but there are stations in San Salvador, Guatemala City and San José de Costa Rica.

The stations were supposed to promote communication between the republics, but since there is comparatively little business between the republics, these stations receive very few commercial messages, foreigners preferring to use the Tropical Radio or the All-America Cables, both of which are American-owned. The principal function of the Mexican stations is to receive the Aerial News dispatches. The stuff is fairly well written and with a complete understanding of what the people like to read; and since the Latin-American, like the European, prefers to have his news written with an editorial slant, the cable news which Central America receives has had the benefit of Mexican editing. At least one of the larger newspapers in each country has an American service, but for some reason these services seem to carry only catastrophes, crime, divorce and sport.

At a time when the relations between Mexico and the United States were rather acute, the only information which the newspapers had came through the Aerial. It was not much featured, and then only as an example of another series of aggressions by the Yankees—we are always referred to as Yankees. Quite often the service carries American news, but this touches only a few points, such as the activities of socialists in the United States to lend color to the propaganda that the United States is rapidly becoming socialist, and that our Government is run solely by Wall Street bankers in opposition to the masses of people. The Chicago gang murders were flamboyantly reported to show that we are quite hypocritical in objecting to Latin-Americans killing one another. Every scrap of news concerning the Nicaraguan revolution came by way of the Aerial. The revolution was played up not as a family row but as Sacasa fighting the Yankees on behalf of all the countries.

In February of this year the Aerial carried a story as originating in official circles in Guatemala to the effect that the Guatemalan minister to Nicaragua had been recalled and that this was the first step toward war and the drawing of all Central America into war. The story was first printed in Mexico City and was then transmitted to the United States as news. A search made by the Guatemalan Government of the telegraph-office files showed that no such message had ever been sent out of the country—unless in code. In fact, the Guatemalan minister was never officially withdrawn. He was only called home for consultation, but in addition to the war rumor the news was given out that Guatemala had reversed itself and withdrawn its recognition of Diaz.

Anti-American editorial asides are common. For instance, one newspaper commenting on a statement by Secretary of State Kellogg said: "Mr. Kellogg attempts to justify his conduct with gross lies. He bases himself on the absurd rumors of the development of Bolshevik propaganda in Central America."

Orchids Retail for Five Cents Apiece

The Nuestro Diario, of Guatemala City, wound up the account of a bullfight by saying: "The president of the republic attended and his presence was greeted by the public, but a marked discontent was noted when it was seen that he was accompanied by the American minister. The Central American questions have at present such significance that the presence of the American minister is bound to evoke a sentiment of repulsion. We interpret here the general opinion in which we also join."

The Mighty Pen

HOW much influence the newspapers have is questionable. The *mozos* can seldom read and therefore newspapers do not reach them; but also they do not vote excepting in herds and by direction. The clerks and professional people are avid news readers; they read little else, for books are expensive and also the number of books published in Spanish is not large—that is, new books. Thus the newspapers are their only source of information. There are a great many papers, and none with a large circulation. Their advertising revenue is small and seems largely to be derived from American products. It is doubtful if many of the newspapers exist on their incomes and some are subsidized by governments or by politicians. There are no pro-American newspapers, and oddly enough no one seems to have accused American imperialists of doing the obvious—putting a few newspapers on their pay rolls.

Another body which has been rather a washout, is the Anti-Imperialistic League. It is strong in many parts of South America, but it has made little headway in Central America, because it does not fit into the political system and thus does not attract the politicians. It functions as a league only in Costa Rica and its membership is hazy and intellectual. It publishes a magazine which contains poetry, essays, notes of the progress of the organization in various countries, and all the current resolutions that have been passed against the United States. Also it translates articles from the American radical publications testifying to imperialistic intentions.

In one number I saw a full-page reprint of an article from an American periodical tabulating how territory had been grabbed. There is also a scattering of Marxian rigmarole, for, as the editor, who is also the head of the league, admitted to me, the scheme is communistic. He seemed perfectly

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A Five-Ton Tractor Hauling a Rock-Loaded Trailer From the Sinifana River

A Group of Engineers on the Cauca Valley Job

Above—Hauling Iron Pipe Across a Colombian Swamp

SOFT AND SAPPY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I Ducks Just in Time to Miss a Mean Swing Aimed at My Head

THE first I knew of Joe Dawson having a bambino big enough to send to college is when I gets this cuckoo note from the old-timer:

My kid Harry is at Hatton. Break a leg or bust a collar bone for him, will you? One look at the lad and you'll get me.

Right off, this doesn't mean much to me; but of course you can't refuse a pal such a simple favor as fracturing a couple of limbs for his favorite son, so I goes out and hunts up young Dawson. I finds him sprawled over the steps of North Hall—a soft, sappy two-hundred-pounder with loose lips and sleepy eyes. Outside of his nose and the general shape of his pan, he looks about as much like his up-and-at-'em daddy as I look like a lawn party in Labrador.

"I'm Pat Tracy," says I, "the athletic trainer here. Your father and I are old friends."

"I have no objections," yawns the flabby freshman.

That makes everything in Joe's note clear to me, but I can't just up and smack the lout one. It wouldn't be collegiate and all that, so I holds my temper and thinks ahead.

"Going in for football?" I asks, looking over his bulk and estimating what I could do to it in a brisk rubdown.

"Why should I?" he comes back.

"Well," says I, "you're a husky, the line's shy of beef this year and ——"

"I didn't come to Hatton," cuts in Harry, "to be beef."

"No athletics at all?" I goes on.

"None," he returns.

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "Then what are you doing in college? Don't tell me you're going to kill time just getting educated!" Young Dawson shrugs impatient. "Where's your college spirit?" I demands. "Don't you owe your alma mater anything? Don't you ——"

"If you'll look up the records in the registrar's office," says the big oaf coldly, "you'll find that my tuition is paid up for the entire year."

There's no percentage in arguing with a lummox like that, so I drifts away. In the gym I runs into Gil Stover, the football coach.

"Remember Joe Dawson?" I remarks.

"The fight promoter?" inquires Gil.

"Yeh," says I; "and the toughest egg that ever scrambled a fist in another guy's pan. When that baby was in his prime he wouldn't scrap with individuals—he'd take on lodges, police departments, mass meetings and such."

"What about him?" growls Stover.

"I just been talking to a son of his," says I. "He's a stiffnut here, and ——"

"Dawson?" interrupts the coach with a frown. "Is that the overgrown, tow-headed loafer ——"

"That's him," I nods. "A block off the old chip. Have you been after him for the team?"

"Yesterday," returns Gil, "I asked him personal to sign up for football practice. He told me he hadn't come to Hatton to wallow in the mud—they had just as good mud where he came from. The puffed-up pup!" scowls Stover. "His father may have a million dollars' worth of fight in him, but he's sure cut that kid off with a shilling."

"Just the same," says I, "we've got to trick him into the squad some way."

"Why?" snaps Gil.

"In the first place, you can use his blubber in the line."

"I wouldn't give him toe room!" barks the coach. "What's the good of two hundred pounds of yellow that's afraid of a little black and blue?"

"In the second place," I goes on, "read this." And I passes over Dawson's note.

"Well?" grunts Stover after his once-over.

"Joe," says I, "is an old friend of mine and he's calling on me to hammer some rivets into that brat of his. I've talked with the kid and he's about as popular with me as a castor-oil sandwich, but I can't turn down a side-kick. How am I going to get a chance to give the boy the works unless ——"

"What would you suggest?" cuts in Gil, sarcastic. "Shall I kidnap him and chain him to the ten-yard line? If the fathead won't come out, he won't come out. I got no way to make him."

"How about sending Dan Sloan against him?" I offers. "The captain of the team might ——"

"Might nix!" barks Stover. "Dan saw him before I did and just got yawned in the face for his trouble. Sloan had me go to Dawson as a last resort. His weight," admits Gil, kind of reversing himself, "wouldn't look bad at all at center if a couple of ounces of fight could be jazzed into it."

"How about the fraternity racket?" I asks. "Most of these freshmen'd give their right arm to sport a Poppa Eta Pi pin on their weskits."

"What's the use?" growls the coach. "He's not interested in anything—just a lazy hound, the sort of bobo that'd hold the lamp while his mother was chopping wood. Like Dan says, he figures college-bred is a four-year loaf."

"Well," I remarks, "there's one thing that hasn't been tried—and that's a good-looking giggler."

"No," says Stover, "as far as I know nobody's thought yet of sicking a Susie onto him. Why take this trouble over a ——"

"Never mind that," I cuts in. "How about Cissy Drake? She back on the job this year?"

"Yep," returns Gil, "she's around."

"Fine!" says I. "I presume she's still willing to die for dear old Hatton."

"I don't know about dying," grins the coach, "but she's willing to go pretty far. When I piped her yesterday she was taking a chance with painter's colic, chapped knees and a young sophomore in Oxford bags."

"That's all right," says I. "Cissy's full of college spirit, and when I tells her how Hatton needs her help she'll be ready enough to divorce the sophomores and announce her engagement to the freshman class. I think I'll run over now and give her a buzz."

"Go to it," shrugs Gil; "but I doubt if even she can get a rise out of Dawson."

"Don't worry," I comes back. "That youngster knows her yeast."

Cissy's not a student at Hatton—she's part of the curriculum and no one ever graduates without taking a course of her. Old Man Drake runs the coöperative store on the campus, and from behind the counter Cissy runs the campus. When I drifts in she's busy selling a set of law books to an engineering student who'd probably dropped in for a lead pencil.

"How's tricks?" I inquires when she finally detaches herself from the moon calf.

"Lovely," says she. "I just sold the Beta Eta Betas their supply of fraternity pins."

"You in the jewelry business now?" I asks.

"Merely as a collector," returns Cissy. "I peddled 'em the bunch I got from last year's class. . . . What can I do for you?"

"His name's Dawson," says I—"a big blond freshman. We need him in the line and he won't play. Come to the door and I'll show him to you."

The kid's still sprawled over the steps and Cissy gives him a quick look-over. "I've seen him before," she remarks. "What's the matter with him—yellow?"

"Nope," says I. "Joe Dawson could no more raise anything yellow than a tiger could rabbits. The boy's just soft and sappy and lazy. He needs an interest."

"I being the interest, eh?" inquires Cissy.

"And the principal," I adds. "Well, what says the All-American sweetheart?"

"Rather busy right now," she demurs. "I'm working on a couple of boys the Phi Taus are after, three or four ——"

With Teeth Bared and With No Regard to Team Play, the Kid Crashes and Shatters Into Red

"Forget 'em," I cuts in. "The football team's got to have Dawson's heft in the line, and besides, it's up to me to deliver on a promise I made his old man."

"All right," says Cissy. "I guess I can cut him in with my other chores."

"Want me to introduce you?" I asks.

"Back to your arnica, Old Rubdown!" snaps the Drake frill. "There's only one thing you need do."

"What's that?" I inquires.

"Find a suit," says she, "that'll fit that young walrus."

II

I IMAGINE there never was dryer tinder for the spark in Cissy's black eyes than young Dawson. Three days after my palaver in the coop he shambles in on me.

"I hear," says he, "that you need football players bad."

"We might consider one or two bear cats," I admits cautiously. "Know any?"

"How about me?" inquires the youngster.

I looks him over, shaking my head dubiously.

"Ever play?" I asks.

"No," returns Dawson; "but I'm pretty husky and I thought maybe a little beef would help the line."

"I'm afraid not," says I. "You're big enough, but you don't seem the sort of lad that'd enjoy being rolled in the mud and stepped on. Anyway it's too late to take on rookies without experience."

"Aw, give me a chance," begs the kid.

"Why the sudden yen to be beef in the mud?" I demands. "You weren't so keen about it three days ago."

"Well," mumbles Dawson, "a fellow's got to show some college spirit. I owe something to Hatton, don't I?"

"Not a dime," I assures him. "I looked up the dope in the registrar's office and you're paid up." After that crack I figures I'm even with the boy for the snippy stuff he handed me on North Hall steps and I unbends. "I'll put in a word with Stover for you," I promises, "but don't go selling stock in your chances. Personally I don't think you have any."

That afternoon Dawson's out in the field plowing through squishy gumbo after soggy balls, plunging wetly at a padded framework, playing dummy in tackling practice

"No," Pants Joe Dawson's Son; "Just a Little Tired"

and getting messed up generally. Gil just keeps him steady at the rough stuff. He, too, is getting even for the kid's curt comebacks in the pre-Cissy days.

When the lad finally returns to training quarters he's caked up to the eyes and limping badly.

"Hurt?" I asks.

"No," pants Joe Dawson's son; "just a little tired."

"Strip," says I.

Harry Smears Through the Line and, With a Couple of Tacklers Hanging to His Flanks, Freights the Ball Twenty Yards to a Touchdown

There's a mean bruise on his right leg, welts all over his chest and arms and a cut below the eye. Instead of giving the kid the break-bone and muscle-massacre massage I'd planned for him earlier in the afternoon, I treats him as gently as an anæmic nurse working on a royal infant with the sunburn. I can't help feeling a little sore at Gil as I kneads the stiffness out of the youngster. Even if you don't like a recruit, there's no call to kill him. As the poet pulls it: "It's perfectly O. K. by me to cover up your love, but why do you kick me downstairs?"

"That wasn't a workout," I tells Stover later. "That was mayhem."

"His old man's orders," returns the coach. "Anyway I had to find out quick if Dawson could take it. He can."

"And how!" I exclaims. "And where! Figure there's any chance of squeezing him into the regulars this season?"

Gil shakes his head. "Too green, but he'll make a great guard in the second eleven for Red Haven to operate on. Red needs lots of work."

"I just got a hunch," says I, "that Haven'll even put in overtime."

That evening I drifts over to the telegraph office in the coop and sends a wire to Joe:

ONE BRUISED TIBIA, TWO WRENCHED PECTORAL MUSCLES, CUT UNDER LEFT LAMP ABRASIONS EVERYWHERE

The next morning Cissy comes over to the gym with the answer. It reads:

WHY WERE OTHER TIBIAS OVERLOOKED? HOW MANY PECTORAL MUSCLES ARE THERE? ABRASIONS SATISFACTORY

"Bad news?" asks the Drake gal.

"No, thanks," says I. "Just a tender message from a father to his son."

"Good Goldilocks!" exclaims Cissy. "Do you mean to stand before this bright and intelligent audience and claim that you still have a father living?"

"What do you mean—living?" I snaps. "He was elected to the Boy Scouts only last week. Grandad, though, ain't so spry."

"What's the matter with him?" inquires the Drake dame. "Did he fall out of his crib or is he just going through the second summer?"

"He got overheated," I returns, "handling the hose with his father the night the stone quarry burned down. As a matter of fact," I goes on, "this night-rate is from Joe Dawson. He wants to know if you're a proper Prudence for his son to associate with."

"Wire him, 'God forbid.'"

"Harry's not so Lochinvar, eh?" I remarks.

"He's all right for his weight and age," comes back Cissy.

"Lots of work getting him to go ga-ga?" I asks.

"I'll say so," she replies. "It took nearly three hours and a full moon to make the boy admit that he felt like he'd always known me. Why, in less than that time I've met fellows, become engaged, broken the engagement and gone home with nothing but a memory and a fraternity pin. Still," continues Cissy, "he wasn't so slow after the ice cracked under his feet."

"You mean he tried to kiss you?" I gasps, shocked.

"I'm not sure," says she. "When he put his arms around me I couldn't tell whether he wanted to do that or whether he wanted to whisper confidential statistics in my ear; but a girl can't be too careless nowadays."

"Kissing you," I decides, focusing on her glazed lips, "must be just about as thrilling as kissing an enameled bathtub or a kalsomined henhouse."

"It's the spirit," says Cissy jauntily, "not the substance, that makes the top spin. However, you needn't cry yourself to sleep. There'll be no encore on the—er—statistics by moonlight."

"Dropping him cold?" I asks.

"Like a hot cactus," she returns. "Can you imagine a man getting to be a senior in this diploma mill without me knowing him?"

"Who you talking about?"

"The name wouldn't mean anything," says Cissy, "and I maybe would never have heard it if I hadn't read in the papers where the old man left this lad four hundred thousand dollars. What the boy needs now is a woman's sympathy.

"Listen, girlie," says I, "I wouldn't be too abrupt with young Dawson. Ease away from him gradual while you're splitting tears with the residuary legatee. Harry's got something of his dad in him—I noticed it yesterday. Such being the case, you can't kick him and make him like it."

"Be yourself!" she scoffs. "I've picked up and laid down scores of freshmen in my time and I've never yet waked up with a dagger in my back. What can he do about it?"

"Maybe nothing," I returns; "but if he has even a trace of the wild, impulsive streak Joe has, he might do plenty."

"Such as?" laughs Cissy.

"Such as busting any boy friend he sees you with in the beezer," I answers, "or ——"

"That lump!" she cuts in.

"Ever hear how Joe Dawson quit the prize ring?"

"No," answers Cissy.

"Joe," says I, "was about as good a middleweight as ever came over in the Cauliflower. One night he's milling it with a sweet-scented pug named Pig-Iron Paulicci for the privilege of meeting the champ, and for seven rounds he has it all his own way. In the eighth Pig-Iron, who's about all in, manages to back Dawson to the ropes and starts a little punching bee on his own account."

"'Kill the yellow slob!' yelps a Paulicci fan in the ringside seats, and Joe hears him.

"He pushes Pig-Iron away from him, jumps out of the ring and before they can pry him apart from the patron he's broken his nose and busted his jaw in two places. Of course," I finishes, "that was Joe's exit from the glove trade."

"How adorable!" yawns Cissy. "But what did the lawyer's bride do with the papers?"

"Cut the kidding," says I. "Whatever you may think, I want you to handle Harry gentle. We've got to hold him on the squad and fighting, and it's up to you to keep the

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THE MAD SPOT

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

A Few Days Later I Spot Them Sitting in a Hammock on Her Father's Porch. She's Singing, and He's Trying to Keep Up on the Zither

AS THE curtain rises we discover Mr. Silent Tim Cooney seated at his ease in the quiet cool of the back room of the Old Oaken Bucket, thoughtfully drinking an amber, frothy beverage from a large glass with a handle on it. Mr. Cooney is a portly gentleman in his fifties, with a nose like a king's ruby, gnarled ears like pretzels, and wise, benevolent eyes. As he raises his glass to his lips, which he does often and with a practiced gesture, a diamond, no smaller than a lump of sugar, may be seen twinkling on his finger. He is quietly dressed in a checked suit, a cerise tie, in which glitters yet another diamond, and a shirt, predominantly heliotrope, which a near-sighted man would have little difficulty seeing in the dark. A pint-sized, sleepy waiter named Pssst dozes in a corner, his hands folded across a dirty dickey, and at intervals comes out of his coma long enough to replenish the glasses of Mr. Cooney and his guest, a nondescript youngish man, who is listening to Mr. Cooney as he rumbles and bumbles along endlessly. Mr. Cooney's sobriquet, "Silent," one surmises carries with it a perfume of irony. It seems probable that it was given him by some sporting editor in the same spirit one calls a two-hundred-and-forty-pound human pachyderm "Babe" or "Tiny." Mr. Cooney appears to be reminiscing ——

Funny business I'm in. Ivory hunting, they call it. Well, that fits. Mostly it is ivory I dig up—solid ivory—and if you could make pugs into piano keys I'd be eating chopped diamonds for breakfast food. My tough luck is that ivory in the prize ring is worth about a dime a ton. But you wait. One of these days I'll find my oil gusher. I've been looking for him high and low, and looking just as hard as those forty-niners hunted pay dirt. They had a cinch, compared to me. They had a rough idea just about where the gold was, but my gold mine might be anywhere. I might snake my brawny lad off the front of a truck out there in Ninth Avenue; I might find him twisting trees out by the roots up Seattle way; he may be a giant Chink poling a junk along the Yellow River, or a tough larrikin juggling crates on the water front at Melbourne. Time and again I've thought I had him; but a real champ heavy is like anything else strictly first-class—just about as rare as buffalo tracks in the Subway.

I'm a big-business man, I am. Box fighting is a real industry these days—when a couple of chesty ex-paperhangers can draw a million-dollar gate for playing puss in the corner with each other for ten rounds. Some people claim that's all wrong. I dunno. I'm too busy living to be a philosopher. You hear deep blokes say it's all damp to pay Young Kid Battling Nitwit a hundred grand for waltzing ten rounds, when there are a lot of much brainier guys teaching botany or whatever it is in the colleges at five thousand the year. Mebbe, mebbe. Still; there are plenty of professors for every one husky heavy who can give it and take it, and who stands out from the crowd. Believe me, son, the world is crazy for class, and will pay for it, and the ordinary fighter, who is too lazy or thick to learn his job and learn it right, won't make any more of a success with the mitts than the same sort of commonplace umbay will make in another business, whether it's teaching Deuteronomy or selling weenies.

Another thing, son. There's a lot of comic laws on the books these days, but as yet they haven't slipped over one saying that a man has to fork up twenty-five cherries to watch a couple of lumberjacks belting each other. Mebbe the day will come when you can pack a stadium with sixty thousand people to listen to a couple of learned lads debating which came first, the hen or the egg, but until then Mr. Timothy Malachi Cooney is going to stay with his mission in life, which is to discover a big, broad ape with a steel chin and a sweet sock, who can lambaste his way to the heavyweight title and draw a hundred bucks every time he sneezes. Of which, by the way, your friend Mr. Cooney will get fifty.

Well, why will I get important jack if I can find a world beater? Because it's hard—that's why. Don't I know. Look at the case of Oweny Padden—the greatest fighter that ever answered a bell. Yes, I mean it. I've seen 'em all, and managed a few. I saw big Jeff tag Jim Corbett on the chin at Coney Island—Lord, how time flies!—and I saw the Toledo massacre—and I was in Fitz's corner the night he sank the ship on Tom Sharkey's chest—but good as they all were, this Oweny Padden could have licked the lot of them with one hand while he ate scrambled eggs with the other. And you never even heard of him? Well, that's his fault, not mine. It's a sad story—or maybe it's funny. I dunno. Anyway ——

Go back a bit. Remember all that vododeo about white hopes? Remember how all the managers were scurrying around, combing the bushes, looking under stones, peering down manholes hoping to find a genuine alabaster beauty who could push over the big smoke—all for the honor and glory of the white race, and a million iron men. They yanked fat boys out of the cabs of locomotives and hauled overgrown bakers away from their ovens and tried to make fighters of 'em. What a fine lot of mouse food they turned out to be!

Me, I was to blame for some of the most awful round-heeled palookas. There was the Armenian Atrocity. I came across him hauling a steam roller out of a ditch near Camden. Strong? Say, he could have used railroad rails for necktles; and he had a face that made you wish you were blind. All chin, and a ferocious fighting scowl. I thought I had a winner. Fight? Sure. In the gym he nearly hung his sparring partners upon the rafters, and if you hit him on the chin with a sledge hammer you'd only hurt your hand. Just to get him started I matched him with old Chick Cahill, who had to get a day off from the Old Soldiers' Home to come to the fight. I hated to see an old-timer like Chick get slapped down, but business is business. Well, my turk comes out like a runaway windmill and misses a swing that would have bounced Chick's bald bean from here to Rome, Italy, if Chick hadn't ducked under it. Chick gives my porpoise a short poke just above the belt, and honest, it wasn't hard enough to dent a cup custard. My man mountain lets out an "O-o-o-ooh," like a balloon tire that's picked up a nail, and sits down.

"Get up, you banana!" I yells at him. "Get up and fight, you swab!" He gives me a hurt look.

"Not me!" he bawls. "I'm a jaw fighter, I am. He can hit me on the chin all he likes, but when he hits me in the stummick, I draw the line." And he stayed where he was, and the next day I crated him and shipped him back to his steam roller.

Then there was that squarehead I snared off a schooner. He had shoulders and chest enough for four men, and you could have put his brains into a fountain pen. He never forgot anything I taught him, because he never learned it. But tough! Boy, if you dropped an anvil on Ole's neck he'd say, "What? Mosquitoes here?" He was as clumsy as a moose on skates, but I figured nothing short of a dum-dum bullet would stop him. Well, I matched him with Chick Cahill, the trial horse in those days, and for six rounds Chick bobbed away from Ole and hit him with everything but the gate receipts, making just about as much impression on my lad as you'd make throwing popcorn balls at the Statue of Liberty. In the seventh Chick was all in, and you could have pushed him over with a cross word. I barks at Ole to wade in and finish him. My Scandahoofian winds up, makes a wild-eyed swipe, gets all tangled up in his own legs, does a high dive to the canvas, bangs his own chin on the floor, and knocks himself as cold as a sea-lion's nostrils. I was plumb discouraged. Still faint heart never filled an inside straight, so I made up my mind to make one more prospecting trip.

A friend of mine had tipped me that there was a big cow chaser out Arizona way with a kayo punch hidden under his shirt, and I set out to give him the up and down. Just outside of Lomax, Nebraska, our engine sprained its wrist and I had half an hour to kill, so I took myself for a stroll to view the beauties of nature, if any. I was passing a field when I saw something I thought was a haystack, only haystacks don't have legs and wear dungarees. It looked too big to be a man, and too small to be a silo, and I was gazing at it pensivelike, when into the field skips a yearling bull, very playful, and the bull starts for the man—for a man it was—with head down and no good in its eyes.

Now call me a liar. It's been done. But if this isn't the truth, may I lose my thirst. That haystack in blue dungarees turned round, and I saw a grinning freckled face that looked no more flustered than if the bull had been a hop-toad. As the bull charged him young haystack gave it a

ruff alongside the ear, the way you'd brush a kitten aside, and believe it or not, friend bull was slapped sidewise like he was a paper doll.

Then my haystack, light on his feet as a toe dancer, sprints across the field, takes the five-foot fence at a bound, and stands there in the road near me. He was young, with hayseed in his red hair, and sort of simple-looking, with a schoolgirl complexion in between the freckles, and when I spoke to him he blushed and looked down at his Number Sixteen brogans and sort of wiggled as he stood there, just like little Mamie standing before teacher and her home work not done

"Young fella," I says, "my name is Cooney—Timothy M.—well and favorably known from coast to coast as a square-shooting manager. Do you want to fight?"

He gives me a scared look. "Me fight?" he pipes. "But I ain't sore at you, Mr. Cooney."

"Listen," I says. "Managers don't fight. They manage. I mean do you want to fight some boy your own size, or thereabouts?"

"But I ain't sore at anybody," he says.

"Listen," I says. "I'm speaking of business, not pleasure. I'm asking you do you want to go into the fight business and make some money?"

He puzzles over it a minute; then he says, "Gee whillikers, could I get money for fighting?"

"Well, it's been done," I says. "I guess anybody who can slap a healthy bull dizzy can probably pick up quite a hatful of change in the ring."

"A lot of money?" he says

"Depends on how good you are," I says. "Anyhow you can make a blamed sight more fighting than you can putting onions to bed."

"Well," he says, slowly, "I don't crave to fight. I'm sort of quiet and peaceful. But I would like to have some money—I mean a lot of money —— "

I'm beginning to think this big apple knocker is one of these natural-born financiers when he says, "You see, Mr. Cooney, I don't get het up easy, so fighting's no fun for me, but last week I sent off to Chicago for a zither, and I owe twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents on it, and I won't fight nobody for a cent less than that."

Well, I let my train go on its way and went up to the farm where my haystack was hired man, and he tucked his other shirt in a suitcase and we headed East for Billy Wald's health farm in Jersey, where Billy teaches green pugs the tricks he learned when he was middleweight champ years ago. My haystack turned out to be named Owen Padden, twenty-two, parents from Tipperary, two hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and no more fat on him than a razor blade. He slept in his underwear, didn't smoke or drink, had never seen an oyster or a skyscraper, and had one ambition—to learn to play Mighty Lak' a Rose on the zither. Just a big, soft-spoken, easy-going hick kid, but the best-looking piece of ivory I ever laid an eye on.

I turned him over to Billy Wald and said, "See what he's got," and buzzed over to the big town to tell the newspaper boys that I'd found the real white hope at last. They handed me a hand-painted snigger. They remembered the Armenian and the squarehead.

When I got back to Billy's place he was excited, which means something.

"Tim," he greeted me, "that baby is the real McCoy. He's as green as a park bench, but as bright as a new headlight, and if he ain't a natural-born fighter I'm the king of the Zulus. He's got a bump in either hand that would make the Washington Monument rattle, and he can take it, upstairs and down. I had him go a few rounds with Smoky Gould, who was born with boxing gloves on, and before it was over I thought Smoky was going to die the same way. And this Padden was only fooling too. Pulling his punches, and they were hard enough to hang an old warhorse like Smoky over the ropes. Tim, your boy is a natural, and with a little schooling he'll mow down anything he meets."

Next day I took a long peek at Oweny in the gym. Well, some guys haven't much, whether it's in boxing or flute playing, but by plugging away they get to be fair. Others have what you call talent, and if they stick at it they get good. Then, once in a hundred years, some guy comes along who has the stuff from the minute he first draws breath—some egg like Shakspere or Napoleon—and he just naturally beats the world and you call him a genius. Well, Oweny Padden was a genius. He seemed to do the right thing by instinct. He wasn't up on the tricks, of course, but he picked 'em up fast. I watched him boxing Smoky Gould, a hefty dinge with plenty of experience. Soft gloves and headgears, of course, so nobody could get hurt, but at that he had Smoky grunting and covering up.

"Class," said Billy Wald. "It sticks out all over him. Look at him shoot that straight right-hand punch. That's something you couldn't teach to some bozos in a million years. Tim, you picked up a horseshoe this time."

"Mebbe," I says, not able to believe my luck, "there's a flaw somewhere. A lad may look like the subtreasury in the gym and turn out to be a peanut stand in the ring."

"There's only one thing," says Billy, "I don't like about him."

"What's that?" I asks.

"He's so blasted good-natured," says Billy. "A fighter ought to have a mean, murderous streak in him somewhere. To have the killer instinct. Look at that now! Smoky just stung your kid in the kisser. Now, just for an instant, a smack like that should have brought a fighting scowl to the kid's face, but it didn't. Oweny smiled like Smoky had done him a favor."

"He'll be different," I says, "when he's up there in front of a crowd fighting for zither money "

"Hope so," says Billy. "He sure is the best-natured guy I've struck for days. Last night at supper Bud Gowen was in a savage mood and was sort of hazing the kid—and you know what a wicked tongue Bud has. Well, young Padden wasn't riled a bit. Didn't come back at Bud at all."

"A cool head is a good thing to have in the ring," I says.

"Yeah," says Billy, "but you've got to blaze up now and then and get fighting mad, or you'll never finish your man and please the crowd."

It wasn't so long before I decided Oweny Padden was ripe and ready to strut his stuff in a four-round-prelim go with Chick Cahill. I told Oweny to step round a bit, wait till Chick slowed up, and then trot out the kayo wallop. So Oweny fiddled away, poking Chick pretty, until in the third round Chick didn't know whether he was in the ring or on a straw ride. I give Oweny the nod, meaning "Finish him." What does my jewel do? He backs off and stalls, and Chick lives through the round. Before they come up for the fourth I poured some hot words into Oweny's ear.

"Listen, big boy," I says, "what do you think you're in there for—to knit little garments? You should have nailed him when you had him wabbling. What's the matter? Are you yellow?"

Very seriously he says, "No, Mr. Cooney, I ain't yellow."

Then the bell rings, and Oweny makes a few half-hearted dabs at Chick, with no juice behind 'em at all, and, even so, Chick is grogged up again and the crowd is yelling for a kayo.

Oweny could have knocked Chick over with a lady finger, but he just won't cut loose. He holds Chick up till the round is over and the referee, who must have gone to reform school with Chick in the high-wheel-bicycle days, calls it a draw.

I bawled Oweny out proper. "What's the notion, stupid?" I roared at him. "One hearty poke would have finished him—and what do you do? You start playing post office with him, that's what you do. What's the idea?"

Oweny sort of squirmed.

"Well, Mr. Cooney," he said, "you see I didn't want to hit him. The old boy reminded me of my father. I had him licked, so why murder him?"

"Say, Sandy Claws," I barked back, "do you think the public is going to pay good money to see you play pitty-pat pitty-pat baker's man? They want action and results Next time you step into a ring check your soft heart outside. Chick would have flattened you if he'd had the chance."

"But he didn't," Oweny said, and that was all I could get out of him.

Our next start was against Chimp Spengler, billed as the Hairy Ape of the Appalachians, a rowdy party with a face that looked like it had fell from an airplane. My gem patted the Chimp plenty, and in the fourth had him numb on his feet and ready for the cleaners. Then the same thing happened. Oweny slowed to a walk. He was fresh and strong, too, and could have finished off the Chimp with one whole-hearted slap on the wrist. But he didn't deliver it. He just waltzed with Spengler till the end of the bout.

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"Gee Whillikers," He Kept Saying. "Gee Whillikers, I'm Sorry. I Hope He Ain't Hurt Bad"

IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten
In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

HEAVY exports in the fall of 1908, lean yields over a period of several years, increasing domestic consumption in the United States, and finally, to cap all this, killing frosts in the Argentine and Canada, had persuaded me the time was ripe for a bull campaign.

So I started to buy wheat and kept buying until I had 10,000,000 bushels pledged to be delivered to me in May, 1909. Other bulls who believed as I did, that there was going to be a shortage that would last the crop year through, bought until they held contracts for 30,000,000 bushels. With the end of May, wheat that I had bought at 89¾ cents a bushel was priced at $1.34, and would have been higher if I or my associates had been the sort of men to desire the ruination of those who were unable to fulfill their contracts.

America was still in the throes of the trust-busting madness. It was fashionable then to decry almost any business that was too large for the understanding of the average mind. Thomas W. Lawson was writing that he was going to put me in jail; bakers were protesting against the high price of flour. They blamed me and the Board of Trade for the advance. But if it had not been for me and that bull campaign which I led there would have been much smaller stocks of wheat in the United States, and, as a consequence, much higher prices.

Unloading American Wheat From a Shipping-Board Vessel at Naples. Suction Pipes Lift the Grain From the Hold of the Ship. Above—Dock Spouts Discharging Grain Directly Into Barges

Caught in the Maelstrom

THAT deal was a satisfactory climax to my career in the grain trade, so it was not hard for me to reach a decision that I came to in the spring of 1910. Brother George was failing fast. He was losing visibly in the fight he had been making for seventeen years against tuberculosis.

His family and his friends wanted him to give up business, but he resisted such pleas until finally I spoke to him.

"See here, George," I said, "I am going to quit. You have plenty for yourself and your family. Why don't you retire?"

"All right," said he, "if you are going to stop I will too."

I was pretty well evened up in all my trades by the end of June; Bartlett was arranging to retire to a 400,000 acre ranch in New Mexico; Frazier wanted to go to New York; Brother George and I talked of an extended trip we hoped to take abroad in the fall. The four of us just walked out of Bartlett-Frazier Company, giving the business to the younger fellows—the big elevators at Calumet, the string of country elevators, and all the rest of the equipment. I have never engaged actively in the business since then.

In September Brother George died; the previous year I had lost my mother; and in 1911 I was to lose my boy Tom.

For a while Tom had gone to the public schools in Evanston while I was mayor, then I had taken him to Laporte, Indiana, to the school conducted there by Dr. Edward Rumely, and after that he had gone to the Northwestern Preparatory School as I had done before him.

Mrs. Patten and I first met Doctor Rumely when we went to Laporte to investigate his teaching methods. I explained to him that Tom seemed to get more pleasure staying around the garage talking to our chauffeurs than he did in school.

"How much do you pay your chauffeurs?" asked Rumely. I told him, and then he asked:

"How much do you pay school-teachers?"

My answer showed him the teachers were getting considerably less than the chauffeurs.

"There is an explanation for you," he said. "Besides, the boy wants to be doing things. Probably he is fascinated by machinery and the men who understand it."

That was true enough, and at the Rumely school Tom had plenty of opportunity to work with machines, to do things. The students there operated a farm and Tom got along finely. In 1911 he was taken sick with a mastoid infection. He was a strong fellow, a red-head like my boy Jack. We had thought he was recovering after his hard fight against the infection that spread through his system.

I remember I met Cyrus McCormick and he said he thought it would be an excellent thing if I would take the boy to Jekyl Island, off the coast of Georgia. He told me he would give me a guest card. That afternoon when I went home I sat with Tom and he brightened at the prospect of the Jekyl Island vacation.

The next morning they came in to tell me he was dead. There had been too great a strain on his heart. I tell this because it serves to explain the development of our friendship for Doctor Rumely.

Although I retired in 1910, I have never lost contact with the grain trade, and though I have been more concerned with investment than with speculation since then, still I was to see a time when the wheat pit, frenzied by the buying orders from Europe, ran wild from unprecedented demand. I was to have my part in that, too, although not in the same rôle as in the past.

My wife and I saw the beginning of the war. We went abroad in 1914, landed in Hamburg on the Fourth of July and went to Berlin. War councils were in progress there then. We went on to Carlsbad and then to Nuremburg by automobile and there we were taken to a police station. Germany, all of Europe, was seething. A foreigner anywhere was regarded as a potential enemy. Our chauffeur was able to establish that we were American tourists and we were not disturbed further, but early the next morning we started for the seaboard. I felt that it was time to go home.

At Cologne the streets were filled with marching men. Overhead were airplanes and Zeppelins. Flags were flying from every building.

The train from Cologne went only to the Belgian border. From there we had to walk in a rain to the first railroad station on the Belgian side of the line. From there to Liège we rode part way in a country cart and part way in a wagon with long seats, taking with us five other stranded Americans we picked up on the way. We got into Liège only a few hours ahead of the German army.

With Little Cash and No Credit

FOOD was scarce on that trip. Our supper one night consisted of a slice of rye bread apiece. I have bought a lot of wheat in my time that eventually became bread, but I never took any greater satisfaction in such purchases than I did in the acquisition of those thick slices of dark bread in that frantic little Belgian town.

We got passports from Brand Whitlock, the American minister in Brussels, when we arrived there, and three days later sailed from Antwerp. I had just two dollars left in my pocket when we landed in New York. Letters of credit in that time of confusion had been, of course, just so much paper.

War sent the wheat pit into a frenzy. Big export sales had featured the market during July, and when on July twenty-eighth Austria-Hungary formally declared war on Serbia there were frantic periods on the floor of the exchange. I did not see them, of course, because I was then trying to find my way out of Europe.

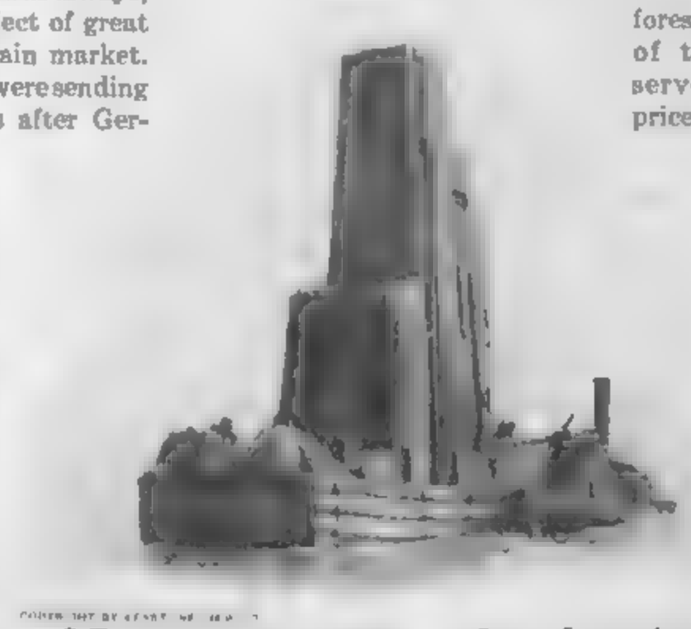
The market was beset by information. Reports of black rust, Hessian fly, brown leaf, green bugs and weather conditions had their effect, of course, day by day. The opening of the Panama Canal meant improved export conditions and had its effect on the trading; but the age-old struggle between supply and demand was to be fought for the next four years and more with new weapons—strange information and uncontrolled demand—the like of

which had never before been heard by speculators or other men. The world had gone mad.

Though reports of black rust had seemed more important to the grain trade than the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, when that tragedy occurred realization came with the successive declarations of war that occurred in August. Wheat precisely like that that had been selling at 92 cents in May was selling in late August for September delivery at $1.12. Overnight on September fourth there had come news that sent the price up from $1.12 to $1.21. Ten days later it had dropped down to a dollar a bushel, only to swing upward twelve cents in a week. In December the European demand sent the price up to $1.28⅞. During those months the fluctuations had been caused by the same facts that became first-page headlines in the newspapers: The news that Turkey would join Germany and Austria sent the price up because it was realized this meant shutting off the Russian supply of wheat by the closing of the Dardanelles; the capture of a Turkish fort would send it down again; the sinking of two or three Allied warships would send it up; and so it went. The situation in the Dardanelles was always, throughout the war, a subject of great interest in the Chicago grain market.

European buying orders were sending the market up. Five days after Germany declared war on Russia there were 12,000,000 bushels of wheat at Montreal, with as much more concentrated at Atlantic and Gulf ports. Those idle fields I had seen on my way to Antwerp were a factor in this sudden demand. Europe knew that famine is one of the consequences of war. The coarse grains were affected, too, because when artillery moved, it was drawn, as a rule, by horses, and horses required oats.

Unloading Grain at Rotterdam



A Traveling Grain Elevator, a Great Convenience to Cities Along the Water Front

In November, 1914, America exported 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, as against 3,000,000 bushels in the same month of the peaceful year of 1913. Napoleon's maxim that an army travels on its belly was being demonstrated; and prices were strengthened by the fact that not only was the Russian supply cut off but there were only small surpluses for export from India, Australia and the Argentine.

During that year there were suggestions from outside sources that the Chicago Board of Trade ought to be closed. A worse thing could not have been done. If the country had been denied the benefit of a constant market for the surplus of its principal crops, all the trade and commerce based on the purchasing power of producers throughout the country would have been seriously injured.

Supply and Demand

IN JANUARY, 1915, I began to buy wheat. Prices had been affected temporarily by the restricted exportations caused by the difficulties in the way of handling grain in foreign ports and also by the troubles on the sea. Great Britain, for example, had seized $15,000,000 worth of meats that had been shipped from Chicago, consigned to neutral countries. There were rumors that President Wilson might declare an embargo on grain shipments.

Then there was an announcement that United States attorneys, because of complaints from bakers, were going to investigate a so-called market plot by means of which prices were supposed to have been advanced. It is true that the upward trend was apparent once more, but it seemed to me then, as it does now, that there could not be a more elemental case of supply and demand. Millions of men had been withdrawn from the farms of Europe and sent into the battlefields, and the tremendous supplies of wheat in Russia were shut off from the markets they normally served as effectually as if there was no such land as Russia.

Proof of this functioning in response to supply and demand was offered for any thinking man by the promptness with which a slump in price followed the launching of the British expedition, fostered by Winston Churchill, against Constantinople and the consequent hope for the opening of the Dardanelles. The accumulation of evidence that Italy was planning to cast her lot with the Allies, which action was then believed to foreshadow the end of the war, also served to depress prices. Even so, prices were high, and the reason was not far to seek. In a bull market your greatest bull is the farmer. The farmers were holding their grain back from market. They wanted still higher prices.

Production that year—1915—was the greatest in our history, exceeding 1,000,000,000 bushels

Up in Canada near the end of the year the government decided to commandeer all wheat at the head of the Great Lakes or eastward at a price of $1.04 a bushel. This meant the seizure of about 20,000,000 bushels, and the exchange in Winnipeg was demoralized by the action; but it meant higher prices in the American market, because other nations were forced to turn to the United States for grain.

On December 27, 1915, bulls in Chicago—myself among them—sold large quantities of wheat at $1.28¼, much of which had cost $1.04 earlier in the month. The price would have been as high if there had been none but European grain buyers in the market. They were not skillful buyers.

One night during the week between Christmas and New Year's of 1916, I had two visitors. Doctor Rumely had written to Mrs. Patten that he wanted to bring a gentleman to see me, and she had invited them for dinner. Six-thirty, the time set for dinner, came and they had not arrived.

At seven the bell rang and I went to the door. There was a cab outside. Doctor Rumely had arrived with the gentleman about whom he had written. He introduced him.

Looking Forward to Peace

THE man was Dr. Heinrich Albrecht, or, as his name was spelled in our newspapers, Doctor Albert.

"Go right in to dinner," I told them, and when, at the conclusion of the meal, Doctor Albrecht said he wanted to have a talk with me, I led the way into the library, where we sat down with cigars.

Doctor Albrecht was a fine-looking man, about fifty then, I should say, and at least six feet tall. He spoke English fairly free from any German accent.

A few weeks prior to this visit the Pope had made a move designed to bring peace. The liberals of Germany were also working for peace, or so we were being led to believe.

"Mr. Patten," began the doctor, "I've come out to see you because I want to know how to buy a lot of wheat."

"For Germany?"

"Yes."

"Have you got ships?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Lying in your harbors. Interned."

"You mean the war is going to cease?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much wheat do you want to buy?"

"Sixty million bushels," Doctor Albrecht replied

"You can't get it." It was preposterous. "America could not afford to export so much."

"Even so," he went on, "I want to get as much as I can and we want to buy a lot of other commodities right away. Copper, for instance."

"Well," I told him, "if you attempted to buy large quantities of cash wheat it would be known at once. You will put up the price quite as if you went to any other auction sale and bid against yourself."

"How shall I go about it, then?"

"What I'd do," I told him, "would be to buy options. You can trade options for cash grain. You can do that also with provisions. Then, if you should be mistaken, if peace does not come, you can get out with a small loss. But if you buy cash wheat and then have to

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A Huge Grain Elevator at Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada

LA BELL FRANCE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Ah, Oui, Mon General; and Now, if You Will Have the Honor to Pursue Me, She Will Navigate You to Breakfast"

Listen, Rabble, and ye shall hear
The war-torn tale of Cpl. Shoveler
GENERAL BREAKDOWN.

IN THE cold gray dawn of the A. E. F., when Sunny France was mud, Spike and Jugger, of the Rabble Engineers, laid down their shovels and prepared to follow an orderly who had summoned them to regimental headquarters. Spike, gloating at his sudden freedom, called a mocking farewell to his envious companions: "Good-by, Rabble. So long, you Horseless Shovelers!"

"Where you goin'? What'd the or'ly say?"

"Me and Jugger and colonel are goin' to arrange some more slush geography for you birds to shovel. So long, brave boys in blue overalls."

The second member of the summoned pair laid down his shovel with a fond farewell: "Good-by, old shovel, the best little pal a man ever had. I got to go to Bordeaux now and drink me some van blink and live me some riotous livin'."

The speaker's voice, husky with emotion, gave place to that of the orderly, who annexed a forgotten clause to his message from headquarters: "Sergeant major said tell you two birds to bring your shovels."

Jugger, groaning his disgust, retrieved his weapon. "For two francs I'd let 'em shovel this war without me!"

"I knew there was some hitch in it," Spike complained. "Dog-gone that sergeant major!"

"You might know that any trick that cootie of an Orville Dudd turns has got poison in it."

"Nix on the advertisin'. That or'ly's mouth might be bigger'n his ears."

The orderly turned upon the two rebels who were following him. "Go as far as you like with that louse for all I care. Shoot the piece. The Orville Dudd animal is as popular with me as so much smallpox."

"Mebby the sergeant-major job went to his head," Spike suggested.

"Boy, you gushed a guess," the orderly returned. "You shot squinch-eyed, but you made a five! Ever since that hunka cheese got to be sergeant major he's been bowin' and scrapin' around the colonel and savin' his money to git a Sam Browne belt and a swagger stick with. He's the champeen dog robber of this man's army, but old colonel is blind as a bat. Wouldn't surprise me none if the lousy flunky made the grade."

"Wonder what he wants shoveled around headquarters?"

"Prob'ly wants us to dig him a personal wine cellar. I never saw such a lush."

"Me neither. I bet colonel don't know what a wino that lap dog has turned into."

"Colonel don't know nothin'. . . . Between the van blink and the coonyak and the mademoiselles, I'll bet Orville the Dudd will have to buy his Sam Browne belt on credit when the time comes."

"Like elephant he will! He brought one with him all the way from the U. S. A."

"That angel better 'cumulate a pair of wings, in case I git one good crack at him."

"Cheer up, mud larks," the orderly advised, nearing headquarters, "dry them tears and look pleasant for the sergeant major. Git military and you might fall into some light indoor work. There's lots of it around here."

Reporting at regimental headquarters, Spike and Jugger confronted Sergeant Major Orville Dudd just in time to serve as targets for an ornate command which was shot at them in the noncom's best military manner: "'Tenshun! Drop those shovels and come to attention, you two!"

"What's the big idea?" Spike began. "How d'ya git that way?"

The big idea, in the person of the regimental commander, Col. Ashby Dormant, marched out of headquarters an instant later. With a fly-swatting acknowledgment of Sergeant Major Orville Dudd's slow-motion salute, Colonel Dormant climbed into his overworked touring car and headed for town.

When the colonel had gone, the false but cheerful masks which draped the features of the pair of waiting Shovelers gave place to the sullen mien commonly adopted by all old-timers in the gang in conversation with the sergeant major. Preceding his words with an overdressed eagle-wing salute, Spike elaborated the gymnastics of coming to attention, and then—"Sir, the Siamese Twins report for detached duty."

Pausing only to retrieve his pocket edition of French at a Glance, Orville Dudd scowled at the waiting pair of Shovelers. "Pick up your shovels and come along with me," he ordered.

Out of camp, guided by the sergeant major, the marching trio turned down the long winding road which led to the little town of Bardensac la Freuilly. En route to the little town on the river bank, which had been nicknamed Lowzac by the Shovelers to distinguish it from Mont de Retranche, where their camp was situated and which they had abbreviated to Highzac, the sergeant major favored Spike and Jugger with an outline of the day's program: "Colonel Dormant is entertaining the French general commanding this region tonight with a dinner at regimental headquarters so as to promote the ententy cordially. General Goizet-Diderot is an invalid, and the colonel wants the ruts in this road patched up so that it won't shake the general up too much when he comes to dinner tonight."

Orville Dudd's explanations were interrupted by the approach of a French peasant who was piloting a yoke of oxen and a creaking cart containing an immense cask of wine up the winding road. "'Tenshun, men!" the sergeant ordered. "Cut out that slouch."

When they had passed the peasant, the scowling Jugger, once more in route step, sought an explanation of the sergeant major's latest military exhibition. "How come you get so hard-boiled every time we pass one of these Frogs?"

"Orders from G. H. Q.," the sergeant major returned, seeking to pass the buck. "The A. E. F. has to make a military reputation."

Halfway down the hill, the conductor of the tour stopped to give a few orders concerning a particularly rough place in the road: "If that little touring car would hit a rut like that going twenty miles an hour, there's no telling what effect it might have on General Goizet-Diderot. Taking care of little things like that can make or break the friendship between the A. E. F. and the French forces."

Nearing Lowzac, wallowing along a particularly bad stretch of road, the party passed a low stone building on the edge of the town. A corner of the structure had crumpled away, leaving at the base of the wall a pile of broken stones.

"What's the matter with throwin' some of them rocks into the ruts, sarge?" Spike suggested. "There ain't no bottom to this mud."

"I should say not! Don't you know what that stone building is?"

"It looks like a cow barn," Spike replied. "Look inside of it—there's a lot of straw, and nearly the whole end is tore out."

The sergeant major smiled a pitying smile at the speaker. "That's the ruins of the oldest Norman church in this part

of France," he announced. "Using any of those stones would be a desecration that the French Government would never forgive"

"Somebody's makin' a cow stable out of it now," Jugger returned. "That wooden roof up there on it isn't so old, and that shiny brass bell looks like it had been put up yesterday."

The sergeant major looked up at the bell. "I never saw that bell before. Maybe they're changing it around. No matter what they're doing, you leave those rocks stay where they are. Get to work anywhere along here now, and hit the ball. Start in on that rut down there. It'll be dark when the colonel comes through with the general and his staff, and we don't want him sogging down in a thing like that. Work your way from here to the top of the hill and report in when you get finished."

"Where you goin'?"

Frowning at the question, the sergeant major, who had turned toward the center of the village, decided that a little dab of lying was in line with his policy of safety first: "Headquarters cook wants some dried mushrooms for the banquet. I'm going down to buy them." With this, the master of ceremonies reached instinctively to touch his copy of French at a Glance and resumed his course toward the Café Poisson, where Mademoiselle Fifi smiled upon her favored cash customers.

Spike and Jugger, left alone, haunted by the realization that the sergeant major would check up on their progress upon his return from Lowzac, worked with fair diligence for half an hour.

"Wonder what's keepin' that bird?" Spike complained. "A man could buy all the mushrooms in this part of France in less time than he's takin'. It's a wonder he wouldn't get back to headquarters, where he belongs."

"He's amilin' his false teeth at little Fifi down at the café and boostin' the coonyak trade. . . . Dog-gone, I'm thirsty!"

"There ain't no law says a soldier can't drink when he's thirsty. Soon as sarge goes on up the hill, you and me likkers ourself."

"You got any francs?"

"Boy, bokoo! After you hit the hay last night, I run a blackjack deck for them D Company tourists and cleaned up heavy—more'n a hundred francs."

Jugger straightened up and held out his hand to the capitalist.

"Mitt me! I'm much obliged to meet you. Soon's sarge gits out of sight I'll help you with the likker the best I know how. Lead me to it!"

"Git calm. We got to keep shovelin' war-torn France till Orville the Dudd comes back." Spike heaved into his job. "I never saw a place change so quick," he complained. "When we come up the hill two weeks ago, this road was a boulevard, and now it's a canal."

"Cheer up! . . . Look at the old geezer down there. What do you suppose he is? All dressed up like a horse."

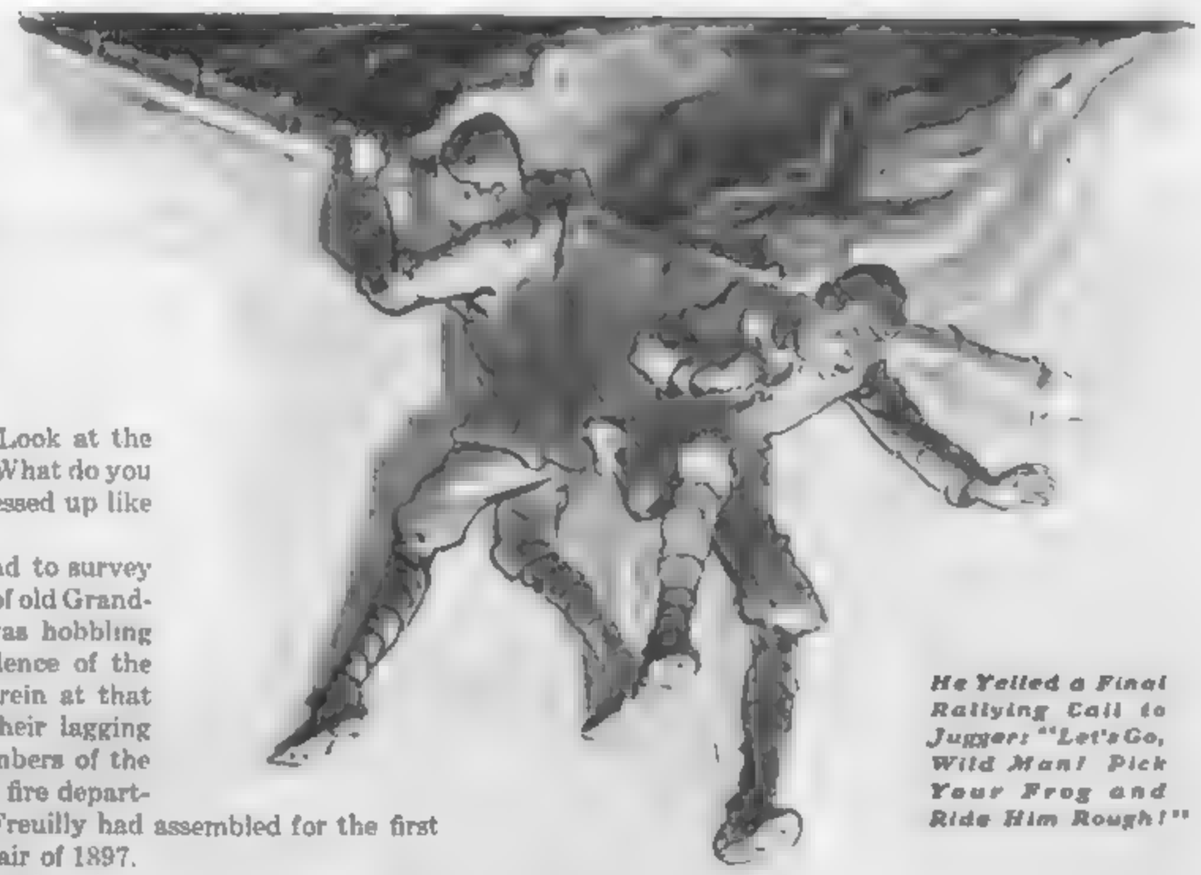
Spike turned his head to survey the triumphal progress of old Grand-père Plutarque, who was hobbling along toward the residence of the mayor of Lowzac, wherein at that moment, waiting for their lagging brother, the other members of the ancient and honorable fire department of Bardensac la Freuilly had assembled for the first time since the Swine Fair of 1897.

Old Plutarque, adorned with a faded red coat, a tarnished brass helmet of three-quart capacity, green pants, wrinkled oilcloth leggings which came well above his knees, and a whistle slung about his neck on a heavy brass chain, marched in review at some distance from the interested pair of Shoveliers and turned down a winding street which brought him presently to the residence of the mayor of Lowzac.

After Plutarque had responded to the felicitations of the mayor and Messieurs Hilaire, Victoire, Ovide, Corneille and Bartholemé, the meeting went into an executive session.

"Gentlemen of the Conquering Torrent," the mayor began, "I have honored myself by inviting you to attend this meeting that I might acquaint you with a revolutionary change which, from the necessities of the times, it was advisable to incorporate with the system enjoyed by the magnificent fire-fighting organization of Bardensac la Freuilly."

Refreshing himself with a mere quart of beer, the mayor continued: "Gentlemen, have I your attention? I have. Specifically, then, the barracks of our new Allies, the Americans, are of a flimsiness incomparable with the solid stone edifices which grace our municipality. How deplorable the thought that in an instant a fire could render homeless these guests of La Belle France! To circumvent this catastrophe one thing alone is required, and that is that you, my braves, should intervene. But alas, what guaranty have we that you, and your pumping mechanism of what perfection, can arrive in time to save the day?"



He Yelled a Final Rallying Call to Jugger: "Let's Go, Wild Man! Pick Your Frog and Ride Him Rough!"

Pausing a moment for the thought to sink in, the mayor rolled back the lowering storm clouds and revealed the rainbow: "Be not downcast! I, Aubre Tiffonet, have already accomplished an alarm of what admirableness by which you may be forewarned. Above the ancient church wherein the ox team of the carter, Pierre Porpoise, enjoys domicile, I have caused to be erected a brass bell whose brazen tongue upon necessity shall sound the alarm which shall summon you. And furthermore, having divided the district into zones from the hilltop terrain where the Americans are encamped to the banks of the river, and into areas of a verticalness to these zones, we are enabled by counting the strokes of the bell to discover at once the location of the conflagration. Regard, if you please, this chart of the district."

The mayor unrolled a map of the locality before the eyes of the six old men. "As an instance, should the bell ring twice—hut-dong, hut-dong!—you will see that the fire lies somewhere between the vineyard of Narcisse Aubergiste and the pig establishment of Madame Mathilde. Very well. We have two bells. We wait. We attend with what strictness! Attention, messieurs, it has come! Hut-dang! Hut-dang! Hut-dang! Voilà! There you are. The fire has attacked the vitals of the Barracks Américaine! Is the fire serious? We know not as yet, but by this alarm system, admirable in all its workings, that information also is conveyed. One bell, a youthful flame; two bells, a fire of perhaps a hundred meters perimeter; three bells, a holocaust. Voilà! The whole is of a clearness, is it not?"

Of a certainty, the ancient sextet agreed, the scheme was admirably clear. Thereupon, announcing an indoor test of the new alarm system, the mayor struck a pose and forthwith clanged into an alarm. "Messieurs, attention! With your eyes regard the map and with your ears the signal—clang, clang, clang!"

A pause. A gulp of beer. A pause. "Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang!" Another gulp of beer.

"And now, messieurs, what have we?"

Gurgling as best he could between toothless gums, his lower lip impeded by his chin strap, trembling somewhat with the excitement occasioned by a fire of a hundred meters perimeter, old Bartholemé affirmed that fire had started in the vineyard south of where the horse of Christophe Doulezon broke its neck.

In this statement Bartholemé was contradicted by Hilaire: "Fool

(Continued on Page 149

"Au Revoir, Mademoiselle," He Said. "Apray While J'ai Encore Visite Vous"

WINGS OF SONG

The Story of Caruso—By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

Sorrento

THE winter passed quietly. There was a christening party for Gloria, attended by a few of our most intimate friends. John McCormack, the tenor, returned from a tour and came to see us as soon as he arrived in New York, bringing with him his young son. This was the boy that once said to Caruso, "Well, you may be the greatest Italian singer in the world, but my father is the greatest Irish singer," which caused the two friends much amusement. Enrico and John McCormack were old and devoted companions; each one admired the other and they were always amused at stories of any rivalry between them. Another dear friend that Caruso saw that winter was Madame Marcella Sembrich. They had sung together for many years before Madame Sembrich's retirement from the operatic stage and when they met, it was always with deep affection and friendship. I have heard Caruso praise the exquisite quality of her wonderful voice and say that he had always enjoyed singing with her because she was above all else a great artist.

Caruso repeated the opera La Juive several times during the season of 1919–1920, and the critics gradually came to speak of it as his great rôle. Early in the winter there had been some criticism of his voice. In his curiously nervous state he resented it deeply and determined to resign from the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was finally placated by the tactful mediation of Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Otto Kahn. Earlier in the season the latter had written him the following sincere and beautiful letter of appreciation:

I have so often and so enthusiastically expressed my admiration for you that I can hardly add anything to what I have already said. And yet—having just heard you in Marta—I feel impelled once more to send you a line of thanks and of admiration. Your voice was always by far the most beautiful organ I have ever heard and your art was always great. But the combination of your God-given voice in its most splendid form, as it is this season, together with the maturity and perfection to which your art has grown, is beyond praise. And to sing as you do, with the same artistic perfection, heroic parts and lyric parts is a most astounding artistic feat.

Please do not trouble to acknowledge this letter. It is simply meant as a spontaneous tribute of admiration and gratitude, which is not new to you, but which, under the inspiration of your last few performances, I could not refrain from tendering to you once more.

A Needed Vacation Postponed

WATCHING carefully, as I always did, I saw that Enrico was growing nervous and tired, and early in the spring I suggested that we should pass the summer at some American watering place. Enrico agreed that it would be better for Gloria to remain in this country; after we had looked about, we rented a house at East Hampton, Long Island, belonging to Mr. Albert Herter, the artist. It was a large house, set off by itself and surrounded by beautiful grounds, just the quiet place we were looking for, and it seemed especially adapted to our needs.

It was all arranged that we should leave New York early in May when the impresario, Adolfo Bracale, persuaded Enrico to make a trip to Havana. So, instead of going to East Hampton to rest after the hard work of his New York season, Enrico went first to fulfill his yearly engagement in Atlanta, and from there sailed for Cuba.

The Havana season was a repetition of his Mexican success, but coming after a winter of unusual effort, Caruso was not in condition to stand the heat, which almost prostrated him. He writes that it was very warm—"like an electric box. My pores are always open and the water come out like a river. I think I lose every day ten pounds. When I come back I will be very thin like an asparagus." He says that the pastilles, which he usually carried in his pocket when he sang, were melted by the heat.

In all his letters were kisses and cuddles to Gloria and advice to me on bringing her up. He says of his six months' old daughter: "Waht! Waht! Waht! Waht! Gloria beginning to be bad! Spank her little back and you will see that she will be quiet; but you can do that very slowly and nicely without hurt her. Maybe, poor little one is hungry. I think truly she need more food. Write to the *dottore* and see what he say."

He wanted to hear every detail of her life. Everything concerning her was of real importance to him. In the midst of his busy life he found time to write to her, or to write to me about her: "Gloria grows up nicely, you say, and this show that she has a very strong health. When you kiss her, don't forget me. She begin to notice her foot? She must be kuit, [cute] and I am so far away and cannot see her."

Caruso in Sorrento

His Home Lost

THE Havana season was an artistic and financial success. The newspapers excelled themselves in praise of Caruso's singing, and Bracale began to talk persuasively about a season in South America.

Enrico had been in Cuba only a short time when I had to cable him the news that Mr. Regan had sold the Knickerbocker Hotel and we would have to find another home. It was necessary for us to move at once and the accumulation of many years had to be sorted, packed and shipped either to the Canessa galleries or to the storage warehouse. All this distressed Enrico beyond words, because he had always superintended personally the packing and moving of his collections. He did not remember what was stored in the Knickerbocker; he felt that his first home was being taken from him and that to move would bring him bad luck. His letters reflected his disturbance of mind. Although I assured him in repeated letters and cables, that I had every possible assistance from Mr. Regan and Mr. Canessa, nevertheless every day he sent telegrams full of minute directions as to the disposal of his property, how I should conduct myself in regard to various people, and what steps I should take in finding another apartment.

Hardly had he recovered from the effects of this blow, when the Associated Press cabled him that the house at East Hampton had been entered and I had been robbed of all my jewelry. He cabled frantically for more details. The loss of the jewelry did not trouble him, but in his imagination he saw the house in a lonely spot surrounded by woods where Gloria and I were at the mercy of ruthless bandits. I hastened to let him know that we were in no danger, and his cable came immediately:

Thank God you and baby are safe. Will replace jewels as soon as I return.

The house was entered one evening while my sister-in-law, Katherine Benjamin, and I were sitting in the living room. The thief got into my room on the second floor through a window opening onto a balcony, and took a large box of jewels that stood on the mantelpiece. I had been to New York a few days before and had brought down many of my jewels from the safe-deposit box. The thief escaped, and in spite of the efforts of police and the detectives, no trace of the jewels was ever found. I should never have taken the jewels to that lonely house, and it weighed heavily on my conscience that I had done so.

When Enrico returned I thought that he would be very angry, for I had moved the jewels against his advice, but all he said was, "Doro, we will never speak of this again, but don't you think it was a little careless to leave a case of jewels worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the mantelpiece?"

When Enrico received my letters telling him that my brother and his wife were with me in East Hampton, and cables assuring him that every precaution was being taken to safeguard his family, his fears subsided, but he wrote that he was thankful his engagement was half over, as he wanted to come home. He refused Bracale's offer of a ten-week trip to Lima to supplement the Havana season, and I began to count the days till his return to the United States

Meanwhile in East Hampton we lived in the midst of detectives, reporters and secret police. At any hour of the day, my sister-in-law, my brother and myself had to submit

Mrs. Caruso and Gloria

to searching cross-examinations. The house servants were kept in a continual state of terror by the methods of the police, who believed that the robbery was what they call an "inside job" and that some of the men or maids in the house were involved. Letters began to arrive threatening to kidnap Gloria, threatening all sorts of harm to us all. Katherine and I watched our children, in a state of constant anxiety.

A Bomb in Havana

INTO the midst of this trying situation, came the news that Enrico had been injured by a bomb thrown upon the stage of the opera house in Havana. In an agony of fear, I tried to find out the details, but it was some hours before Enrico's cable reached me, which he sent immediately after the incident, assuring me that he was safe and uninjured.

Although the hideous occurrence had passed with no danger to Enrico, I feared that it was an attempt on his life, and in my terror-stricken state I connected it with a mysterious visit we had received one stormy night several weeks before from two strange people. They came to the house and insisted on seeing Caruso. The man said he was connected with the Rumanian Legation, and both he and the woman seemed very nervous and excited. They acted so strangely, that my brother allowed them to come into the house only after he had stationed the chauffeur with a revolver outside the long windows of the drawing-room and ordered him to watch closely; if the man made a suspicious movement, the chauffeur was to cover him with the pistol and come into the room. The people seemed determined to remain in the house all night, and when I refused to allow them to stay, the man slipped his hand into his pocket. In a moment he was looking into my brother's automatic and the chauffeur was in the room, his revolver covering the woman. They treated it as a joke, but it made us uneasy, especially when we discovered that no person by the name the man gave had ever been connected with the Rumanian Legation.

Many and conflicting stories were published about the bomb thrown in the Havana Opera House. Caruso's letter, giving a description of the actual incident, tells of the occurrence as he saw it. He begins his letter with an account of the annoyance he was subjected to by the crowds that followed him in the streets of Havana, and says pathetically, "Of course I cannot escape because my name is on my face." He goes on to say that he is very much excited over all the events that have happened in the past three weeks—referring to the sale of the Knickerbocker Hotel, the jewel robbery, and an intrigue that was planned against him in Havana, which fortunately came to nothing. There had also been trouble about the production of the opera Forza del Destino, because of differences over copyright payments between Bracale, the impresario, and the agent of the publishers of the music. On the evening of the bomb incident, the controversy was still raging and it looked for a time as though the operatic season would come to an end. Bracale finally announced that on the evening of June thirteenth, Forza del Destino would be sung in place of Aida, which had been advertised. Caruso writes:

> I was in very bad condition because I had a strong cold in the chester [chest] and for nothing in the world I thought to be able to sing Aida, but I can manage my voice for Forza del Destino. At 2 P.M. I was in the theater and after I make up my face for Forza, Bracale came in my dressing room and said, "I am unable to get any orchestration of Forza and for consequence I am obliged to stop the performance."
>
> To not give the performance there was two reasons to give to the public: 1st, that there was no music of Forza, and 2nd, that Mr. Caruso refuse to sing. I had already the money for the performance in my pocket, so I think I must sing Aida because I see that Bracale's position is critical. Then changes of everything! A man goes out to the public and was wisled [whistled] from the stage because they thought that I was unable to sing, but when he announced about the change of opera, there was a great demonstration. To make ready everything and everybody, the performance was nearly an hour late. In the beginning of the second act there is the scene of the triumph of Rhadames. But this scene don't had the time to begin, because at the end of the duet between the two women there was a big explosion. I was in my dressing room and I was thrown back against the wall by the force of the explosion. Then I see the people in the corridor of the dressing room run away, and in their faces they had the expression of terror. Somebody told me, "Go away quick, because there will be more explosions." I was very calm, and quick I ran on the stage, and what I saw! All the scenery broken down, one on top of the other. The stage full of pieces of sticks that came down from the scenic arch. The curtain was down, but I went out in front and there was all the public standing up and the orchestra play the national hymn. Then many people begin talking and gesticulating. The orchestra was full of débris. I was tooked away by somebody and accompanied to my dressing room. Lots of people came and everybody said different things. My impression was against the bomb, because if they had wanted to commit a dreadful crime it would have been thrown among the audience, where it could kill many people. I thought it was a pipe explosion under the theater.
>
> At this moment a man came and said, "Everybody out. The performance is stopped by the authorities and the stage begin to go on fire!" He don't say that twice before I was out in the street in my costume, and jumping in a car, went to the hotel to cable you, for I think to myself, "It was, after all, a bomb." But who put it down? Against whom was it directed? We find later the bomb was put in a closet under the scenic arch First they said it was against me, then against Bracale. But I discard all these thoughts because, if against me, I was not on the stage, nor was Bracale If it was anarchistic, they would put down the bomb when all the élite of Havana was there the first night.

He goes on to say that he thinks the bomb was intended to ruin the building for political reasons and to cast a reflection on the administration then in power. He ends his letter: "*Barbari!* (barbarous). There were about thirty-eight wounded, and fortunately the public went out slowly so nothing worse happen. You can imagine if public was taken by panic what disaster was there! On the 22 of June I will sail for New Orleans, thank God!"

Caruso in "La Juive"

In a World of His Own

SO ENDED his last performance in Havana. Before returning home, he gave a concert in New Orleans, and another in Atlantic City on June thirtieth. Then, thoroughly exhausted by the most fatiguing tour he had ever made, he reached East Hampton. But there was little rest in his home, for the detectives from the insurance companies and the police of East Hampton, all at their wits' end but still determined to find the thieves, continued to roam about the house and grounds, keep guard, and question everyone several times a day.

Enrico withdrew as much as possible from the annoying publicity connected with these investigations and he refused to go anywhere. He showed the same symptoms of nervousness that had been evident in Italy; a nervousness that did not take the form of irritability, although often I wished he would get angry and make a scene. But he never inflicted his low spirits upon us; he simply went quietly away by himself and let no one come close to him. I do not think that anyone ever came close to Caruso. He had a way of retreating into a world of his own, from which he would look upon even those dearest to him as though they did not exist.

I was sick at heart, for I could not pierce through this gloom that was gradually folding us in darkness. I tried to get him interested in fishing, but although he enjoyed it at first and amused himself on our little lake with a canoe and fishing pole, he tired of it within a week. It was the same with tennis. He was not fond of sports, and at this particular time they could not distract his attention.

(Continued on Page 129)

In "Elisir d'Amore"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 5, 1927

More Government

EVER since the Civil War, efforts have been made to establish a Department of Education in the Federal Government, with rank similar to that of the State, War, Navy and other departments, and there is no doubt that campaigning toward this end will be renewed in the coming session of Congress. Thus at the very time when the average citizen is asking for less government, or at least believes in as little extension of its activities as possible, there is concerted endeavor to fasten another great Federal establishment upon the people forever.

We do not seek in any way to minimize the growing importance of public education. But automobiles also are important; it is said there are some twenty millions of them in this country. So, too, are character and religion and urban water supply, and a great many other things which have no representative exclusively theirs in the President's cabinet to give them prestige, dignity and influence. Indeed, there is nothing quite so vital as chemistry, unless perhaps it is biology or physics, but none of these great subjects has as yet been made more impressive by a complete Federal department of its own.

It is said that more research is needed in education, and only a full Federal department can squeeze enough money out of Congress for research on the scale that is desired. This is a rather specialized subject, on which we hesitate to speak. Yet there has existed for many years in the Department of the Interior a Bureau of Education, which has issued hundreds of bulletins and reports, the competence of which has not been at all widely disparaged. There are close observers who say that the best government research is done by establishments like that of the Bureau of Standards, which is strictly scientific, with only an infrequent change in its chief. On the other hand, as everyone knows, with each new administration new heads are named for the various departments, and their selection not infrequently is influenced by political considerations.

As for research, we understand that nearly every large university has a department of pedagogy and that every state has a department of education. In addition, there are a number of private foundations and councils devoted to the subject of educational policy and research.

But this is a minor question. The real issue is whether any genuine need exists to expand the functions of government. It is said there are several states which lack funds to bring their school systems up to standards commensurate with those of the richest and most advanced states. Our republic has broken down, indeed, if there is to be no difference among the states in respect to educational systems. If there is a crisis which requires standardization, uniformity and an eventual measure of Federal control over the public-school systems of the states, it will come perforce. But no one maintains there is any such exigency.

It may be possible to regroup departments and bureaus of the Federal Government toward a more logical and effective working system. But there is substantial objection in the very nature of our government to adding new departments for the sake of dignity and impressiveness. Each consolidation and strengthening of an existing department means a more responsible head for the President to deal with. The creation of a new department or of more of the already enormous number of decentralized boards and commissions simply results in the President's having too many independent chiefs and commissioners to meet. Government gets beyond the ability of men to handle and becomes mere bureaucracy.

Certainly it is making only a mild request of Congress to ask it to be sure there are genuine and cogent reasons before making further extension of official power, official business and official numbers.

Indifferent Voters

PUBLIC-SPIRITED persons grow almost apoplectic when they think of the indifference of voters. It is indeed a riddle, this question of how we are to be governed if the citizen refuses to exercise his franchise. The situation is but slightly different or better in the case of industrial government. Policyholders in the great mutual life insurance companies, and even shareholders in many corporations of national scope and size, bother little with elections, proxies, and like annoying matters. As President Dame of the North American Company is quoted as saying:

"My experience in the last few weeks in endeavoring to obtain proxies from stockholders to change our capital structure leads me to believe that the average stockholder has little inclination to take part in the direction of his company. Had there been disapproval of the proposals, I could have understood this indifference, but there was not."

Mr. Dame added that some rule or law might be made "which will cause the voter or stockholder to state his position." There is much discussion and advocacy of compulsory voting laws, but the whole idea is novel and highly experimental as yet. It may have worked in a small way in some part of the world, but as a general remedy for individual indifference in government, whether public or corporate, this proposed device must win its way.

Clearly enough, the individual voter and the small stockholder no longer feel that their suffrages are of sufficient importance to register in the large and complex affairs of today. Perhaps in time a new form of government may develop, but until then a greater responsibility is thrown upon elected and appointed officials. A corporation director who is selected by only a portion of the stockholders is thereby the more obligated to discharge his duties with a particularly keen sense of responsibility.

If life-insurance policyholders do not vote for trustees, the trustees who do happen to find themselves in office carry a burden of ethical accountability that makes of their position a public service in the highest sense. We sincerely hope that self-government may enjoy a revival or assume a new and more vigorous form; but if it does not, the country can keep on functioning only as directors and highly placed executives sense the import of their trust.

In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, President Underwood of the Erie Railroad says that absentee landlordism will obtain on the railroads until "we see on the boards of all our important lines, as directors, men who are not too old in years, who live adjacent to the various portions of the line they serve, who are constantly interested in the details of its affairs, in its staff, in the public it serves."

Mr. Underwood rightly visions this as the millennium. Supermen are rare. The director who takes a deep and constant interest may not live in the right place; the one who is correctly located may not happen to be interested. A policy of regional representation in selecting directors for large corporations is sound in theory, but there is always the question of whether the distant directors can find the time to attend meetings.

One of the electrical manufacturing companies recently sent all stockholders not only a detailed biographical description but pictures of all its directors. That is the sort of human appeal that should strike home. But we are inclined to think that, in the near future at least, the hope of government lies in breeding a race of officials, directors and managers with the highest ethical standards as well as technical effectiveness.

New Investment Fields

THE formation in this country, mostly in the past three years, of more than one hundred investment trusts with resources exceeding half a billion dollars shows how rapidly capital has accumulated. As in England, the investment trust is a medium not only for placing surplus funds abroad but for the purchase of domestic securities as well. This device, so strange to us, but employed so long in Great Britain, seems to have taken hold more rapidly than could be expected, but as yet American experience in this new field is slight and casual.

It is only fair to say that financial students long urged the formation on this side of the investment medium so acceptably utilized in England and Scotland. Now, however, that the movement has come with a rush, there are criticisms and warnings against the promiscuous placing of public confidence in every new investment-trust offering that comes along. We are reminded that while the British trusts have been in favor for quite a period of time, many of them shrank severely in the 90's and suffered at least a temporary eclipse.

Theoretically the investment trust has much to commend it. The proceeds of bonds or shares of stock sold to the public are placed in a variety of securities solely for the income received or the profit to be made from resale at higher prices—that is, the trust is not primarily a holding or financing company and does not aim to participate directly in the control or management of the companies into which it buys. Given suitable management of its own and a policy of retaining part of the income as a reserve to be reinvested, the results should be gratifying, if British precedent counts for anything.

Managers of our larger fire-insurance companies have invested funds somewhat after the manner of the best British trusts, and for the most part successfully. But the rapidity with which these new trusts have been formed in this country has afforded no opportunity as yet for much testing out. Security prices have been rising, and these new organizations have not, up to the present, been forced to ride out a storm.

Another factor must be considered, and that is the building of a reputation by a new concern. Out of the present welter of mostly obscure investment trusts, leaders will emerge, but the financial and investing public in general does not fully place them as yet. In other words, they must go out and get a reputation. This is more important than technical provisions concerning the exact nature of the trusteeship. It may be necessary to enact special state laws regulating these trusts, much as banks are regulated. There are possibilities of unethical practices in their management.

But financiers of good standing, experience and even moderate wisdom are not supposed to flimflam the public, even though unfettered by a mesh of regulatory law. The outcome of the investment-trust movement will be an excellent test of just how much of such regulation the public really needs for protection. We suspect that in time more than one enthusiastically and hastily organized trust will go on the rocks, either from rashness or worse, and that others will emerge sound and safe, in the hands of honest and reputable men, to the profit of informed or discriminating or merely fortunate investors.

OUTLAWS FROM PARNASSUS

By Gilbert Seldes

"AND there," says the chauffeur of the town's snappiest taxi—"there's the post office, built of solid concrete and structural steel, absolutely fireproof, and an exact copy of the dairy house built by Marie Antoinette at Fountain*blow*." So you laugh.

But if you laugh because you think it is hick, you are in error. The taxi might be taking you through New York City, or Philadelphia, or through the foothills of the Rockies. At Madison Square, in New York, next to a typical American skyscraper, there stood until two years ago a building used for all American popular indoor sports from the rodeo to a political convention. The architect was an American, Stanford White, but the building—Madison Square Garden—was in every significant detail an overblown Italian *palazzo*. Jammed against the sidewalks of Broad and Chestnut streets, dwarfed by three vast cubical office buildings, there stands in Philadelphia a Greco-Roman temple, in classical white marble rising to the height of about two stories and a half, with a dome—only it isn't a temple to Jupiter, it is a bank. As you descend Pike's Peak into Colorado Springs your eye is caught by a similar building, a private residence this time, locally reported to be a precise duplicate of the Petit Trianon at Versailles

The business of forging passports to Parnassus has not been limited to American architects, although their case is the most flagrant, because they were the first American artists to come through the valley of the European shadow and show something native—the American skyscraper. Nevertheless, they continued to make copies of Gothic cathedrals and Italian campaniles and Spanish *casas* and French châteaux, because, according to the best tradition, these were the only acceptable models in architecture—the only way you could get yourself invited into the exclusive club of the fine arts.

In the early days of the republic recently emancipated colonists were busy projecting dictionaries of the Columbian, or American, language in order to correct the vulgar errors of English; at that time impassioned orators called on the Nine Muses to desert their decadent haunts on Helicon and Parnassus, and take up their residence on the Appalachian Ridge or along the lush banks of the Susquehanna. It was generally understood that because America was something strange and new in political structure, she would produce something novel, and certainly superior, in the arts. The Muses, presumably satisfied with their residence, refused to move. They had been summoned to various points before and had always sent back word that art helps those who help themselves. Vaguely appreciating the mockery of the reply, the American artist ever since has been helping himself—to European models. It is not exactly what the Muses meant.

Briefly the American has, with a few exceptions, always been trying to play the European art game, to establish himself in the European rankings as a writer, a composer, a painter. Even James Fenimore Cooper, with the Last of the Mohicans ready to his hand, began his career with a novel laid on English soil and constructed after English models. The plays of the Jackson era are imitations. When he attacked a purely American legend like Hiawatha or Evangeline, Longfellow borrowed the structure of his lines from a European source, and his poems retell German legends and translate Italian classics. In spite of a few hard-boiled American protests, our painters and sculptors presented American patriots in imitations of English copies of Roman originals. Hoffman wrote terror stories in Germany, and Poe wrote them in America, and an American painter went to England and became president of the Royal Academy, to the general enthusiasm of everybody.

In the middle of the Civil War an American made a short speech which did not sound like a funeral oration translated by Macaulay from the Greek of Pericles; it was so brief, so entirely American in its swing, that the audience at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, was disappointed and is said to have preferred the good European English style of Edward Everett, who also spoke. When the Civil War was over, the country had found itself; many of its chief artists thereupon decamped as hastily as possible for Europe. The highly æsthetical English founded a magazine of the arts in the 90's and called it The Yellow Book, and The Chap Book was promptly founded in Chicago. American taste in domestic furniture had by that time gone so bad, and American rates for lectures were already so high, that the English, led by Oscar Wilde, came over to tell us what to do about it, with such success that the century ended in a whirlwind of debased William Morris furniture, limp bindings for books, which oozed over the edges, and leather sofa cushions decorated in pyrography.

There have been several explanations of this American state of mind which leads us always to imitate

(Continued on Page 181)

Why Hasn't America Struck Out and Developed an Artistic Line for Herself? The Answer is That She Has

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

She: "George, Will You Go Shut Off the Bath Tap? I Think I Left it Running"

"None of the rest of us give a damn how they are pronounced, just so we have peace and quiet. I use the United States language, and claim the right to mispronounce 'Menjou' and 'Geste' as I blame please! You will shut your smart mouth and keep it shut!"

At the time little Audrey was only eight years old; but we should remember that Job cursed the day he was born.

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

Hear! Hear!

BLUNT but generous hostess: "Won't you have some more soup? I heard you were out."

The Critic: "Yah! Boob! Yokel! Peasant!"

Practice Makes Perfect

CONTINUED practice
makes the touch
On heartstrings far more
sure;
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not thousands more.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Audrey's Precocity

A PROFESSORIAL appearing man was instructing his lady friend in pronunciation directly in front of where little Audrey sat in the movie show.

Said the lady, "I enjoyed Beau Geste very much the other night, and ——"

"Pardon me," said he, "but it is pronounced 'Gzeste.'"

"Thank you! Now when we see Adolph Men-jew ——"

"'Monjou,'" he corrected.

"Oh, is it? Well ——"

Little Audrey leaned over and tapped the gentleman on the shoulder, and hissed:

Divorce-Court Judge: "Since the Defendant Has Packed the Jury With His Former Wives, and the Plaintiff With Her Former Husbands, the Court is Forced to Declare a Mistrial"

A Study in Childish Psychology

I GAZED rapturously at my namesake and tried to think of the proper thing to say.

"What a cute, perfectly adorable baby!" I remarked.

The mother winced and suppressed a moan. "Please don't let him hear you say that," she said. "At his impressionable age such statements are bound to have an adverse effect on his involuntary train of thought Egoism is a terrible thing. From the day of his birth I have made every effort to see that he has a balanced sense of personal identity."

I mumbled an apology and leaned over the crib to hide my embarrassment.

"Can't this big, bouncing boy say something for his Uncle Ed?" I asked. "I'll bet you know lots of little pieces."

"Indeed he does not," interrupted the mother. "How, may

(Continued on Page 71)

The Girls: "Aren't They Terrible!" The Boys: "Aren't They Terrible!"

The Girls: "Aren't They Terrible!" The Boys: "Aren't They Terrible!"

Women know the Food Value of this Soup!

WHEN WOMEN buy a hearty soup, Campbell's Vegetable is their most frequent selection. You know how often you require a soup that contains substantial, solid food. Not only as part of your dinners, but also as the principal dish of many a luncheon or supper. More and more every day, women realize that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an indispensable item for their pantry, because so many of their meals call for this generous quantity of nourishment in such convenient form.

You simply add an equal quantity of water and allow the soup to simmer a few minutes before serving it, hot, savory, delicious, on your table! The miracle of such ease and convenience is all the greater in a soup of this kind, where no less than thirty-two different ingredients are blended.

* * * *

Nowadays women are quick to take advantage of such real helps. Especially when they know that saving themselves means no sacrifice in the quality of the food which they place before their families. Women realize how much time and expense are required to market, prepare and cook so many different ingredients as are contained in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. They have the good judgment to let some one else do this for them and thus relieve them for the really necessary tasks. So their families get the benefit of this richly nutritious and invigorating soup made outside the home in kitchens which are the last word in spotless cleanliness and facilities for producing the highest quality.

And every time you buy Campbell's Vegetable Soup, here is what you get: Vegetables—fifteen different kinds—selected from the finest gardens—such perfect varieties that you would be proud to see them come into your kitchen. Meat—in a rich, bracing broth that stimulates the taste and gives its true vigor. Cereals—body-building—healthful—satisfying to the appetite. Fresh herbs and skillful seasoning—the challenge of Campbell's famous French chefs to your sense of flavor.

After eating a plate of soup with so much in it, you are conscious that you have had a filling dish. Which is exactly why you select a really good vegetable soup. The value of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so well appreciated that its popularity has grown with astonishing strides.

* * * *

See that your family gets plenty of vegetables. For in vegetables, nature stores mineral salts which are essential in proper bodily growth and development. Children, especially, require these salts for normal bone and muscle structure. Well-made vegetable soup supplies these needed elements, because so little of them is lost in the cooking. Loss of mineral content is a common fault of vegetables boiled for the table, for the cooking water has been discarded. Supply yourself today with Campbell's Vegetable Soup and see what a regular standby it becomes for your table. For this is a "steady duty" soup—one that women like to have on hand always. With it in the pantry, the main part of luncheon or supper is always ready in a few minutes. And Campbell's Vegetable Soup is just as much in demand for the longer meals.

And the next time you are preparing this soup for the table, take a moment to glance at the label and read the list of all the different and delicious Campbell's Soups which is printed there for your reference and convenience.

Women find this a real help to them in planning their meals. Remember it when you are thinking up those new ways to give variety to your menus. The complete list of soups on the Campbell's label will give you many a suggestion. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE USES OF INQUIRY

XIX

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

WILL BELTER was not a man known for his valor or his resolution, but neither was he particularly fearful; and when his curiosity was aroused, he was bold enough for any inquiry. Just now, however, while his terror-stricken horse went galloping away from Baal's farm, Belter had no curiosity at all; he was drowned in a smother of dark and sickening fear. He was like a small boy who, peering through the windows of a deserted house where a ghost may hap to dwell, discovers a ghost actually there, and of most hideous mien. And just as the boy might be expected to recoil and race away, so now fled Belter. He had busied himself for days in the effort to discover what happened when Luther Varey came back to Baal's farm; his guesses and conjectures had been various and dramatic, but no one of them had approached the reality. In this moment, with a blasting certainty, Will knew that Baal had killed Varey, and he was struck by that certainty into a twitching jelly of fear.

The old horse was as frightened as Belter. The beast may have caught the terror which shook Will's hand upon the reins; but also Belter's unaccustomed and vociferous use of the whip was so much out of the ordinary that the creature ran in utter panic. Accident rather than any direction on Belter's part led it to turn north from Baal's farmyard. It ran at bound and gallop and the light buggy leaped behind. Belter did not look back, and he felt a tremendous relief when the fringes of the wood received him and shut him in.

Yet even though he was beyond the view of anyone at the farm, he still whipped the horse. This was instinct. Belter had been shocked out of all his ordered reasoning. It is a justly terrifying thing to find yourself confronting and defying in his own farmyard and in a locality remote and solitary, a man with blood upon his hands. Belter was in haste to reach a spot as far as possible from this dark and gloomy valley. So he fled away.

Then They Came to the Bars, and They Paused There, for a Woman Stood in the Shadows and a Boy Clung Beside Her

As he swung at such speed out of the farmyard and began his flight, a gust of rain slatted against his face like a handful of rice thrown after a departing bridal pair, and the wind brought a whiff of smoke from the fire over by the sawdust pile and drew a skein of it across his nostrils. This smoke had an acrid quality which gnawed at the membranes of his nasal passages and hurt his lungs and set him coughing. He was coughing, and he was wet with fright, and he beat at the horse; he was the figure of a driven thing.

This old horse of Belter's was a sober animal, long past the age of youthful follies, but the creature's years and respectability did not save it now. There was something impious and shameful in the blows the beast endured, and in the creature's own panic-stricken reaction to them. For the old horse ran away. Belter himself did not at once discover that the animal was running away. He let the reins go free and the horse took the road and held it. But after a time they approached the spot where the byway met the highroad, and Belter tried to swing to the east, toward his home. Instead of obeying, the old beast reared and pivoted and wrenched the buggy on two wheels around the sharp angle into the westward-tending road. Its heavy hoofs beat on the bridge; it crossed the brook and went bounding like an aged and rheumatic antelope up the rising ground beyond. And Belter, with a new worry now, sawed profanely at the reins.

He forgot even his fear of Baal in a more present peril, for that sharp and wrenching turn had splintered three or four spokes in the wheel and the buggy threatened momentarily to collapse upon the road. But the fact that the horse was now galloping uphill helped Will; he gathered the beast, brought it slowly toward control. About half a mile beyond the brook, he drew the creature to a walk and then to a halt, and got out to see what damage had been done.

The rain had stopped again. This was one of those days when the skies at one moment threatened to deluge the earth, when at the next the clouds seemed like to break away. In the local phrase, "Open and shet, sign of wet!" But Belter was not much interested in the weather. He raised no eye to scan the heavens; but he did look back along the road to see if anyone pursued him, and he looked down across the valley over the tops of the cedars toward Baal's barn. Gray smoke hung there mistily, above the fire which smoldered by the sawdust pile. Overhead, the clouds scudded westward; the upper winds were still from the east. But Belter had no heed for such affairs; he was in haste to make some repair upon his buggy and go on.

He lacked tools. Under the circumstances, his best device was to break down three or four alders and wedge them through the spokes and over the axle in such way that they helped to support the weight of the buggy. Thus organized, Belter hoped to be able to reach the nearest farm, where an ax and some hay wire would make possible more adequate repairs. As quickly as was possible he got into the buggy again, and he spoke urgently to the horse and put the old creature in motion; and the beast, wearied by the recent storm and stress, did ponderously what it had to do. They dragged up to the first turn and swung down the valley toward the Augusta road.

On the way, Belter had once or twice a view over the lowlands toward Baal's farm, but the man held in that direction no remaining curiosity. He knew what there was to know, had no further present yearning to inquire.

It occurred to him, as he approached the highway, that what he knew was, after all, intangible; and he tried to set his thoughts in order, to marshal and array a case against Baal. He found this difficult. There were, or there appeared to be, evidences in plenty that Varey, returning to Baal's farm, had escaped any encounter with that fearful man. Certainly, by many testimonies, Baal had been away from home at the time and had not returned for an hour or more; further, Chet McAusland had found Varey's departing footprints the next day along the brook downstream.

Yet—Belter knew. He knew by the difference in Baal. Baal had been till Varey's first coming a brutal, mauling fashion of a man; and while Varey was in the hospital, Baal's bearing had gone unchanged. Andy testified to that, and so did Jim Ingram, and others too. But abruptly there had come a difference in Baal; a gentler habit now sat upon the man. He had accepted in silence Mrs. Braid's chiding; he had permitted a stranger to make sport of him at Ingram's store; and finally he had stood supinely while even Will Belter taunted and defied him.

He had been thus gentle for a while, years ago after he had hurt Win Dobbs so grievously. "As clever as a cow!" And he was gentle and inoffensive now. So Belter knew, and reflection only reenforced this certainty.

Will had not yet reached the point of wondering what to do with his knowledge; he was more concerned with the immediate problem of getting his crippled buggy home. The rest could wait on that. He came to Eben Braid's farm, a little short of the brook, and turned into the barnyard. Old Eben emerged from the kitchen. He was a little dried twist of a man with a meek eye, and he received

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Partial List)

Special Christmas Offer—a $4.50 value for $2.50. A rich assortment of Libby jams (worth $1.[illegible] packed in a Lifetime brand waterless cooker of heavy aluminum [illegible] worth $2.[illegible] all for $2.50. Seven delicious kinds of jam—each made from selected fresh fruit. This novel and pleasing gift will be shipped prepaid direct to any address in the United States. Write for it today, enclosing $2.50. Dept. 26, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. (This is a special holiday offer made to acquaint you with the quality of Libby's foods which you can get regularly from your grocer.)

A recipe known only to Libby is used in combining these many rich ingredients: Valencia currants, citron from Greece, tender bits of meat, lemon and orange peel, spices—16 choice foods blended and cooked to yield that special goodness which has made Libby's Mince Meat famous.

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Canadian Kitchens,
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Chatham, Ontario

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Will with a doubtful word, and agreed that he might find hay wire and an ax somewhere by.

So Will drove the buggy into the barn, and there, protected from the weather, they made the rude repairs. Steve Braid, a youngster short of his twentieth year, came out to watch them. It was Steve, Will remembered, whom Baal once had kicked, and he nodded to the boy. Then Steve went back into the house again, and when the buggy was ready to travel, Will got into the seat. They had fastened a birch pole to serve as a skid; and since it dragged behind, Will could not back to turn. He drove ahead instead, through the barn, to circle there in the open and come back through to the road. Eben stayed in the barn, watching him indifferently.

Will swung the old horse around, and he was on the point of reëntering the barn when a mark in a patch of mud there caught his eye. He stopped his horse and looked down, and then he called to old Braid, "Hey, Eb, come here! Looka here!"

So Eben came toward him and looked where Will pointed. In the mud there lay the track of a shoe, and there was a pattern on the sole which had left concentric circles in the clay.

"Whose track's that?" Will demanded. "How'd that get there?"

Eben said readily, "Why, that's Steve's."

"Shoes like that?"

"Yuh!" said Eben.

"Where'd he get 'em?" Will demanded. "I never see any shoes like that in the store."

Eben spat. "Why, he found 'em," he confessed. "Funny, that was. He was fishing, up brook, and he see something kind of white under the roots of an old gray birch that's kind of hollow; and this pair of shoes was in there, pretty near out of sight. Something had been digging there, scratched the dirt away—coon maybe. They fitted Steve, so he brung 'em home."

Will stared at Eben and then down at the track in the mud, and his curiosity was again abounding, but he was afraid to ask too many questions. This was serious; no business for one man to sift alone. He nodded, as though the matter were of no importance, and jerked at the reins. Eben went back into the house and Will set out for home. He was glad when he had crossed the brook. On this high-road he was moderately safe, for the place was public and there was traffic to and fro; yet Will was glad to leave Baal's valley well behind.

The matter of the shoes, it seemed to Will, supported his certainty that Baal had killed Varey. They were Varey's; Will was sure of that. But if they were Varey's, then how came they hidden under the root of a gray birch tree? Obviously, Varey would not hide them there. If he meant to walk to Augusta, he would need shoes. Someone had taken them off Varey's feet and hidden them. Chet McAusland had seen the imprints of those shoes along the brook side. Perhaps—Will was guessing—perhaps Varey had worn them so far and met Baal by the gray birch. Perhaps where the shoes had been there might be other matters worth discovering. Belter wondered how big a hollow there was in that rotten old tree, how large an object might be hidden there. And as he wondered, the hair on his nape prickled and he whipped the horse again.

Chet would remember where the gray birch was, he knew the brook so thoroughly. Chet McAusland ——

Belter would have to tell someone. He was not a man who could endure a weight of fact alone. What he knew he must divulge; already the itch was on him, and he twitched and jerked with it. But he was restrained by the realization that this was not a tale to be told lightly; the telling entailed a certain responsibility. If he spoke incautiously, there might be pains and penalties.

He thought upon the question, wondered whom to tell. If Varey were dead, then it was a business for the sheriff; but Belter shrank from that. Sheriff Sohier had a heavy eye and a grim fashion about him which always daunted Belter; he had a way of asking questions, checking and rechecking every statement. "He'd act like I done it," Belter reminded himself. "I don't aim to go to him." And he added: "Not till I know anyways." And he thought of the gray birch tree, hollow at the heart, and what might lie therein. Chet would know that old gray birch. Chet might go with him to search there.

He turned these matters over in his mind while he plodded slowly back toward the village. He passed the Corner where Jim Ingram's store was, but he did not halt. His progress was slow, for the horse was tired and the buggy was a burden, and Will was in no haste. The afternoon drew on, and wisps of rain drifted across the countryside, and the clouds grew blacker and hung lower in the skies, brushing the tops of the higher hills. It would be early dark tonight, Will thought. When he came into the village it was almost dusk—a dusk that would endure for two or three hours more. Will crossed the bridge and the horse lumbered up the pitch toward the store, and then Belter saw a team hitched by the side door and recognized it as Jim Saladine's

This recognition came to the man like an answer to his uncertainties. Saladine was the man to tell. Saladine had wit, and he would listen and consider, and he knew Sheriff Sohier. If Saladine spoke to the sheriff, that officer would attend. Saladine could weigh what Belter had to tell him; and also, Saladine was a fisherman, as well as Chet McAusland. He would know where there stood a hollow gray birch beside the brook below Baal's farm. And he was a bold man too. Belter wished to lean on courage now.

He found Saladine and Andy alone in the store. Andy had just brought up a sack of feed from the cellar, climbing the stairs as Will came in the door. The two looked at Will and nodded. Though it was so dark that the interior of the store was gloomy, there were no lamps lighted, and Will's face as he came in was shadowed so that they could not see the excitement in his eyes. But when he spoke, his voice betrayed him.

"Hello, Jim," he said. "Say, I want to talk to you."

Saladine lifted his head and Andy stopped still, the sack of feed on his shoulder; he eased it to the floor and looked at Will.

"All right," Saladine agreed.

Will looked at Andy. "You too, Andy," he decided. "Anyone else around? I don't want anyone should hear."

"No," Andy told him, and he grinned. "Excited, ain't you, Will?"

"Got a right to be," Belter assured him. "You'll be, too. . . . You remember that Varey?"

"Sure," Andy assented.

"Baal killed him," Belter said. His tone was keen and eager, faintly hysterical. "Baal killed that Varey."

(Continued on Page 92)

This Old Horse of Belter's Was a Sober Animal, Long Past the Age of Youthful Follies, But the Creature's Years and Respectability Did Not Save it Now

NEW

in its entirety, unconventional to the point of daring, and creating a new vogue in beauty and design—

The Hupmobile *1928* Six made the day of its introduction the greatest day in Hupmobile history.

For no such enthusiasm, no such instant approval and acceptance as a car among cars, ever before greeted a new Hupmobile, save possibly the first of the line in 1908.

Without question, the car and the value you have waited for among all the sixes.

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Here's good news, tempting news, for all thrifty housewives!

Department and furniture stores near your home are now showing a new and strikingly different line of low-priced, "Accolac"-surfaced rugs!

ARMSTRONG'S Quaker-Felt Rugs, they are called. In design, these rugs represent the careful work of artists long skilled in the creation of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. In materials, they are the best in specially treated felt, high-grade oil colors, and wear-tested lacquer, well worthy of the Circle A trade-mark.

Yet . . . despite their expensive appearance, their costly ingredients, even their special "Accolac" finish—which defies soap and water and wear—these rugs are priced remarkably low, the large 9 x 12 ft. size costing no more than you would gladly pay for a pair of good shoes.

How well these rugs will wear, the years of satisfactory service they will give, are not mere promises. For on the face of every Quaker-Felt Rug is the Armstrong Quaker Girl Numbered Certificate. It entitles you to a brand-new rug if for any reason the one you buy fails to give good service. There are no "ifs" to this guarantee. All you are expected to do is to give the rug normal care.

If you need new rugs, if you want them to be beautiful, easy to clean, long-wearing, guaranteed—and yet low in price—see the new Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs now on display for the first time.

All popular room sizes from 6 x 9 ft. to 9 x 15 ft.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt, with the lustrous "Accolac" finish, is also made by-the-yard in many pleasing designs—6-ft. and 9-ft. widths.

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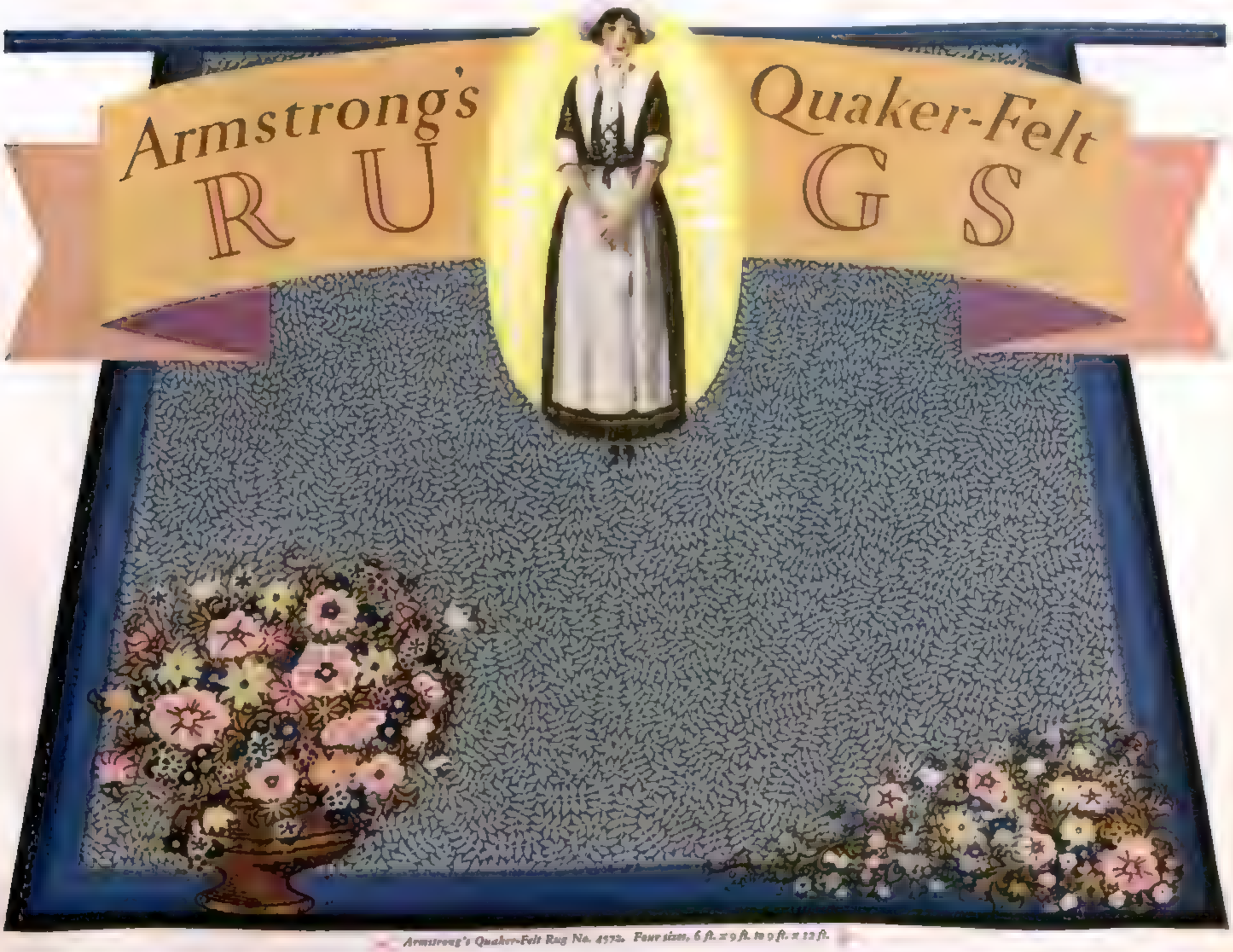
Attached to the face of every Quaker-Felt Rug, it guarantees you complete satisfaction—or a brand-new rug. And write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost," a color illustrated booklet about this innovation in rug value. It's free. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.



Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4572. Four sizes, 6 ft. x 9 ft. to 9 ft. x 12 ft.

THE SEEING EYE

By Dorothy Harrison Eustis

TO EVERYONE, I think, there is always something particularly pathetic about a blind man. Shorn of his strength and his independence, he is a prey to all the sensitiveness of his position and he is at the mercy of all with whom he comes in contact. The sensitiveness, above all, is an almost insuperable obstacle to cope with in his fight for a new life, for life goes on willy-nilly and the new conditions must be reckoned with. In darkness and uncertainty he must start again, wholly dependent on outside help for every move. His other senses may rally to his aid, but they cannot replace his eyesight. To man's never failing friend has been accorded this special privilege. Gentlemen, I give you the German shepherd dog.

Because of their extraordinary intelligence and fidelity, Germany has chosen her own breed of shepherd dog to

help her in the rehabilitation of her war blind, and in the lovely city of Potsdam she has established a very simple and businesslike school for training her dogs as blind leaders. Inclosed in a high board fence, the school consists of dormitories for the blind, kennels for the dogs and quarters for the teachers, the different buildings framing a large park laid out in sidewalks and roads with curbs, steps, bridges and obstacles of all kinds, such as scaffoldings, barriers, telegraph poles and ditches—everything in fact that the blind man has to cope with in everyday life.

Many Dogs and No Fights

THREE forces work together to make this school the model that it has become: The German Government, the Shepherd Dog Club of Germany and the association of war-blinded soldiers. The latter is a splendid organization of some 3000 men which strives continually and successfully to keep its members in work and above pity or charity and out of the class of beggars and peddlers. The government furnishes the land for the school and further grants each blind man a subsidy for his dog's keep after he has left the school.

The dogs are supplied by the Shepherd Dog Club of Germany and are either donated or bought at the lowest price compatible with the qualities they must have, for these blind leaders are the distant cousins and the cinderellas of famous show dogs; they not only have the goods but they deliver them in the shape of courage, intelligence and service. The total cost of a dog, trained and ready to leave the school, is about sixty dollars, which includes the initial cost of the dog.

They must be young and healthy, with quiet, steady nerves and a good character. As a whole, they are a very nice looking lot, especially when you take into consideration that not more than ten or twelve dollars has been paid for one of them. Moreover, they have a certain expression in their eyes, a sturdiness and interest which is too often lacking in their fashionable cousins. As the qualities of courage and intelligence are characteristics of the German shepherd dog wherever he is found unspoiled by intensive show breeding, it is not so hard to collect groups of these leaders for the blind as it would seem, and after a few simple tests to prove he is fit for the service, the new recruit can go to work, and all his work is founded on obedience.

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle,
And many and mighty are they;
But the Head and the Hoof of the Law,
And the Haunch and the Hump, is—Obey!

It is little short of marvelous how a raw dog can be taken into the school and in four months be turned out a blind leader, and the miracle is that the dog so perfectly

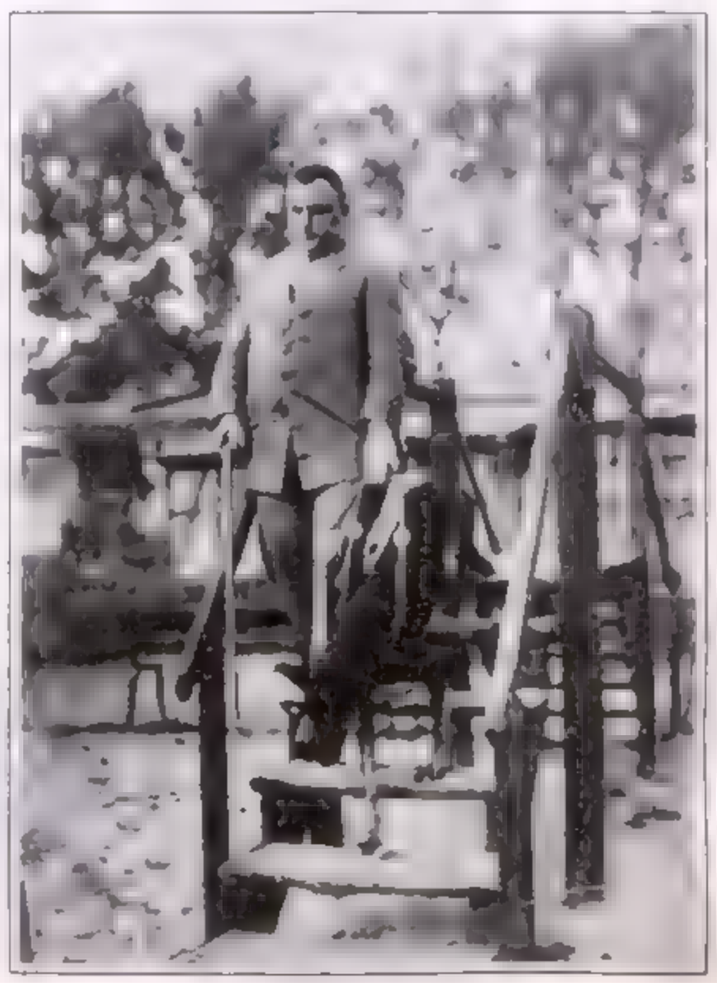
assimilates his instruction. From the very small beginnings of becoming absolutely house-broken, he is taken step by step upward to his life work of leading a blind man, of being that man's eyes and his sword and buckler. He is first let loose to run with all the other dogs and to learn to mind his P's and Q's and not to fight.

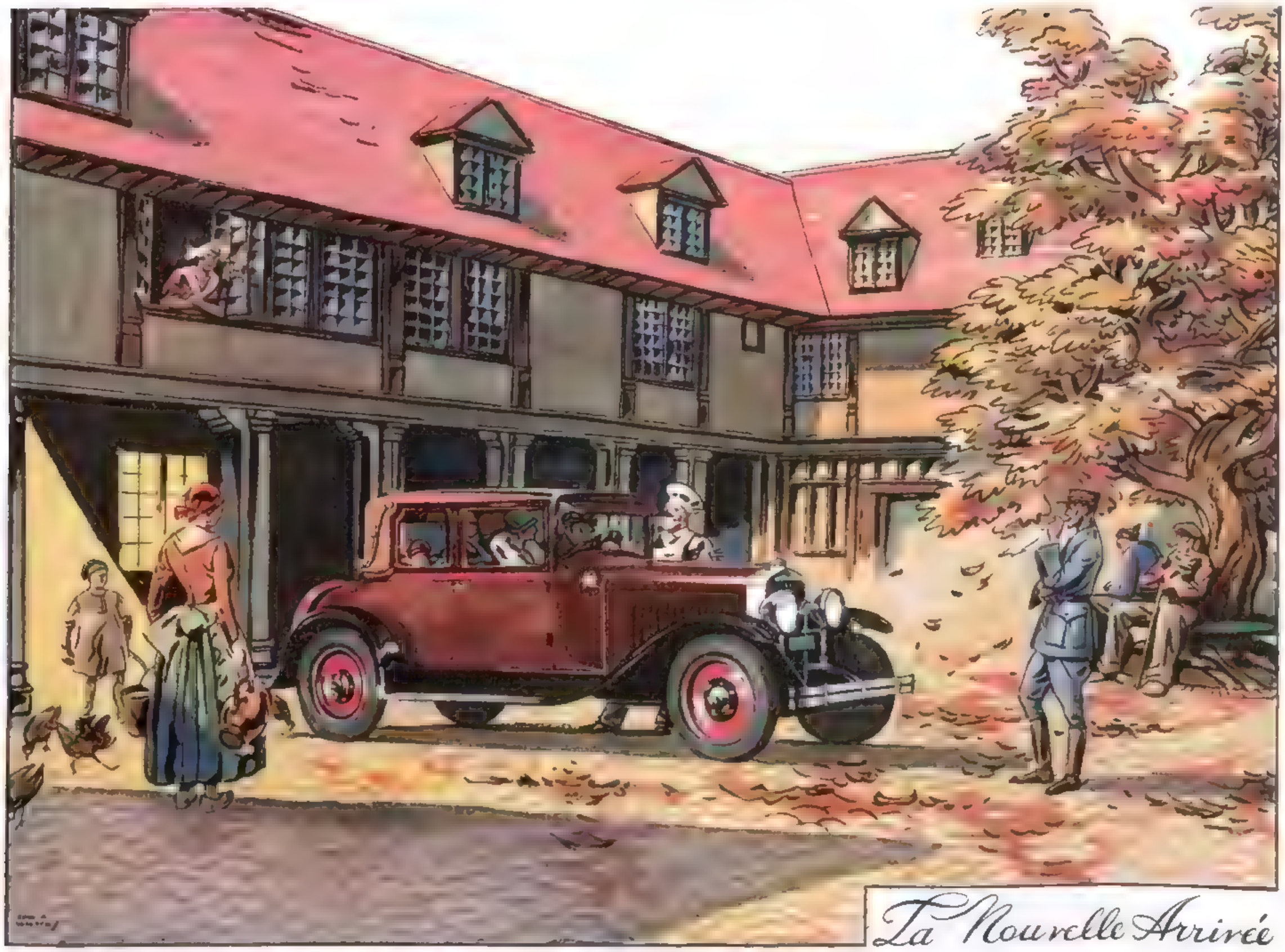
For any dog full of life and energy, this first step is an education in itself and of itself starts him thinking. After he has mastered his lesson, the park becomes a schoolroom; and here, with dogs running loose, people passing in all directions, laughing and talking, he has his first studies in concentration and learns to sit and lie down on command, to speak, to fetch, to carry; and he must learn good will and to do it all cheerfully, gladly and with dispatch. This is the A B C, or kindergarten, of obedience, and if he is an apt pupil he learns it easily and graduates into the next class. Here he begins his work in the leading harness, which is more easily seen in the pictures than explained in words. He now learns that although in hours of play and exercise he can romp with other dogs in the park, from the moment the harness is put on him dogs must be anathema to him. Called from his play, a dog advanced in his work is ridiculously like a business man called to his office; you can almost see him lay aside his newspaper, settle his coat, straighten his necktie and take on an air of business affairs.

Life in a Big City

IN THE beginning, all schooling went on in the park; but it was soon found that a dog might work perfectly there and be of no use in the bustle and distraction of a city, so the park was given over to obedience exercises and the advanced classes were moved into the city itself. From the moment a dog wears the leading harness his schooling is done under actual working conditions. He must go at a fast walk so that the slackening in his gait for an obstacle is instantly felt through the rigid handle of his harness. For curbs he pulls back and stands still so that his master can find the edge with his cane; for steps, approaching traffic and all obstacles barring progress, he sits down; and for trees, letter boxes, scaffoldings, pedestrians, he

(Continued on Page 45)





La Nouvelle Arrivée

FAVORITE—IN SMART CIRCLES EVERYWHERE

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(Continued from Page 43

leans away from his man, who follows the pull and so is led safely around. He learns the direction commands of right, left and forward, and to pick up anything his master drops. He is taught to protect his master from violence and this instinct develops in bounds after he finally wins through to his own blind master. He must be ever watchful and protective, but never aggressive, and it is that quality of perfect balance in instruction that is the success at Potsdam.

He passes gradually from the lower to the higher grades of work and is not given advanced problems before he has mastered the simpler ones. His head is not bothered about approaching traffic, pedestrians or obstacles until he is ready for them. They are the higher mathematics of his course. His first days are spent learning to sit down before every curb. This later develops into half sitting down or pulling back, but in the beginning it is very definitely sitting down and having the curb brought to his attention. After a few days he is allowed to make the mistake of crossing without signaling. Then the teacher stumbles against the curb exactly as a blind man would and instantly corrects the dog, making him sit down in the proper place.

The Graduating Class

As he progresses in one exercise another is added, so that one by one he learns always to keep the middle of the sidewalk, to cross directly from one curb to another, to keep a slight pull on the harness handle and not to dawdle. Gradually he is warned from pedestrians and it becomes second nature for him to skirt them. Finally he learns his duty in street traffic, and the different strands of his education have been woven together into the finished fabric, each strand in its place and giving support to the whole.

The dog must have perfect obedience and yet he cannot be a machine; he must have certain initiative to take care of situations as they come up. He must obey all commands and yet be ready to take matters into his own realm if sudden violence threatens.

Fifty or sixty dogs are in school at a time, all in different stages of development, and they are at their studies all day long, with stated periods for recess. Four teachers give these scholars their education, and about fifteen dogs graduate every month. They have to pass a test before a committee of experts to win their guaranty of reliability, and then they are ready to take their place in the sun as worthy citizens. Next comes the question of placing the right dog with the right man, for different temperaments and characters need different handling and those of man and dog must complement each other.

Then, too, there is the difficulty of accustoming the dog to his new master. In the four months of school he has become attached to his teacher and works perfectly for him and he is puzzled and thrown off by the exchange. The first days with the new master are difficult. The blind man is nervous, distrustful and supercritical, as well he might be. The dog works unevenly, often looking back at his old teacher, and the blind man has a disturbed mental picture that this is the way he is always going to be led and he states his opinion in no uncertain terms.

I should like here to recognize publicly the tact and patience of the instructors of the school. They are obliged to have both in unlimited quantities. It is hard enough to find a man who can handle a dog well, but here are men who must handle both dogs and men with quietness and cheeriness to bring about that harmony and accord which are to go out with them from the school. It must be a very comforting thing to see the dogs you have worked over and taught able to make blind men happy.

The accommodations permit of twelve to fifteen men, who come the first day of every month, for four weeks. The building is made up of simple dormitories and a combination living and class room. Here the blind scholars listen to lectures on the care, feeding and psychology of the dog, study raised maps of the streets of Potsdam with their finger tips and memorize them. This gives them a clear mental picture, so that later they can go to any part of the city by the simple directions of so many blocks to the right, left or straight ahead.

This is all class work, as the man's real schooling commences with the practical work of brushing, feeding and making friends with the dog that has been assigned to him. On the man's arrival at the school the dog leaves the kennel where he has lived for four months and comes to live with his master in the dormitory. This helps enormously to smooth over the strangeness and difficulties of the first few days, as after kennel life the dog feels that he belongs to someone and the man dimly feels his companionship. The dog's home is under his master's bed and he instantly takes charge of all his master's property. Nothing can be touched or taken away without permission, and so from the first day his master has the feeling of protection—a new little flutter of comfort that starts the ball rolling along the path of hope in the future.

A Guide to Freedom

The proud young scholar now turns teacher and through the same streets which have so lately served as schoolrooms, with the help of his own instructor, he teaches his new master the technic of a lead dog and shows him how he can guide him safely and surely. The course is all carried out in an atmosphere of cheeriness, confidence and security, and in two or three weeks even the most faltering has learned his dog's signals. Every day, under the direction of a teacher, the blind scholar carries on his dog's lessons in speaking, fetching and carrying, so that he may learn to put command into his voice—a quality sadly lacking since his blindness—and to gain authority over his dog, it being a proved fact that the dog knows the man is blind.

Gradually the rehabilitation takes place. First, the uncertainty becomes less uncertain, a glimmering that perhaps here is eyesight; then the acknowledgment that here at least is ever pleasant, ungrudging companionship and protection. Then the putting out of feelers: "Can this really mean Independence?" And then comes the whole great realization that the future holds freedom. No longer a care and a responsibility to his family and friends, he can take up his life where he left it off; no longer dependent on a member of the family, he can come and go as he pleases; and as these thoughts and possibilities gather strength in his mind, despair and loneliness give way to happiness and companionship, and these qualities can be seen developing from day to day.

A comparison of the men completing their course with those just commencing is the proof. The men arrive forlorn, with lined, anxious faces and drooping bodies, thin or overfat from inertia. In four short weeks they are remade; life takes on a new interest; shoulders lose their droop, backs straighten up and feet forget to shuffle. The thin have won back their appetite through their daily exercising walks and have put on weight and muscle, and the fat ones have trained down. Occasionally a chuckle is heard which is the opening wedge for a laugh, just as the birds' early morning twitter presages the full song to the sun.

An Afternoon Stroll

The dogs were running loose and romping about in the park for their half hour before working as I stood near by talking with Mr. Liese, the director. I had come to the school a skeptic, but he laughingly excused me on the ground that I belonged to the majority. I had seen so many so-called trained dogs which, put to the test, did mediocre work accompanied by many excuses that I was more or less prepared to hear reasons for poor work. I had expected possibly to see an instructor with eyes bandaged give an exhibition with one special dog to the running accompaniment of: "He's off his work today—didn't eat this morning; he was not exercised yesterday; that's funny, he usually does that perfectly; there must be something distracting him," and so on—all kinds of incidents that would go to prove my contention that, intelligent and full of courage as this grand breed of dogs is, it is too much to ask of him to take the entire responsibility of a blind man's life.

I had read of the blind man who crosses the Potsdamer Platz in Berlin with his dog twice a day, going to and from work, and had seen a photograph of him there, but knowing how much the Potsdamer Platz would resemble Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street if all the traffic were allowed to circulate at the same time, I put it down to a good story and a better photograph. Consequently I was not prepared to have one little incident open wide the door to my conversion. It was nearly the end of a course and the men were gathering by twos and threes outside their dormitory, canes and harnesses in their hands, before their afternoon walk, and the tears came into my eyes as I watched them go down the little path leading from their dormitory straight to the park inclosure. The men, during the four weeks, must have gone along it eight or ten times a day, and

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

"LITTLE EVA"

In Universal's Great Spectacle

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

I often wonder how many people have been influenced by these weekly talks to ask for Universal Pictures at the theatres they attend. Of course I know, from letters I have received, that many of you have been influenced, but I wish I might be sure of the thousands who read this column.

UNIVERSAL is trying to make the kind of pictures that everybody likes. It is trying to clothe them with beauty, and in my many years of experience I have found that pictures in which beauty is prevalent are far more successful than those which provoke tears, sordid thoughts and unhappy impressions.

A world without beauty is a world without joy, but "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." I want beautiful women in the casts of UNIVERSAL PICTURES. I want good-looking, handsome men, and I prefer the kind of pictures which call for the magnificence of Nature in scenery and surroundings. A picture, to be a real picture, must have an atmosphere of beauty as well as talent in its principals.

Even in a mystery play like UNIVERSAL'S *"The Cat and the Canary,"* there is a wealth of beauty—also in a picture like *"Les Miserables,"* intensely realistic, yet artistic to a degree and replete with beauty. I wonder just how you feel about it. I would enjoy receiving your opinions on this subject. You are the ones to be pleased. Write me, will you not?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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yet their feet still faltered and shuffled as they felt their way uncertainly. As each man called his dog, that dog came, regardless of what absorbing game of tag was going on; and not another dog gave heed until he, too, was called; then, all eager, with tail wagging and eyes shining, up he came to have his harness put on, each dog laying his head in his master's hand to let him know he was here.

I shall never forget the change that came over one man as he turned away from that gate. It was as though a complete transformation had taken place before my eyes. One moment it was an uncertain, shuffling blind man, tapping with a cane, the next it was an assured person, with his dog firmly in hand and his head up, who walked toward us quickly and firmly, giving his orders in a low, confident voice. That one quick glimpse of the crying need for guidance and companionship in the lonely, all-enveloping darkness stood out clearly before my swimming eyes. To think that one small dog could stand for so much in the life of a human being, not only in his usual rôle of companion but as his eyes, sword, shield and buckler! How many humans could fill those rôles with the same uncomplaining devotion and untiring fidelity? Darned few, I think.

I quickly asked permission to follow him on his walk, first getting a few details about him. He had never before owned a dog, and since his blindness had been led everywhere by a member of his family; on arriving at the school he had been particularly nervous, helpless and lacking in confidence. He was a man of about forty-five, thick-set and husky, who had evidently been accustomed to lots of exercise and had become overfat through lack of it. He passed us whistling through his teeth and feeling for a cigarette, his dog looking us over with an appraising eye. I turned quietly and followed. Walking at a good pace, the pair went down the street to the first crossing, where the dog pulled back to indicate the curb. The man's cigarette was apparently his last, as he gave orders to be led to the tobacco shop, went in, made his purchases and then continued his walk.

As I followed him it seemed impossible to believe that the man wasn't taking the dog for a walk and stopping for traffic of his own accord, so quietly and evenly did they work together. I had to pull myself up pretty sharply once or twice to realize that the man was blind and that the only thing that kept him from pitching off the curb into the street was the intelligence and faithfulness of his dog. For not once through the whole hour that I followed them did that dog's attention wander.

Passing Barriers

The walk lay through the crowded shopping street with all the traffic of a big city, its noises and distractions, its scents and stray dogs on mischief or business bent. Understanding responsibility and never-failing protection radiated from that blind leader as he went about his work. His attitude was, "You mind your business and I'll mind mine," as he threaded his way along the street, and the pair went much more quickly without interference than I, who continually bumped into people in my efforts to keep up. I was amazed at the pace; I had started by walking briskly, but found the distance ever widening between us and the need to make it up every so often on a jog trot.

The streets in German cities are wide and in many places lined with two or three rows of trees and paths. To keep cyclists from riding along these paths barriers have been put up at intervals with narrow openings for pedestrians. The barriers are of one bar each and about the height of a man's waist. I had been told at the school that one of the hardest things to teach a dog was to pass between these barriers and not under them, the way being clear for the dog but not for the man, who would receive the full force of the bar across his middle without warning, so I was interested to follow the pair into one of these wide, shady lanes on the homeward leg.

A couple strolling ahead had dropped a coat directly in the path, but man and dog skirted it and the dog immediately came back to a line that would lead him between the barriers, although for him it would have been simpler and shorter to go under. There was a big catch in my throat as I saw them turn into the school grounds together with other pairs coming from different directions and knew that I was converted. It had not been a particular exhibition staged for my special benefit, but just one of the many dogs turned out every month with his blind master. There were no fireworks, no display, no excuses, no muddling, but honest work done by honest dogs, and my hat was off to those who had worked out and perfected such a method of sympathetic training.

As always happens when you are interested in some one thing, you find examples all round you, and the day after my visit to Potsdam I was taking a respite from a big dog show and quenching my thirst with a lovely long, cool glass of beer in a great public garden across the way, when along came a blind man and his dog, threading their way between the tables. The man had apparently told his dog to take him to a table, as she stopped beside one with her master next to the chair.

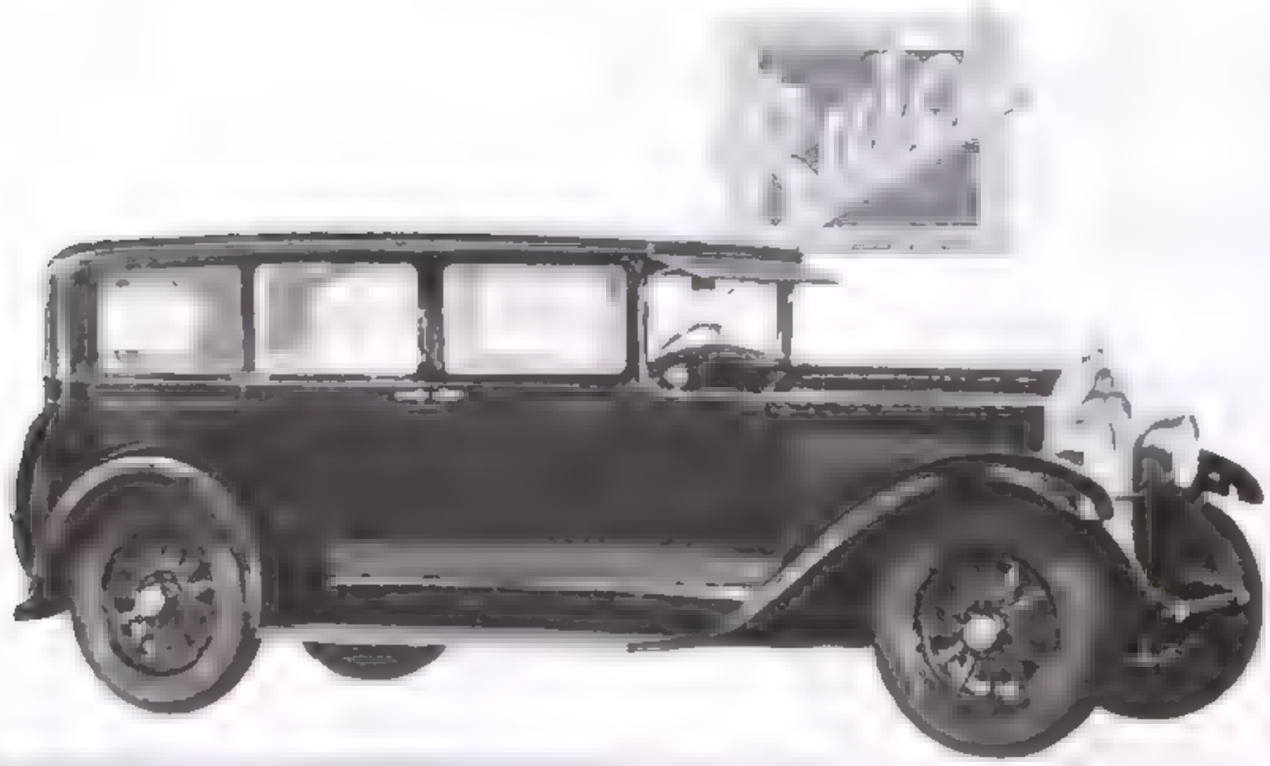
I watched them for some time. The waitress could come and go as she pleased, and people could pass close by in all directions as long as they did not show any interest, but let someone stop and look curiously at them and a low warning growl issued forth immediately.

An Intelligence Test

Captain Schoenherr, of the Instruction School for Police Dogs at Gruenheide, was with me and he invited the man to take a glass of beer with us, which he accepted very pleasantly. Picking up his harness handle and his cane, he gave the dog the order to follow Captain Schoenherr, who, to test him, took a curving course between the tables. Step for step and curve for curve, the dog followed him, saw her master safely into his chair and lay down quietly beside him. The man told us that he had had her for three years and only once in all that time had she run him into anything, and then he said it was largely his own fault. Man and dog had such understanding that they worked as one. Once, while the man was talking, Captain Schoenherr got up and crossed in front of the dog so close as almost to step on her paws without bringing forth a complaint, but when he stopped back of her master and stood there without speaking, the grievance came swiftly into her throat—just a quick warning "Hands off!"

Her master laughed, patted the head always ready for his hand and said, "I never have a moment's anxiety." That from a blind man! Later he went with us to the entrance to show us how beautifully she worked, and after he'd said good-by gave the order to take him back to his table. She took him quietly and without question back to the same table and the same chair, although the way led across the whole garden, up some steps, through a pergola and between tables crowded with people.

The future for all blind men can be the same, however blinded. No longer dependent on a member of the family, a friend or a paid attendant, the blind can once more take up their normal lives as nearly as possible where they left them off, and each can begin or go back to a wage-earning occupation, secure in the knowledge that he can get to and from his work safely and without cost; that crowds and traffic have no longer any terrors for him and that his evenings can be spent among friends without responsibility or burden to them; and last, but far from least, that long, healthful walks are now possible to exercise off the unhealthy fat of inactivity and so keep the body strong and fit. Gentlemen, again without reservation, I give you the shepherd dog



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Banishes Afternoon Fatigue

Picks you up when you're feeling "low" . . . both mentally and physically. This 3-day test will convince you

Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is a delicious new food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of loginess—How Ovaltine overcomes

Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why.

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows, which is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Your mind clears and your body responds. You become alert, both mentally and physically.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties—*and absolutely nothing else* that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" food-drink, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

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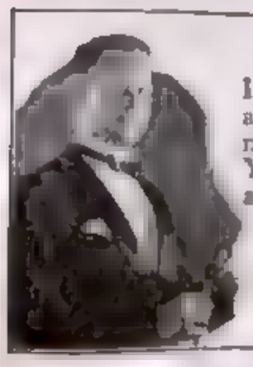
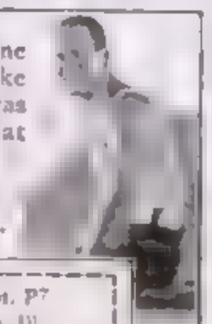


I took Ovaltine and after a week's trial had more pep and energy. You must quote me as an ardent subscriber of it.

Howard Courtad,
Cleveland, Ohio



After I had taken Ovaltine four or five times I felt like turning handsprings. It was the first time in 15 years that I have felt that peppy.

Clyde Stondes,
Elkhart, Ind.

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
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(One package to a person)

CRYIN' JOHNNY McELROY

(Continued from Page 15)

But after a while I decide that I was hired for to work and ride horses and not act as no fly cop, and if Mr. Hannigan is doing a little cheating—well, he is getting away with it anyways, and probably no worser than lots of others in the business; so what is good enough for a big man like he should ought to be all right for a new beginner.

When I see Hannigan next he starts right in to slip me that old oil. "I'm sorry, son," he says, "that I lost my temper and lit into you the way I done."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," I answers. "I guess it was coming to me."

"The fact of the matter," he goes on, "is that Andy Flood is a kind of a relation from my wife's; and as things has been breaking tough for him of recent, I been trying to help him out a bit. See?"

"That's sure kind of you, sir," I says. "With a bunch of beagles like Flood has, it's no wonder things is tough."

"True enough, Johnny," he says; "but still we must do what we can to help the misfortunate. I wonder now if you would like to do something for Flood this afternoon."

"Sure thing I will," I replies. "What is it?"

"It seems that Flood has got that thing he calls Red Ike entered in the seventh race," he says, "and as he hasn't got no boy, I thought it might be good experience for you to take the trip, besides being a favor to Andy."

"I certainly will," I replies; "and if none of his legs drop off I will have him up there for a piece of the money, anyways, or wear my arm out trying."

"Oh, you needn't do anything desperate," he says. "They tell me this horse sulks and won't run good if you pull the bat on him. Besides, he is still a little short and Andy is running him today more for a work than anything. Understand me, Johnny?"

He looks at me hard and I look back at him hard. "Sure I understand," I answers; "he gets a nice work and not nothing else. You watch me, Mr. Hannigan."

"You watch yourself, Johnny," he says. "The horse was third his last out and it wouldn't look so good if he was to be too far up the track this time."

So when Flood throws me up that afternoon he only says to me, "You know what to do?" And I just nod. And I keep my eyes open good at the gate, and when I think the break is coming I give this Ike a yank with one rein, so that when the webbing goes up he is swinging sideways. Then I straighten him out, and as the rest are well away and not no chance of catching them, I go to work on him and ride him nice and look like I am hustling to beat hell. So we make up a lot of ground and finish fourth or fifth, I forget which, and I don't get even a dirty look from the stand.

At the barn that evening I ask Hannigan have I did all right and he forgets about his bluff about not having no personal interest in the horse. "You near give me heart failure," he says. "Only for the luck of him being so slow getting away, he couldn't of helped copping all the money with the ride he got."

"Well," I replies, very cocky, "I guess the gate is as good a place to snatch one as anywhere else, isn't it? How would he get away good when I have his head twisted sideways?"

Hannigan looks awful surprised at that. "Gee, son," he says, "you're not near the sap that you look. You sure fooled me good, and I thought you had forgot what I told you and were trying all you knew with him."

"Listen, Mr. Hannigan," I says, "I don't forget them kind of things. I may be young, but I know more'n you think. You tell me for to work a horse, I work him; you say to win with him, and he wins if he has enough foot to do it. You're the boss and what you says goes."

"Very good, Johnny," he replies. "You sound like you might yet be the makings of a rider; because the first two things a successful jockey must learn is both to always obey orders, no matter what. And the third thing, Johnny, is to always keep his mouth shut under all circumstances."

"That's me then," I says, "because I already know real good how to do the first two, and the only way I could be any more shut-mouthed would be to talk on my hands like these deef-and-dummies."

And from that day on Hannigan never even tries to explain how I am to do anything. So a few days later I ride this Ike again, and this time I don't get him left, but steer him into a nice tight pocket instead. And the following week I have him once more and break him on top and run him the first half so fast that he is through for the day when we hit the eighth post.

Then one morning Hannigan says, "I think that Ike horse is due to cop today, Johnny. Set him down hard and see that he don't have none of that hard luck he's been running into lately."

So I keep him out of all trouble and rate him along nice behind the pace till we turn for home, and then I start knocking on him and get him up to win by a short head, which is just as good as twenty lengths and looks even better. And as the saps by this time is tired of wasting their good jack on a dog like Ike, the pay-off is better'n nine for one.

All I have been able to gamble personal is the only two bucks I got; but Hannigan and his bunch clean up plenty, I guess. He is all smiles that evening and says, "Here, Johnny, Andy Flood was so pleased with that nice ride that he sends you this twenty-five for yourself."

And believe it or not believe it, I am still such a farmer yet that I thank him kindly and think what a generous man he is, not stopping to figure that even at regular rates for the four trips I have rode, I am gypped for about thirty bucks. Still, what would I of cared anyways? With close to half a hundred in my kick I am prepared to stake Henry Ford to laundry money, and I hustle downtown that night and get me the swellest checked suit sixteen dollars ever buys, and a pink shirt and horseshoe pin to wear in the bosom of same, and enough other junk to stock a five-and-ten.

Now if I was to tell you even the half of what comes off during the following three summers, it makes a book as big as four Bibles and is sufficient evidence to get me ruled off every track in the country for life and a thousand years after. From Baltimore to Windsor I ride the horses Hannigan tells me to, and I ride them the way he wants. Which is some trick, too, because a lot of those lizards would of been far more at home in some good zoo than on a track. Gee, I've rode the kind that come snorting out like a man-eating tiger and then curl up like caterpillars as soon as something looks them in the eye. And I've rode the kind that will limp to the barrier as if what they needed was two pairs crutches and a wheel chair, and then turn it on like Man o' War as soon as the latch clicks. And I've been on the sort that are sent so hopped that a soda fountain and a white-apron cowboy is all they lack of being a complete drug store.

And the stuff that is got away with by Hannigan and the half a dozen other owners that are in with him is something delicious. They don't overlook a single thing, that bunch, and any time they pry the elastic off and lay it on the line, the horse they are betting on is so close to being already in as nobody's business.

We don't do but very little fancy work with any of the Spargus horses. The prices aren't sufficiently juicy for one thing. Our stock is a great favorite with the gambling public all over the circuit, and old Spargus hisself sets it in pretty heavy at times; so

(Continued on Page 50)

$745
2-DOOR SEDAN

Body by Fisher

True Six-Cylinder Luxury
Now Costs So Little to Enjoy

The sensational success of the Pontiac Six is based on the simple fact that it provides true six-cylinder luxury on a basis of true economy.

Its first cost is low—$745 is the lowest price ever placed on a six with body by Fisher. It can be purchased on attractive terms—small down payment with balance on the GMAC plan. It is inexpensive to operate—thanks to scientific methods of fuel carburetion and combustion and to an adjustable full pressure oiling system. It is inexpensive to maintain—rugged construction and years of testing are the basis of its national reputation for low service costs. And finally, Pontiac Six commands a high resale value in every section of the country.

All this brings true six-cylinder luxury within reach of the most modest purse—and that is why so many thousands are making Pontiac Six the car of their choice.

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"Small Bubble" Lather soaks every whisker

Holds water like a sponge. Softens each hair right where it grows out.

ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

AT the base, just where the razor edge works—that's where Colgate lather battles whiskers. Sopping-wet with water are its minute bubbles. They snuggle round each tiny hair, as the pictures above show.

How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A Perfect Shave—Clean—Smooth

FREE
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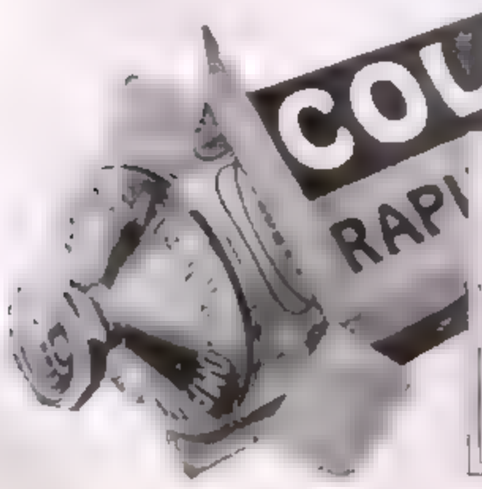
Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.
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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 48)

that any time I am riding one from our own barn, I am usually on the hot choice. And it is too risky a game to do much snatching with that kind, because if too many of them run in the can there is liable to be a investigation, with the stewards putting the jockey first through the catechism and then through the gate.

Wherefore I score quite a lot of winners of good races and several times have the pleasure of looking goofish over the top of the big wreath they always hang around the neck of a horse which cops one of the big shots. But you could shove in your eye all the credit ever I get, my general record being so rotten that all these wise experts decide that any time my mount wins it is in spite of me and not from any help I gave him. Which is about what the hams they call turf experts would say, them being all totally blind by nature or either from setting up all night writing their lies.

And yet, now I think of it, I can't exactly blame anybody for thinking it is a purely accident when I knuckle one home. The trouble is that while I am one real swell rider, if I do say it which shouldn't, I quick develop into about the most slickest hider in the business. And hiding horses is a art all on its own. You tell the average jock that you don't want one to win, and the only ways he knows of taking it are either grab its head in his lap and choke it, or else ride it away around by way of China. But me—I can snatch one and still make him look like he is trying, a dozen different ways, and none of them raw enough to wake the Big Fingers out of their trance neither.

The way it was generally worked was to have me get one beat a few times for the benefit of the odds, and then when they were ready to shoot the piece, they would put some other boy up; so that if the resurrection looked too sudden, there was always the fine alibi of a change of riders to slide out on.

And to make things more certainer, they would always have me riding something else in the same race; and if there was a horse that the owner of it wouldn't listen to reason, I could take care that it got pinched off or carried wide or bumped out of danger. Leaving it easy seen why the number of occasions when I was loudly cheered by the cash customers was real small compared by how often I would climb down to be greeted by the grand old razzberry.

And at the first I don't care a dam either way. I was young, and I was working with smart people, and I imagined I was just about the wisest and smoothest thing which was. When the mob would lean over the fence and yell, "Body-snatcher!" and the like, I would just laugh scornful and turn up my nose. What were a lot of two-dollar rubes in my young life, who was cleaning up more jack every month than the most of them seen in a year?

But after a couple of seasons I begin to get kind of sensitive, I guess. The razzing, and seeing my name forever away down on the winning lists, topped by boys that I know aren't within thirty pounds of me, gets under my hide. And when my contract runs out last summer I refuse to sign up again, but tell Hannigan I am going to try it free-lance for a while. So he is very pleasant about it and wishes me good success and short-changes me on the settlement for close to three thousand. He has always been at me about saving my dough, and any time there is a couple hundred coming, he gives me the half and says he will invest the balance for me. But there aren't any books kept for the kind of business we been doing, so when he says there is only about four grand due me, what can I do, even when I know it is nearer seven?

When I am through with him I go to Benny Moses, the agent, and tell him for to hustle me some mounts, and in three weeks of trying Benny manages to get me the elegant total of two trips.

"What's the matter with you, Benny?" I says to him. "If I wanted to stay on the ground, I would get the stewards to set me there. I hired you for to get me some work."

"Johnny," he replies, "I give you my sterilized word of honor I never hustled so hard in my life. I know it you're a grand rider, Johnny; Oil Sande should be a half so good. But these owners around here, Johnny -well, they're all leery of you. They say you only know how to win on a Spargus horse, and they're afraid to put you up on account you might, now, pull instead of push."

And after doing some hustling for my own account, I find out that it's true. I have been so wrapped up in the doings of Hannigan and his little gang that I have neglected to look out for my own reputation. I get a little work; but it is mostly on horses that are only entered in the hope that lightning will hit all the others, and all I earn up to the end of the Maryland season don't hardly pay the room rent.

I haven't ever did any winter riding up till then, but I decide I will go out and give this Tia Juana a whirl. Which I do, and find that the game there is even more tougher than the town. They don't want jockeys down there; what they are after is human fleas that have still got a apprentice allowance. And as I am having it hard to make better'n 110, I get but little nourishment out of that little village; and when I try for to fatten the roll by picking a few winners from the ground, they take me for the works without no delay. So when I get a wire from Hannigan asking will I report to him at Bowie, I only hesitate long enough for him to telegraph me the car fare.

III

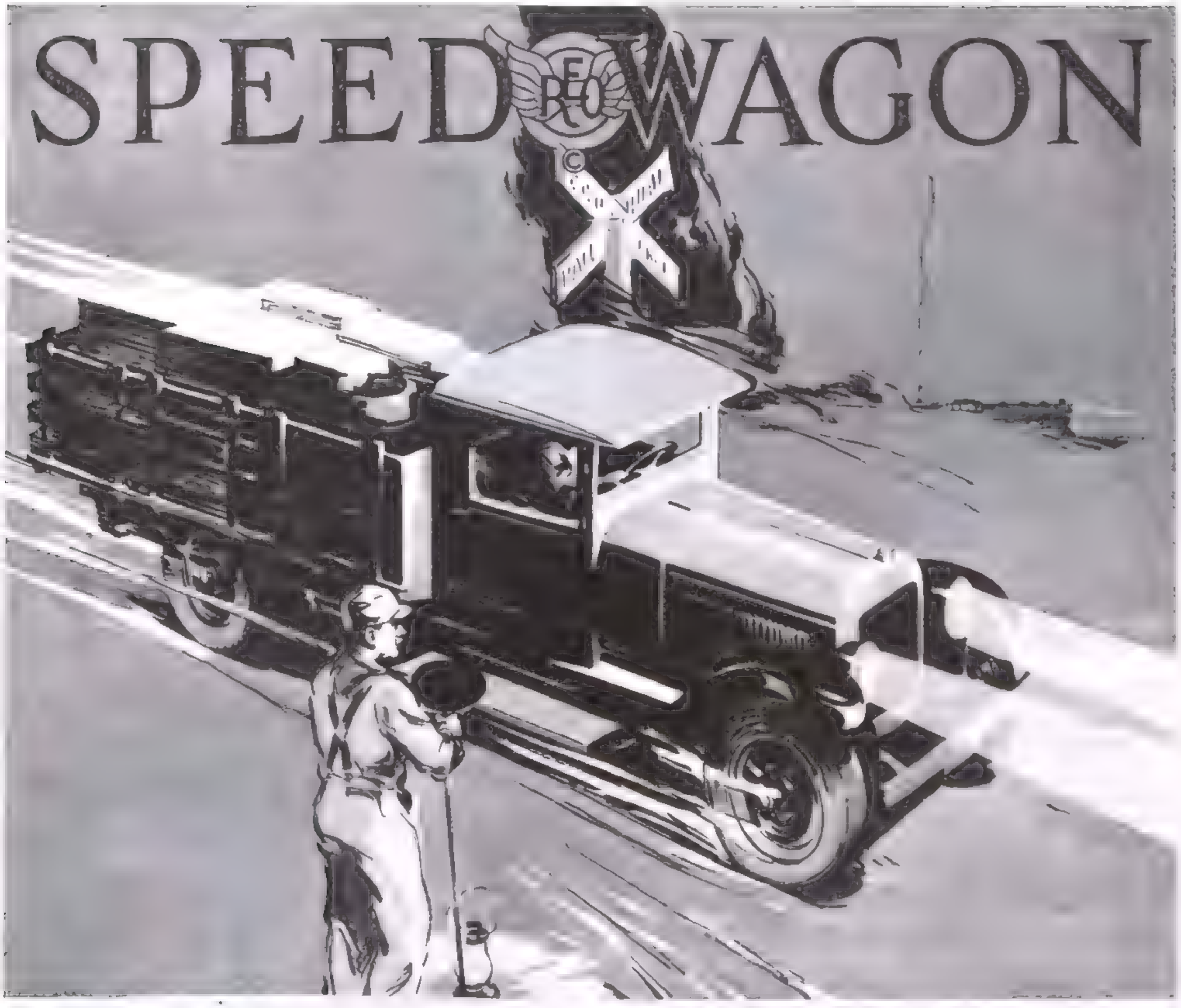
I GET to Baltimore expecting Hannigan will be at me to sign up again, but while he acts glad enough to see me, he don't crack nothing about contracts. He has been down in Florida for the winter and at Miami he has picked up a young punk who calls hisself Percy Swenson, being a Swede by name and a lard-headed sheik by looks and a know-it-all by nature. Hannigan asks me to try and learn Percy some of the fine points, but hell, Percy don't need no learning. When I start to give him some advice he turns round and pans the way I set a horse and the way I hold my reins and about seven other things, so I pass him up complete.

But there is no mistaking that Percy is teacher's new pet. I help around for three or four weeks, readying the stock for the start of the season; and old Ebenezer, always the easiest horse on earth to get into condition, is fair burning the track. He is entered in the opening-day handicap, and as none of the others are likely to be near as far advanced, he looks like he is a common spread. And what does Hannigan do but give young Percy the shot instead of me! He does win, at that; but only from Petie Hamilton going sound to sleep in the last furlong and easing his mount sufficient to let Percy, who has had Ebenezer in all the trouble there is on a track, come on to grab it by a lip. But Hannigan makes such a fuss about it you would thought it was the grandest piece of riding since Hickory was a yearling.

Well, we go along till about the middle of the season, with the Hannigan clique putting over a nice little job every couple of weeks or so, and me doing most of the engineering as usual. But now I act hard-boiled and make them cut me in for plenty every time—yes, and see that I get my cut in cash too. So when we arrive at Fort Erie I have paid back all I had borried at Tia Juana and am a little better than two thousand strong. And I have resolved that the first time I see a chance to set it all in a real soft spot I am going to do so.

And the spot turns up unexpected and it is me that discovers it. In the Spargus string there is a Fair Play colt which we don't know hardly anything about. He starts only the once in his two-year-old, but bucks his shins and is not sent again. Then, this spring, he kicks hisself in the

Continued on Page 52



Here's a truck you can STOP

as you've always wished you could

ONCE 2-wheel brakes were all right for commercial cars. That was in the days before traffic became 4-wheel brake traffic, before streets became so congested that the ability to stop when you needed to stop meant the saving of life and limb.

Of 5700 trucks tested, the state of Massachusetts found that 48% were either "defective" or "very bad." These were the old-style 2-wheel brake trucks. How would your own truck have been rated?

Now Reo offers the new Speed Wagon equipped with 4-wheel brakes of the most modern internal type. Here is a commercial vehicle that is geared to present-day traffic. Here is a truck that will stop when you need to stop, that will stop as you've always wished you could.

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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JUNIOR	STANDARD	MASTER	HEAVY DUTY
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for faster, surer, easier, cheaper hauling

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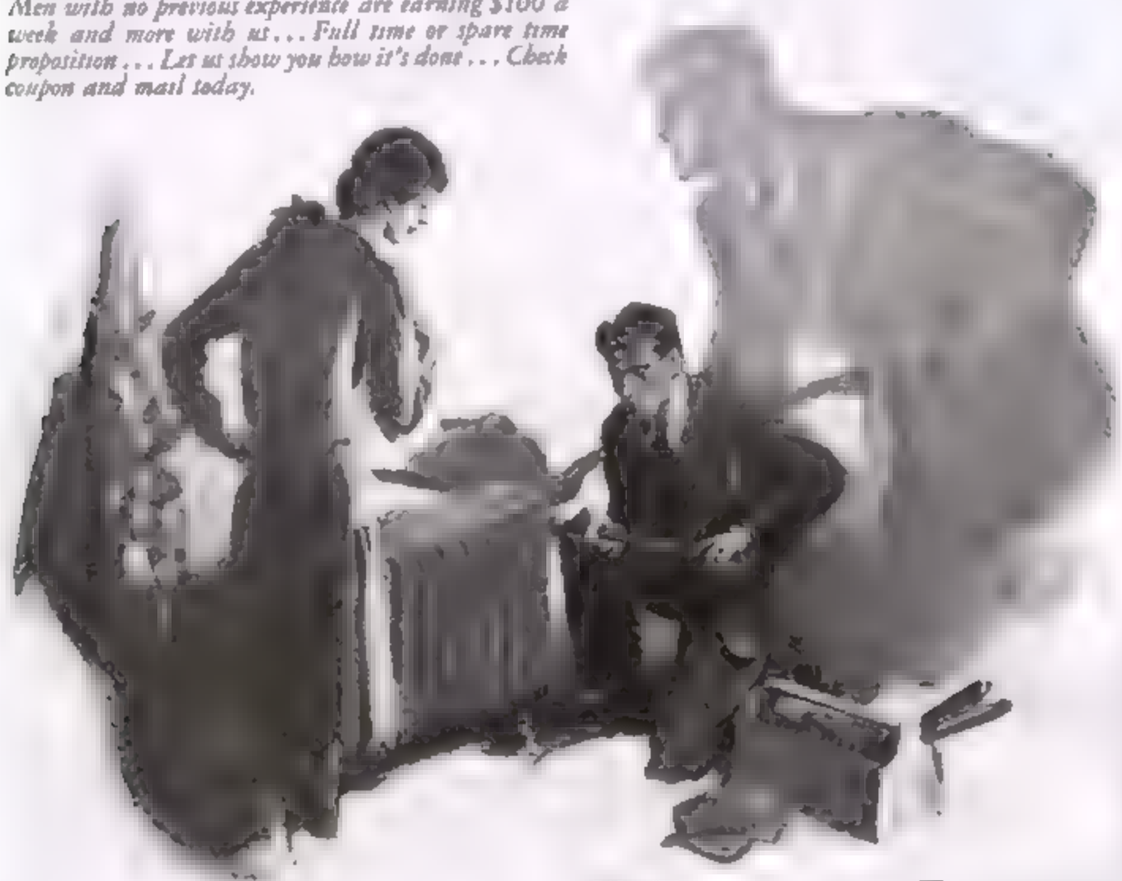

Men who lead a *double life!*

Goodlooking work clothes make a big difference. It will pay you to read this—

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JANITORS, building superintendents, caretakers and men in similar positions often have to do hard, dusty work yet be ready to enter a classroom, office or living room at a moment's notice.

Men who lead this kind of a double life take heartily to Nogar Work Clothes because they wear like iron, yet always look clean and neat. Men who are wearing them will tell you that they repay their small cost many times over.

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You may wonder how such remarkable values can be offered at such amazingly low prices. The answer is that we make Nogar Clothes on such a large scale that we can pass on to you the benefits of efficient, mass production, plus the savings of dealing direct with customers thru our own representatives. Two piece suits and top coats only $12.50 and $13.50. Hunting suits $15.50. Boys' suits and top coats $9.85 and $10.85.

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Nogar is, of course, imitated, so be sure you deal with an Authorized Representative. He wears this button. He will leave you a copy of your order when you buy, stating plainly the conditions of the sale

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COST LITTLE...LOOK WELL...WEAR LIKE IRON

(Continued from Page 50)

stall or something and his leg fills. So nobody knows is he a race horse or a stiff, only that he is a grand looker and elegant bred. His really name is Fair Boy, but around the barn we call him Bud.

One morning at Erie, Hannigan says to me, "Johnny, that Bud has been galloping good lately; it looks like he is ready for a work. You take him and leave him go round the turn alongside of Ebenezer."

Young Percy is on Ebenezer, so I take Bud and we jog them once around and then canter to the half-mile ground and I give Percy the word and we shake them up. The old horse is about two lengths in front when they start running, and after they have went a little more than a sixteenth, I take hard hold of Bud and stop him and let Ebenezer go on alone.

"What happens to him, Johnny?" asks Hannigan, anxious, when we get back to where he is. "Does he grab hisself or stumble or whatever?"

"Tell the swipe to blanket him and lead him around," I answers. "I want to talk to you private." So we go over by the infield fence where nobody can't hear. "Mike," I says, "do I know a race horse when I see one, or don't I?"

"You do, Johnny," he replies. "You sure do. Why?"

"Well," I says, "unless I am sleep-walking or have went clean bugs, you never had one in the barn like this one."

"What do you mean?" he says. "You don't let him go far enough to show anything. Is he fast?"

"Fast!" I says. "He is diseased with speed. You don't have to ride no ten miles in order to know when one is real class; you can tell by the way he feels under you. And the reason I stopped him was because in three more jumps he would been running all over old Ebenezer; and if he ever done that, every clocker and work-watcher on the track would been wise. So I eased him up and come over to tell you. Now are you going to advertise him to the whole world or are you going to act sensible?"

"You done right, Johnny," he says—"dead right. Bred like he is, he might even turn out to be a champion. And if he is half as good as you think, it would be a shame to go spreading the glad tidings all over creation."

So the next few times the colt works I have about 35 lbs. of lead concealed about my clothes; but even with that it is all I can do to hold him down to reasonable figures. For he is one running maniac and crying for to be turned loose. But by using my head and arms I manage to keep him pretty well under cover till he gets rid of the extra fat he is carrying.

When it looks like he cannot be concealed much longer Hannigan ships him over to a farm he knows, close by the Long Branch track; and every second morning I motor over there and give him a work, increasing the distance gradual till he is going a mile and fighting to go farther. I don't carry no clock to time him by; but I have one in my head that is good enough for me, and I know that he's setting it down so fast it's scandalous. And as the races is over for the year at Long Branch, the only company I have during these works is the dicky birds.

By and by I tell Hannigan that the colt is cherry-ripe; so when the stable is shipping to Woodbine, the van drops Ebenezer off at the farm. And the next morning we take the two of them on the track and hold a little private Derby; and in spite of all young Percy can do for Ebenezer, the young one beats him five lengths at a mile and an eighth and don't even take a long breath when it's over. And when Hannigan looks at his watch to see what he does it in he can't hardly believe his own eyes.

"Well," I says, "do I know a stake horse, or don't I?"

"Johnny," he replies, "I never seen one like him before. I don't believe there is anything in America that could take him right now."

"Then when does he go?" I says. "And where?"

"I haven't decided as yet," he answers. "But there isn't any use taking a cannon to shoot canaries. I think we better hunt for big game."

"The bigger the better for this baby," I says. "But remember, Mike, when he does go, your old friend Johnny has got to be in. Because if I'm not in, Mike, I might accidental slip our friend Colonel Spargus the news about the world-beater he owns; and if I ever done that, you know what would happen."

"Nix, Johnny, nix," he says. "Be yourself. Nobody thinks no more of the colonel than I do, but he already has more dough than any one man should have. And if he was to ever get wise to this horse, all his wealthy friends would be hocking the family jewels and we would have to take about even money. And that ain't near enough, these hard times."

The Woodbine meet opens, and the first few days pass without no word of our starting Bud. Hannigan sends Percy on pretty near everything we start, only putting me up when we have a couple in one race, and then always on whichever is to do the pace-making.

And though it looks like he does everything a jock shouldn't ought to, Percy is fair infested with luck. Something breaks for him every time, so he is the sensation of the meeting. All the sporting pages print pictures of him, and he swells up and swells up till it is all I can do to keep from spoiling his pretty face.

I am rooming close to the track, and on the Wednesday evening I have a date to go riding in a friend of mine's car. After sundown it turns chilly and I decide to go over and get my light benny, which I have left hanging on a peg in the tack room. When I am going by the door of a empty stall, I hear voices inside, and as I recognize same, I walk in. Hannigan and Andy Flood are setting close together and talking confidential. They look sort of relieved when they see who I am.

"Oh, it's you, Johnny," Hannigan says. "Andy and me was just discussing something you are interested in too."

"You don't need to tell me what that is," I replies, taking a seat on a bucket. "What are you saving that colt for? A Christmas present or something?"

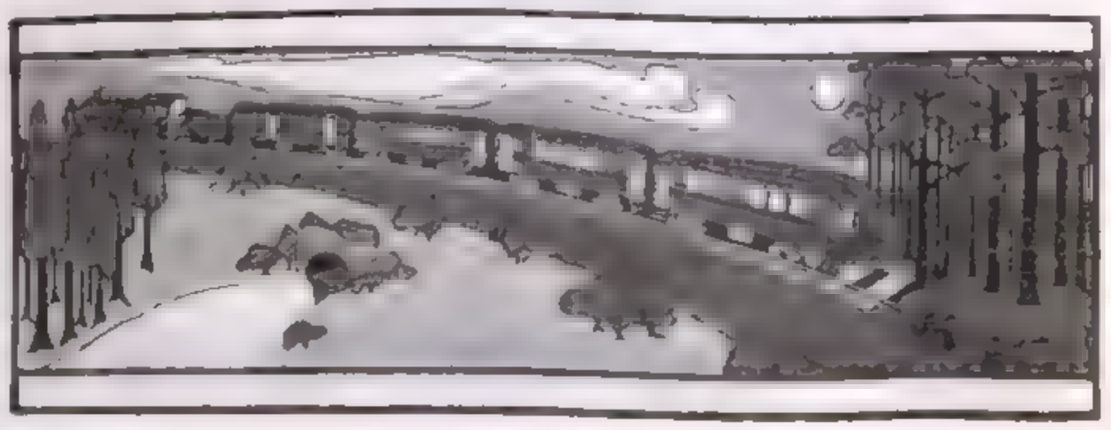
"You know more about this colt than anybody, Johnny," he says. "Now, no kidding, just how good do you think he is?"

"How good?" I answers. "Just good enough to hook with any horse at this track and choke it to death at the end of a clothesline."

"Good enough to win the Banner Handicap on Saturday?" Hannigan asks.

"The Banner?" I says. "What weight would he carry?"

Continued on Page 54.



Mr. Charles Le Maire, *New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous.*

"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"

New York City

"Of all the forms of theatrical work that of the costume designer is one of the most strenuous. He is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals lasting perhaps all night.

"I continued in this routine for a number of years. As the strain became greater I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"I followed a friend's suggestion, eating Fleischmann's Yeast before meals and often while I worked at my sketches. In a short time I found myself again willing to attack difficult scenes. After three or four months, I was quite my normal self again. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. My enthusiasm for work and for play was renewed. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it.

I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman

"I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was nervous, irritable, always constipated, his skin full of blotches. I gave him Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake in the morning and one at night. Today he is sturdy and well, with a fine clear skin. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast"

Mrs. Marion Declerco, *Detroit, Mich*

RIGHT

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a great lover of the outdoors, but my digestion got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. I now eat any kind of food and am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I wish to recommend Fleischmann's Yeast without qualification to any one with indigestion."

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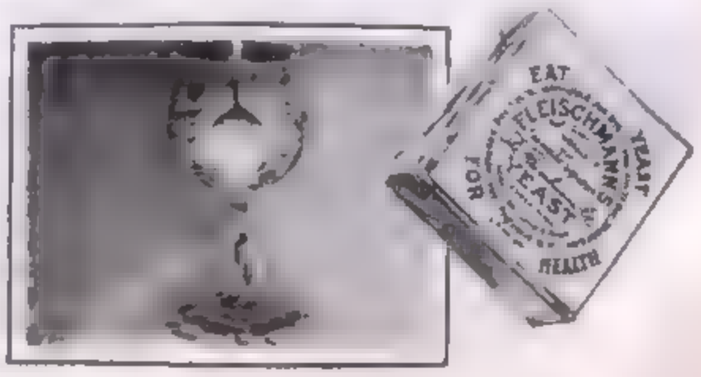
Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, rouses sluggish muscles to do their proper work, brings about a healthful regularity and *completeness* in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. D-49, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. As your system is strengthened you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.



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You'll find the Hershey Lock on the steering column at the dash in easy reach, away from dirt and oil. It simplifies driving—locking is no longer an extra operation easily forgotten. With a Hershey Lock you securely lock the steering every time you lock the ignition to stop your engine. The car cannot be pushed, driven or taken away. Such security motordom has never known before.

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Every car owner will find this booklet interesting and most profitable reading. Write for your copy today.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 52)

"He's on the list at 105," Hannigan says. "Ebenezer is top weight with 126."

"At 105 he runs all the rest of that field cockeyed," I says. "It would be like stealing a purse. But what's the sense of sticking him in there? He would have to go coupled with Ebenezer, and that means the entry would be favorite. Ebenezer runs second the same race last year with just two pound less, don't he?—and everybody knows he is twice the horse now he was then."

Hannigan grins. "There isn't anything to prevent Ebenezer meeting with a injury which stops him from going, is there?"

And they explain me the whole works. They are going to leave the entry stand till the morning of the race and then announce that Ebenezer has broke down or something. By that time they will have their dough planted all over the country—on the entry, of course. And when those out-of-town books get word that Ebenezer isn't going, they won't send no comeback money to the track, thinking that the colt hasn't a chance and that they will probably get word at the last minute to cancel the bets. And when Bud cops, he will pay easy fifteen or twenty to one.

"Swell," I says when they have finished telling me. "I have a couple of hundred that will go the same way as yours."

"Slip it to me, Johnny," Hannigan says, "and I'll send it with mine."

"I'll send it myself," I replies, "and then if there should be a accident I wouldn't blame nobody but myself. But don't worry; all I can afford to bet won't hurt your odds none. And if you think I won't give Bud a million-dollar ride, just watch me and give your eyes a treat."

Andy Flood coughs and Hannigan looks at me kind of queer. After a minute or so he says, "You might as well know now as later, Johnny. Swenson is going to do the riding."

"Percy!" I says. "Him! Why, what is wrong with me?"

"How much do you weigh right now?" Andy asks.

"A hundred and eight with tack," I replies, "but I can easy get that three pound off between now and Saturday."

"Yes, and be as weak as a soft drink after you done it," Hannigan says.

"I could cut a leg off and still outride that punk," I says.

Hannigan gets mad at that. "You never seen the day when you could ride with that kid," he replies. "I try to let you down easy; but if you will have it, Percy gets the shot because he outclasses you."

I think if I had of had a gun I would of shot him. "Mike Hannigan," I says, "I have did all your dirty work for near four years, and nobody knows better'n you that the reason why I am not at the top of the list is because everybody thinks I am as crooked as you. And now you throw me down for a little rat whose head is so swole it makes him round-shouldered. If I done right I would go and tell Spargus all about what you're putting over on him, but I'm not going to. In all my life I never done no squealing yet, which you know; and I'm going to have a bet on the colt on Saturday, because I don't think even your Percy boy could make him lose. But some day, Mike Hannigan, I will make you good and sorry that you ditched me like you are doing."

And with that I walk out and slam the door behind me. I guess if anybody had saw me right then they would not of wondered why I am called Cryin' Johnny.

IV

FOR once in his life Colonel Spargus must of got up before breakfast. On Saturday morning I am at the barn good and early. I would sooner been almost any wheres else, but I am there and intend to stick till time for the race. Two thousand dollars of my money is riding with Bud, which I have gave to Terry Oakes, the big commission man, to wire away for me on the Spargus entry. And along about six o'clock the colonel comes rushing by me without even seeing me and hollers for Hannigan.

"What's all this I hear about Ebenezer breaking down?" he says.

"I couldn't get you on the phone last night," Mike answers. "How did you hear about it?"

"It was in the morning paper," Spargus says. "Is it true?"

"I'm terrible sorry, colonel," Hannigan answers soothing—"terrible sorry. I just can't imagine how it happens; but some way the bottom half of Ebenezer's stall door is left unfastened and he gets his foot jammed in the crack of it. And in trying to get free he wrenches his near hind hoof pretty near off the foot. If I could find who left the door that way I would murder him."

"And there's no chance of him starting?" Spargus says.

"Not a chance on earth. He is lucky if he isn't crippled for good," Hannigan replies. "Of course we still got Bud."

"Bud?" the colonel says. "Who is he?"

"Oh, that's the stable name for Fair Boy," Hannigan tells him.

"Fair Boy?" Spargus says, mighty disgusted. "Why, what chance would he have? You better scratch him as well."

"But, colonel," Hannigan says reproachful, "just think of how bad the public would feel if your colors was not to be represented in this great race."

"That's true," the colonel replies, sticking out his stomach and looking important. "I didn't consider that aspect of it. I suppose it would detrack from the interest. Well, start him; but I must inform all my friends that I am letting him go for purely sentimental reasons and that he hasn't a ghost of a chance of winning."

"Fair enough," Mike says. "If you do that nobody can't have no complaint. There was something else I wanted to ask you about too, colonel." And the two of them walk towards the gate so I can't hear what they are saying

Pretty soon Hannigan returns and beckons me over. "Johnny," he says, "you been moaning about not getting a shot in the Banner. Well, I've got you one."

"Peaches!" I yells. "You're going to leave me ride Bud after all'"

"No, Johnny," he says. "Percy is still to ride the winner. But there's a New York owner here that has an entry in the race; and last night when word got around the hotel that Ebenezer was out, he comes looking for me to find out was I going to send you or Swenson. And when I tell him you are going to be idle, he asks would there be any possible chance of us allowing you to ride for him. Seems his wife has got some daffy notion about wanting you, or something. His name is Gerring, and he is one of those rich boobs that race a stable for the sport of it."

"I guess I could ride for him if I wanted to anyways," I says. "This stable hasn't got any mortgage on me."

"I know that, Johnny," he answers; "but, of course, Gerring thinks you are still under contract. So I told him I would ask Spargus for permission and if he said you could, it would be O. K. with me. At first I was going to say no, but then I thought it might not be such a bum idea if we had a friend riding in the race. You can't never tell; you may see a chance to bump something out of the way or carry a bunch wide on a turn and give Bud that much extra edge. You're betting on him, ain't you?"

"I sent a couple hundred away on him last night," I replies. Naturally, I wasn't telling Hannigan the real amount.

"Well, you know how to protect your own dough all right," he says. "So that is that. Gerring will be down here to the track later in the morning and I'll introduce you."

So when we walk over to the racing strip there is a swell big imported car standing close by the outside rail near the seven-eighth pole, and a big jolly-appearing man gets out of it and comes towards us. Hannigan shakes hands with him and gives me a knock-down. "Mr. Gerring," he says, "this is Jockey McElroy, who is going to ride your horse this afternoon—that is, if you haven't changed your mind since last night."

"I haven't a thing to say about it," Mr. Gerring replies. "Come over to the car and let the real boss tell you all about this wonderful horse of hers."

I have knocked around with quite a many janes in my time, and some of them were supposed to be swell lookers too. But there was something about the little lady that puts out her hand to me from that car which struck me different from anybody I ever seen before. Young and pretty and well-dressed and stylish—I guess she was all of those. But it wasn't how she looked that seemed to get me; it was a kind of something about her that I don't know how to describe. Real breeding and genuine class, I suppose it was. Big dark eyes that looked right at you as if they knew you couldn't ever do anything mean or rotten. And a voice that was sort of sweet and clear like the sound of water dropping —— Oh, hell, where would a ignorant guy like I get the language to tell about a lady like her? But no matter how daffy it may sound, when she was talking to me a feeling came over me like as if I was remembering a whole lot of nice things that—that hadn't never happened the kind of things I had been missing somehow.

"I'm so pleased to meet you at last, Jockey McElroy," she says. "I feel as if we were old friends. I don't suppose you remember riding a horse at Havre de Grace one afternoon three years ago—a horse that won at huge odds. I can't recall the name, but I distinctly remember that your jacket was bright cerise."

"You don't mean that Argentine Belle trick?" I says.

"That was the name," she replies. "It was the first time I had ever been at a race track and I had been losing frightfully—ten whole dollars, I think—and your ride on Argentine Belle brought me out of the depths of despair and sent me home happy. You see, ten dollars was a lot of money then, and I shouldn't have been gambling at all. And since then I have always thought of you as being a mascot for me; so when I discovered that you were riding here I wouldn't give Bob a minute's peace till he promised to try to get you to pilot my Phantom today. And now you're going to win the Banner Handicap for me."

"That's awful nice of you to say that, Mrs. Gerring," I says, "and I only wisht I could guarantee to bring him home in front. But there is a bunch of powerful horses in that race and yours will need to be real good to even stay close to them."

"Oh, he'll do it all right, now that he has you to bring him luck," she says. "He's all the darling that ever was. I fell in love with him the minute I saw him and made Bob give him to me for my very own."

"What has he ever did?" I asks.

"He has run second several times to high-class horses around New York," her husband answers. "He is rather on the small side, but game as they make them. Whether or not he's good enough to win here remains to be seen; but I know that he'll be trying every inch of the way."

"And so will I too," I replies. "I will give him everything I got. But I wouldn't advise you to count too much on winning, because, as I says before, it's one real tough spot you've picked. Still, I'll be out there trying just the same."

"That's as much as anyone can do, Jockey McElroy," says Mrs. Gerring, giving me her hand again. "I will be watching you bring home the winner."

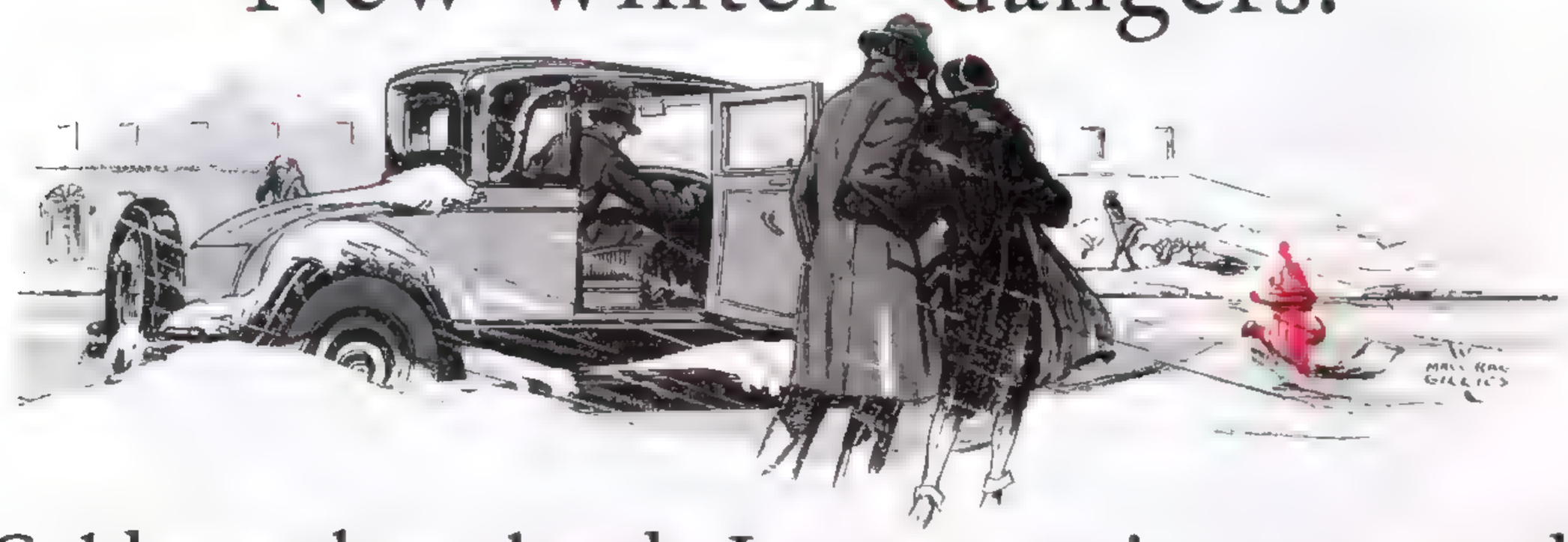
Mr. Gerring gives me some instructions about going and making arrangements with his trainer, and then I and Hannigan leave them. On the way back to the barn Mike says to me, "Now wouldn't that scald you, Johnny?—a quiet Sunday-school-looking dame like her imagining she can win a big stake with her pet horse. I

(Continued on Page 57)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 17

New winter dangers!



Cold weather ahead. Is your engine protected?

Freezing weather may come now when you least expect it. And changed driving conditions demand a greater lubricating margin of safety than ever before.

The yearly mileage of the average car is 25% or more greater than it was ten years ago. Most cars are now closed cars and this extra mileage is largely winter mileage.

Would you deliberately increase your engine wear 25%? No. But you may, if unexpected cold weather finds poor or incorrect oil in your crankcase.

Slow starts mean added strain on the battery. More. You use the choke longer. Excess gasoline vapor gets by the piston rings and dilutes the lubricating oil in the crankcase.

Using light, thin, so-called "winter oils" does not solve the problem. They make starting easier only and then fail to give adequate lubrication protection to important engine parts that are operating under nearly the same heat and friction conditions as in the summer.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn [illegible]	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
[illegible]	*	*	*	*
Chandler except Special 6-75	*	*	*	
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
[illegible]	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	
Essex except Models 6-65 and 70	*	*	*	*
Ford	*			
Frontenac	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
[illegible]	*	*	*	*
Marmon except	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard [illegible] Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless Model [illegible] Eight	*	*	*	
Pierce	*	*	*	
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Terraplane	*	*	*	*
Willys Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil Arctic

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, recommended on the Mobiloil Chart for the winter lubrication of many cars, is not a light, thin oil. It possesses the full, rich lubrication qualities so much needed under winter operating conditions, yet permits easy starting even in zero weather.

Mobiloil Arctic has that extra margin of safety so greatly needed to meet winter conditions.

Don't forget that freezing weather may come when you least expect it. For an engineering margin of safety, it will pay you (1) to drain off the used oil from your crankcase, and (2) to refill with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for your car in the winter column of the Mobiloil Chart.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

WILL YOUR NAME BE ON ONE OF THESE?

$10,000 prize contest

THREE $1000. prizes 998 OTHER CASH PRIZES

"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 145 prizes of $1 each.

ONLY a few weeks more and Postum's $10,000 prize contest comes to a close. One thousand and one money prizes will be given away—a wonderful opportunity! Grasp it while there is yet time!

Prizes for simply writing letters! These prizes will be won by persons like yourself. Some will win $1000 each—others $500! Why not be one of them?

All that is wanted is a straightforward, truthful letter telling what the thirty-day test of Postum has done for you. Or why you think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for children. Or how you prepare Postum so it is most delicious to your taste.

Others have told us, before this contest started, why they made the thirty-day test of Postum—used Postum in place of caffein beverages as their mealtime drink for thirty days—and how the test made them regular [illegible] Typical comments: "[illegible] you are an old-time Postum user, or a [illegible] prizes for the best letters.

Or write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk for children. Why do *you* think it is the best hot drink? Mothers have written: "My little girl has gained weight wonderfully"—"My children couldn't drink milk until I discovered Instant Postum made with milk"—"His color is better, and how he is growing"—"They love Instant Postum made with milk"—"No more worries about coffee for the children in *this* family!" Win a prize by writing a good letter!

In addition, there are hundreds of prizes for letters on the subject, "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Postum comes in two forms—Instant Postum and Postum Cereal. They are the same drink, but prepared in different ways. Some Postum enthusiasts won't have anything but Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—the kind that is prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. There are differences of opinion, too, concerning the strength at which Postum is most delicious. Some like it strong, others weak, others "in between". Just as with other hot drinks, individual tastes must be suited, and each Postum user experiments until he suits his own taste. How do *you* prepare Postum? A thousand dollars for the best letter!

The prize money is waiting to be won! Don't let another day go by! Read the rules on this page, and enter the contest!

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
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This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone—everywhere.

JUDGES

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© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran [illegible] in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

(Continued from Page 54)

bet she feeds it sugar all the time. And what do you know about a big millionaire like Gerring marrying one that hasn't got no more jazz and pep than her?"

"Hannigan," I answers, "me and you has been mixed up in a lot of deals, and what we don't know about one another isn't worth knowing. And it appears to me like there are a few things that rummies like us shouldn't even talk about—things which are out of our class complete—and a real lady like her is one of them."

V

THERE may be plenty of prettier spots than that Woodbine track, but I haven't ever saw many of them; and I don't believe the Lord could of made a more lovelier afternoon if He had tried. It is one of them crispy fall days they get up there, and there is just sufficient nip to the breeze to make the sunshine feel good. The grass of the infield is just like a new pool table, and the riffles on the blue water of the lake south of the back stretch glisten so bright you can taste the sparkles in the air, seems like. The Banner is about the most important stake there is in those parts and the biggest crowd of the year is there to watch the running of it; and while I have rode in plenty of big races before, someway I am awful glad that I have a mount in this one, even if it is something that hasn't got a chance. And as I steer my horse out of the paddock gate for the parade I want to yell or something, I feel that good.

He is a real nice-looking trick, this Phantom, at that, but terrible small. I have a peek at him in his stall in the morning, but my first real look is in the paddock before saddling. And when I give him the once-over I can't help from thinking of a little boy being sent to fight growed-up men. But what there is of him appears to be all horse.

However, I am not interested in him so much as I am in something else. As we parade past the grand stand I take a squint at the probable-odds board, and when I see opposite Fair Boy's number the nice figure of 10 to 1, I begin studying on all the things I am going to do with them twenty-odd thousand dollars. I have just about decided what shade of yellow my new roadster is going to be when the little horse gets scared at the crowd and rears. As soon as I reach over and pat his neck and say, "Steady, baby," he calms down and walks like a little gent; but it takes my mind off thinking financial.

And when you are in a starting chute with thirteen horses around yours and some of them crazy actors, you got no time for daydreaming. There is quite a delay and a lot of milling around, but after a while we get them lined up good and Cassidy presses the button and hollers "Come on!" and we are away.

Our post position is Number 12, away over by the outside fence; and knowing there is sure to be a lot of crowding in the quarter-mile run down the straight before we reach the first bend, I ease Phantom back right after the break and drop him down on the inner rail. About eight of the others get to the turn in a heap and the shuffling and bumping and cursing is something stimulating, but I am not in it. My little horse is saving all the ground there is, and when we hit the back stretch we have already put four or five behind us and are laying in a good spot with plenty of racing room.

Right from the start I have took a nice hold of the little feller's head, but it isn't till we are going down the back that I realize what a armful of horse I have got under me. The way he is running against the bit he seems to be saying, "Come on, Johnny, turn loose of me and leave us show these cripples some running!" So I let out a wrap and he turns it on still faster and we begin picking up our field. One by one we hook with them, put them away and go on to the next. And when we get to the top turn there are only three or four I can see in front, and as they swing into the stretch three of them go wide, and little Phantom nips through the opening and passes them like they are anchored. And there, six lengths out in front of us, is just one horse, and I don't need no second look to know which one. It is Bud—Fair Boy—well on top and running like a scared rabbit.

And right there I guess must of been where I went clean bugs. I forget who I am and where I am and where my lovely money is riding. The only thing in my mind is that we simply got to catch that front runner before he gets to the wire. And I set down on my little horse and begin really riding him with hand and tongue.

"Come on, baby!" I says. "Come on, you little old hoss! What are you doing away back here? This ain't where they pay off!" And the little feller responds noble and foot by foot we are overhauling the leader.

I can tell by the way he is setting that young Swenson imagines the race is already over. And while he is still running straight and true, I can also see that Bud is a pretty tired horse. Pinhead Percy has been letting him make all his own pace, and being a free-running fool, Bud has been setting it down awful fast for a mile-and-a-quarter journey. At the sixteenth pole he begins bearing out a trifle, as a tiring horse generally will; so instead of coming to the outside of him, I keep Phantom right down on the rail; and with a little shaking up his head is alongside Swenson's saddle girth before Percy knows he is in for a horse race.

And it is gravy for me to see the frightened look on Percy when he catches sight of us. I know just how he feels, having been on many's the one I thought was already in and then seen a contender loom up from nowheres. Inch by inch the little horse keeps creeping up, creeping up, until just at the seventy-yard pole we are riding knee and knee.

But that isn't enough. The difference in the sizes of the two gives Fair Boy a good head over the little horse, even with riders level. And it seems like Phantom has did all he can. I haven't punished him any, there being no sense in using the bat on one that is giving all he has. But now I know the time has came for something desperate.

Swenson hasn't been whipping neither; there hasn't been any need with his horse in front all the route. And besides, Hannigan had told him positive the day before that he wasn't to draw his weapon on Bud unless absolutely necessary, because the only time I ever hit him during works he had flinched a tiny bit.

So I wait till we are just about fifty yards out and then I scream at Percy as loud as I can, "Why don't you knock on him, punk? Is your arm paralyzed the same as your brain?" And Percy falls for it.

I see him shift the reins to his left hand, and as he does so, being a clumsy kid, he lets Bud's head loose for just a instant; so that when he brings down the bat, his horse swerves—not much, but it don't take much to make all the difference. And as he swerves, I raise my hand and give Phantom one cut—just the one, but when I knock I knock hard. And that one welt fetches out that last ounce that even a game horse doesn't know is in him, and we sweep under that wire with the little feller's nose just enough ahead for the judges to catch sight of it first.

And right about then I wake up out of my trance and remember that I have rode the best trip of my career to beat myself out of the swellest bet I ever have made.

It is a good thing I don't have no more engagements for the day, because I wouldn't of been as much help to a horse as a attack of the heaves. I hardly can remember the weighing-in or the handshaking or the congratulations; it all seems like some nightmare. But I do recall setting in the jocks' room for a half hour with my silks still on, cursing myself mighty free and fluent. And yet, in the middle of that cursing, I someways feel sort of glad and puffed up too.

After a while I let the valet help me off with the silks and take a shower and get dressed. And when I come out of the jockey house, there is Mr. and Mrs. Gerring waiting, and the nice things they both say take away all the sting that is left and make me come as close to blushing as I ever done.

"The finest piece of riding I ever witnessed," Mr. Gerring says for about the tenth time. "And there is something else, McElroy. I have been talking to Mr. Hannigan about you and have almost persuaded him to put a price on your services, provided you are willing to ride for me. I understand that your contract has still two years to run and ——"

And right then Hannigan pushes his way through the little mob that is around us. "Will you pardon me, Mr. Gerring?" he says. "A very important message has just came for Johnny and I must speak to him private for a minute."

He draws me away a piece and begins talking low and fast. "Listen, kid," he says, "this Gerring boob wants you and wants you bad. Wants you enough to lay down important dough for you. I have bulled him that I have a contract on you, and I think I can pry fifty grand out of him the way he feels—forty, anyways. We split fifty-fifty, of course, and we can easy fix up papers so that he won't know the difference. So be careful what you say, Johnny, and don't look too anxious."

"All right," I says; "come on back and we'll settle it."

We go back to where the Gerrings are. "Mr. Gerring," I says, "I understand that Hannigan tells you he has a two-year contract on me." Mr. Gerring nods and looks as if he wonders what is coming. So I turn to Hannigan.

"Mr. Hannigan," I says—and my voice is as scornful as I can make it—"Mr. Hannigan," I says, "you are nothing more nor less than a cheap, low-down thief, willing to rob both them that you work for and them that work for you. You don't own me, or no part of me, and haven't for over a year. And if Mr. Gerring wants me I will sign for him for nothing—yes, and work for nothing too. And you can go and jump in the lake and poison all the fish." And with them words I turn my back in Hannigan's face.

So now I have told you the whole works and I wonder can you make any more sense out of it than I can. Imagine me, tossing off all that lovely dough in the race, and then as much more on the contract deal right after. If I live to be a thousand I never will be able to get it right why I done it. Sometimes I think it was because of Mrs. Gerring and sometimes I think it was because of the gamest little horse ever was, that I just couldn't see beat. And then sometimes I think it is just because I must be a plain nut.

But anyways I don't give a dam. I'm on my way now for the big time, so just watch my smoke. Any time you happen to be at the track and see my name on the board, get yourself a little bet. I won't guarantee to win for you, but you will get a ride for your jack anyways. For I'm through with Hannigan and the likes of him and want nothing better than to forget that there are such louses in the world.

And yet somehow I would hate to have Hannigan forget me. So when I get to New York and buy me some Broadway clothes, I am going to some classy photograph joint and get my picture took—one of those swell pictures, as big as a saddle cloth. And I am going to send one of those pictures to Hannigan, and on the front of it will be wrote in purple ink: "To my friend and admirer Mike Hannigan, from your friend Jockey J. McElroy." And underneath that I am going to write some poetry I seen once on a valentine. It runs:

When this you see
Remember me.

And when Hannigan opens up that picture and reads them verses he is going to about have a hemmrage and choke to death.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES OH HENRY!
'cause it's made that Home-made way

Right out of the home pantry and ice-box, the real genuine home things—make the best candy. That's why folks love Oh Henry! made of those very things. Look:

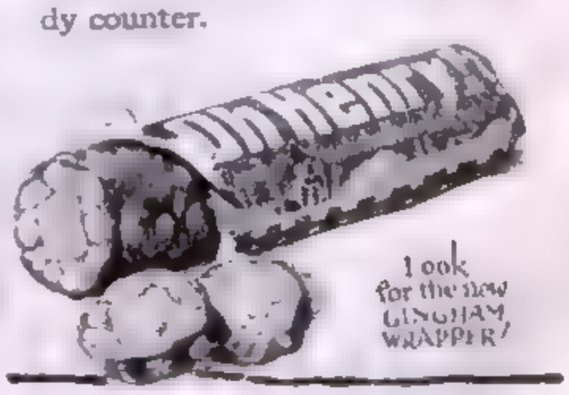
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

We're proud as a peacock of the good home things Oh Henry's made of—we're proud to tell the world *how* we make it. Oh Henry! was first made in a little home kitchen. Today all the world eats Oh Henry!—still made that home-made way. Ask for it at any candy counter.



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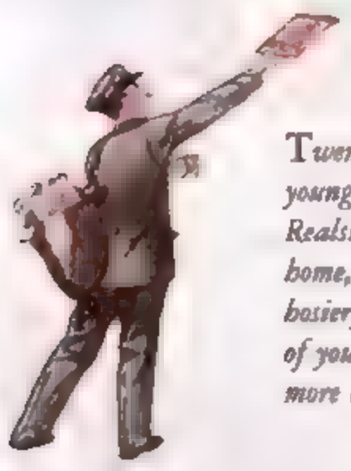
Ten thousand Realsilk Representatives are today being invited into American homes where they will receive orders for this lovely fresh silk hosiery—a service deeply appreciated and widely utilized by an enormous number of fastidious women everywhere—



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This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

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QUEEN CINDERELLA

(Continued from Page 17

borrowed from the cabin boy. The yacht became a Noah's ark and we constituted a menagerie, each of us taking the name of an animal and all of us belonging to the princess, who was certainly the most charming mistress that any domestic animal could long for. I remember that my elder sister was "the ass," one of our friends "the dog," and I "the pony," because I knew how the Princess Marie adored horses. The rôles having been distributed, we were quite ready to be shipwrecked like Robinson Crusoe.

On our daily excursions we used one of the large lifeboats of the yacht. On one occasion, when the company was more numerous than usual and the excursion farther afield, the boat, on its way back to the yacht, ran into a thick fog which had suddenly covered the sea. We had set out without an officer or pilot, having only the sailors to row us, and myself, the "cabin boy," as crew. We began to wonder how we were going to find the yacht again in the dense fog and whether perhaps we might not chance on some rock and be shipwrecked in reality. The anxiety became general, nobody laughed any more. The crown prince and my mother were especially anxious. At this moment one of the company had the idea of counting aloud the passengers, and discovered that we were thirteen in the boat.

"That is an unlucky number," said someone.

The Fourteenth

The crown princess leaned over toward my mother, sitting beside me, and I heard her whisper "I am not afraid. We are fourteen."

King George and Queen Elisabetha of Greece

At this mysterious assurance they both smiled. This fourteenth person, all unsuspected by me, was Marie-Mignon, invisible but yet already a bringer of good luck to us. Despite the fog, the imperiled boat soon came alongside the yacht and we found ourselves safe and sound on board while I was still vainly counting and recounting the passengers, without ever being able to find more than thirteen!

It was at Gotha, in the old castle dominating a picturesque little German town, the home of her maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, some months after the adventure on the Black Sea which was still an enigma to me, that the child called Marie-Mignon was born. Since she was born princess of Rumania, under the roof of the Russian grandmother, daughter of the Russian Emperor Alexander II, belonging also to the Orthodox religion, and as she was, notwithstanding this, the daughter of a Catholic father and an English Protestant mother, her birth certificate was drawn up according to the two calendars in order to satisfy both ancient and modern styles. Born in December, 1899, according to the Orthodox calendar, and in January, 1900, according to the Gregorian calendar, she was a child of two centuries, the nineteenth and the twentieth.

At her baptism she received the name of Marie in honor of her great-grandmother, the Empress Marie of Russia; of her grandmother, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and of her mother, the Crown Princess of Rumania—the three Maries. But there being already so many of this name in the imperial and royal families, in order to distinguish her from the others she was given also the name of Mignon, from the opera which was being played at the theater of Gotha on the night of her birth.

Thus the little princess of Rumania, born beyond the kingdom, was placed under the protection of Mignon, mourning her country. At first used more in fun, the name clung to her. It is written on her first portrait, which the Crown Princess Marie sent to my sister and myself a month after the birth of this her third child, that mysterious fourteenth. I was to understand better later how she had saved us from shipwreck. This portrait is an amateur photograph taken in the interior of the palace. The baby is in the arms of her elder sister, Elisabetha, who holds her as she would a doll, but a doll that has been naughty, because she is looking most severely at her. The baby is wearing her baptismal robe of fine lace reaching to the ground, and the baby face peering out from the old-womanish bonnet is lit up with the indescribable smile of the newly born. They really seem to laugh without knowledge of why or at whom; the French say that they "*rient aux anges*." This portrait bears on the margin, in the large handwriting of the crown princess, a date and the names of the two sisters, Marie-Mignon and Elisabetha.

The last shall be first, say the Scriptures. But save in the Scriptures and on this photograph, taken on the day of her baptism, Mignon will be not only the third but always and everywhere the very last in her family circle. Overshadowed from her childhood up by her two elders, Carol and Elisabetha, she will voluntarily efface herself before the two younger children, Nicolas and Ileana, who will come after her to reign in the nursery. Coming between these two pairs, she will be alone, she will always be the odd one. It is necessary to give way to the older because they are bigger and to the younger because they are smaller. She will learn to bear her lot with charm, with patience and with a humility very touching in the daughter of a king, great-granddaughter of an emperor and of a queen. Her brothers and sisters will always call her by all sorts of nicknames which are far from being flattering: "Fat Mignon," "Stupid Mignon," "Mignon, the bag of German apples!"

Her hair, that lovely hair, golden as virgin silk, becomes an instrument of torture. Carol, first of all, has pulled it secretly. Nicolas will pull it openly.

Humility

It is impossible to find a trace of pride or vanity in Mignon. She is pretty and she does not know it. How could she know it? Elisabetha is so beautiful more beautiful than she is and than all the world. Carol is so very much more intelligent than she and tells her so every minute. That day of the blot of ink in the house book of Posada, I still hear Prince Carol exclaiming before us all, in a tone of the most complete conviction: "Mignon, you are so stupid that you are almost clever, because it is difficult to bring it so far!"

Mignon flushes, but does not protest. The Princess Elisabetha silently agrees

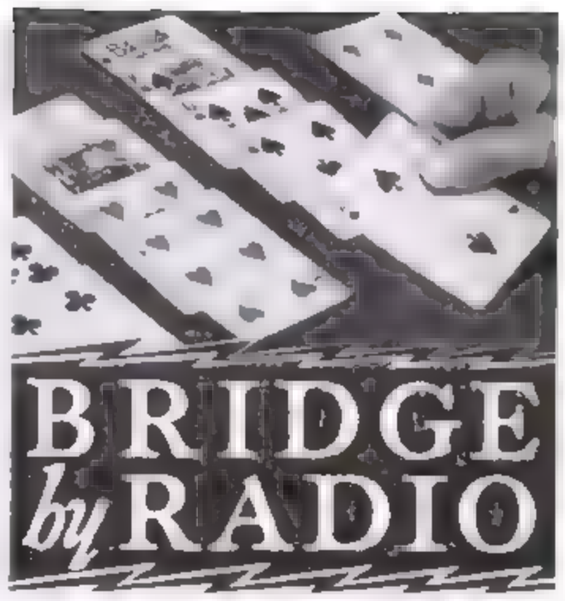
Another day, it is a question of the distribution of ponies for a mountain excursion. The oldest pony, the worst one, is declared good enough for Mignon.

Everything that no longer pleased or existed for the brother and sister, everything they had thrown away—old clothes, old hats and even friends no longer loved—any sentimental or other cast-off, at once becomes good enough for Mignon. The cast-off will be her portion and she will accept it. How often have I thought to myself, seeing her breathlessly following her triumphant elders, carrying their cameras or their rackets, dragging along the younger children, wearing an impossible hat and dressed anyhow, or else left alone at home: "There is our Cinderella."

There was no chance of saving her from the teasing, because she herself voluntarily submitted, in obedience to who can say what divine behest. She adored her brother Carol. She admired madly her sister Elisabetha, the classical beauty of the family, who could make her feel herself a complete nobody.

Neither of these then realized that in humiliating poor little Mignon, in depriving her of things they themselves enjoyed, they were actually increasing her chances of happiness. While awaiting the unknown future, Carol and Elisabetha endowed their little sister with a wonderful treasure—they gave her a good nature.

At the season of the Christmas tree, the crown princess used to consult her two elder children about the presents which would give the greatest pleasure to the younger



Week of November 7th

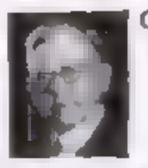
In this hand, after South (dealer) bids Diamonds and West bids Hearts, should North continue Diamonds or go to No Trump? North and South make a Grand Slam. Can you? Try it, then tune in and learn a clever Bridge maneuver!

H. P. Jaeger, Cleveland, dealer, South—

Spades	7, 2
Hearts	8, 2
Diamonds	A, K, 10, 4, 3
Clubs	K, J, 9, 7

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—

Spades	A, 9, 8, 4
Hearts	K, J, 10, 4, 3
Diamonds	7, 2
Clubs	5, 3



Carl T. Robertson, Cleveland, North—

Spades	K, Q, 10, 3
Hearts	A, Q, 9
Diamonds	Q, J, 5
Clubs	A, Q, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, East—

Spades	J, 6, 5
Hearts	7, 6, 5
Diamonds	9, 8, 6
Clubs	10, 8, 6, 4

Tues., Nov. 8, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WFBL, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMC, WWJ

Tues., Nov. 8, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. - Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway - Colorado Springs
KGBX Foster-Hall Tire Co. - St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA - General Electric Co. - Denver
KOB - Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts - Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch - Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. - Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel - Hot Springs, Ark.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. - Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA City of Pensacola - Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Co. - Fargo
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co. - Orlando, Fla.
WFAA Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck - Dallas
WHBQ Tri-State Broadcasting Co. - Memphis
WKY Radiophone Service - Oklahoma City, Okla.
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co. - Knoxville
WOKT Titus-Eis Corp. - Rochester, N. Y.
WPG Municipal Station - Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. - Richmond, Va.
CFAC Herald - Calgary, Can.
CFQC Radio Service - Prince Albert, Can.
CFQC Radio Service - Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS Northern Elec. Co. - Halifax, Can.
CHNC L. R. Booth, Jr. - Ottawa, Can.
CJCA Journal - Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press - London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons - Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse - Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province - Vancouver, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. - Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System - Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Can.
Auction Bridge Magazine, 80 Ferry St., New York.

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ones. After a long list of presents which might satisfy Nicolas and Ileana, I still seem to hear Elisabetha as she replied to her mother's question: "As for Mignon, if you give her a piece of India-rubber and an old pencil she will be quite content."

And it was true. Mignon had learned to be satisfied with anything

King Carol, of Rumania, the great-uncle of these little princesses, who was then reigning, was a severe and cold man, who did not take any interest in the toilet of the female members of his family. It did happen once, however, during an official journey in which the whole court took part, that even King Carol was scandalized by the far from elegant appearance of his niece. She had followed her mother and sister from the royal carriage, amidst the salutes and cheering, wearing an appalling hat, old-fashioned and misshapen.

As soon as the official reception was over, the old king, always very sparing of words, called his niece to him in his private apartments, and barely touching the offending hat with his finger, he condemned it utterly with one word; he said in Rumanian, with his strong foreign accent, "*Desgustator*," which in English means simply "Disgusting."

Inquiries proved that the condemned hat had belonged to Princess Elisabetha, who had once worn it constantly, but had thrown it aside some three years before and had made a present of it to Mignon for this occasion. In the same way Cinderella in the fairy tale used to wear the worn-out clothes which her sisters no longer wanted.

In the Rôle of Matchmaker

The World War, the terrible war which overthrew so many thrones in Europe, made it very difficult for Marie of Rumania, who had become queen in 1914, to marry her daughters after the peace treaty of 1918. Elisabetha was growing up. Long negotiations with the Greek court, then in exile in Zurich, finally brought about the betrothal in 1919 of Princess Elisabetha with the Diadoque George of Greece, Duke of Sparta and heir to the Greek throne. This was followed some weeks later by the betrothal of the Crown Prince Carol with the charming Princess Hélène, eldest daughter of King Constantine and sister of the Diadoque.

Mignon, according to Queen Marie, had played her great part in these happy events. She had been the go-between, the bearer of messages between the future engaged couples, and their confidante. She ran from one to the other, making easy meetings, smoothing away differences of character, preaching happiness, saying nice things about everybody, completely forgetting herself in her joy at this double union, which was to make her elder sister Elisabetha a queen of Greece and her friend Sita—the Princess Hélène—a queen of Rumania.

They all came on a visit to Posada at the time of the announcement of these royal marriages. Mignon, full of smiles, looking on at the happiness of the others, declared herself as never going to marry. The idea of thinking of herself, of her marriage and settling down in life never entered her head. She had so completely become accustomed to effacing herself and never desiring anything for herself. She was always Cinderella, dressed any old way, "content with a piece of India-rubber and an old pencil." And she was twenty-two.

A witty French princess once replied to an ambassador who had asked her if she were interested in politics: "No, ambassador, but politics are interested in me."

And in 1922 politics decided to be interested in Princess Mignon, without her being in the very least interested in politics. The Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs came one day to see Queen Marie and to tell her that it would be wise and necessary to give a gage of alliance to Serbia, now become the Kingdom of Jugo-Slavia by the reunion of the three Serbian peoples, the Serbians, the Croatians and the Slovenians.

The two riverain monarchies of the Danube and their peoples had suffered cruelly under the enemy invasions during the Great War. Bulgaria was not yet peaceful. It was needful to think of the consolidation of the Balkans. For this peaceful alliance an outward and visible sign was needed and it was for Mignon to be this sign.

Queen Marie, too human to allow herself to be ruled only by ambition, replied to her minister:

"Speak to my daughter. We will never force her. If you can succeed in convincing her, so much the better."

Playing on Mignon's Sympathy

The minister set about his task skillfully. Having received the mission of persuading the princess, he did not talk to her of the need for the Little Entente or of the Balkan bloc or of Mr. Lloyd George's policy, not even of the King of Jugo-Slavia. He talked only of a young man, tender and lonely, living all by himself in his palace at Belgrade, having neither father nor mother, without brothers, without a wife and without friends. This young hero, forced to wear eyeglasses because his eyes had been worn out through reading staff maps by flickering candlelight during the World War, when he commanded his armies in person, needed someone to console him. He did not only need a queen for his peoples but also and especially he longed for a companion to brighten his life and to render less hard his melancholy solitude.

This touching picture melted Mignon's heart:

"Let him come here, since he has nobody to care for him! Let him come at once, because he has no friends and it is just Christmastime, the time of all the year when it must be most sad to be alone without family."

He came to Sinaia in the Carpathians, to the castle hidden in the heart of the great forests; he came at the season when came the Kings out of the East, at the season of gifts; he came bearing no less than three kingdoms, honors, riches, and that which outweighs all these—domestic happiness and good fortune.

They went for a first walk in the forest covered with the snow, and returned engaged. It was all very simple, all very solemn. The hundred-year-old pine trees were the witnesses of their vows.

"Mamma, we have settled it!" cried the future Queen of the Serbians, Croatians and Slovenians, coming into the boudoir of her mother. And she threw her arms round the neck of Queen Marie, half crying, half smiling, in all the confusion of someone who has just relieved her heart by doing a kind action.

Alexander, the "poor Sandro," as she called him already, would no longer be alone, away there in his great palace in Belgrade.

And then began the fairy tale. Good fortune spread itself around the Cinderella, just as it should do to satisfy the most difficult moral sense in the hearts of little children. It is because Cinderella is humble of heart, badly dressed and always consigned to the kitchen, that, as children, we have always been passionately devoted to

Continued on Page 62.

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(Continued from Page 60

her, preferring her to her proud sisters; and all children who are born and who will be born for all time will always prefer her. Cinderella typifies the triumph of the humble against the arrogant. And all children have too much natural nobility not to be democratic in the truest sense of the word.

Cinderella, raised from the lowest to the highest position by the magic wand of a fairy who alone was able to see her true worth, is and always will be a touchingly lovable person. Childish imagination would remain unthrilled by the marriage of a beautiful, rich and highborn princess to a great king. Such marriages can only interest the snobs. But when a princess, a little girl who has always been content with that which the others no longer wanted, accomplishes her wonderful destiny, all true hearts are thrilled. In the difficult years after the war the history of the Balkans has at last become a fairy tale, thanks to Marie-Mignon.

During the betrothal with Prince Charming, who had also passed through the school of adversity, the complete transformation of Cinderella took place before the eyes of all the world. She now became elegant, and since she had always been pretty without knowing it, her elegance revealed her beauty to those who had always ignored it. But she remained simple in all her fine dresses, and sometimes when her fiancé was absent she would in private return to her old habit of dressing in any manner she pleased.

A Good Omen

When one day Queen Marie found her in her room wearing one of her oldest, most ungraceful dresses and reproached her, Mignon replied, "Oh, mamma, do let me be ugly for one hour a day. It is such a rest!"

In the very moment of assuming all the glory of a queen, she had returned, as if in play, to her old habit. She was instinctively grateful to her old dress. It was thanks to it perhaps that she had been able to keep her heart pure and tender. She had defended it against the blight of vanity and against the curse of pride. It was thanks to her old hat perchance that she had been able to keep her head in the midst of the flattery of a court.

As it always happens in the fairy tales and seldom in actual life, and as it will happen, we hope, in the Kingdom of Heaven, the reward of Mignon surpassed all human expectations.

Presents poured in from Belgrade on the eve of the marriage. Everything was there that the kings of old could have found to adorn their chosen brides, nor were the miracles of modern craftsmanship lacking: The most beautiful emerald diadems, the largest, purest diamonds, the longest necklaces and also the most luxurious automobiles; and such wonderful letters accompanying the gifts.

The marriage took place with great pomp and ceremony in Belgrade, the capital of poor Sandro, in the midst of an assembly composed principally of kings, queens, kings' sons, soldiers and peasants. The marriage was not without its omen. When the new queen, wearing the royal robe, received the triple crown of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia on her beautiful hair of pure silk, she lifted high her head, and those present were struck by a resemblance which nobody had noticed before, but which those nearest to her now remarked clearly. Marie-Mignon, crowned, recalled a very popular figure, known to all the world, of a young queen portrayed on millions of stamps and coins of a great empire; she was the very image of her great-grandmother Queen Victoria

As Marie-Mignon returned in the royal procession from the church to the palace, amidst the cheers of the army and the people, a peasant woman, clad in gala national costume, bearing her child in her arms, advanced to meet the queen, barring her way into the palace, and placed her newly born son in her arms. This is an ancient and touching custom of the Serbians—to place a newly born child in the arms of the bride at the moment in which she first enters her new home, as a sign of the motherhood which is wished for her. Mignon pressed to her warm heart this peasant's son, presage of the royal son which she was to give to the nation.

Only one shadow fell across this joyous day. A short time before the date fixed for the marriage of Mignon, Elisabetha had fallen ill in Athens, so seriously that her father and mother had hastened to her bedside, fearing to arrive too late, and it was not even then certain that she would ever be completely cured

A year later Mignon returned to Sinaia to visit her parents. The king, her father, awaited her at the station. There awaited her also the guard of honor exclusively reserved for reigning sovereigns.

According to royal etiquette, all kings and queens are considered to be brothers and sisters. The equal of her father and of her mother—that is what Marie-Mignon had become. Thus, after having embraced the other members of her family, she alone reviewed the royal guard, was saluted by the trumpets, by the orders of the officers and by the royal standard dipped to earth.

In the castle of Sinaia, where everyone was gathered to receive her, Queen Cinderella found again the memories of her childhood and its familiar figures. The big brother and the big sister whom she had so admired and feared were both there. They had to yield the first place to her. Carol was still only crown prince and was soon to be one no longer. Elisabetha was on the eve of receiving, as the result of a revolution, that crown of Greece which she was to wear only for some months between two exiles. Their Royal Highnesses took place at table, in the carriages, in the box at the theater, always after Her Majesty Queen Mignon.

But all her ever-increasing prosperity has been unable to change the sweet good nature of Queen Cinderella. Her naïveté, her simplicity have remained unchanged. I have many proofs of this, and first of all one during a visit made by the young queen to Paris a year and a half after her marriage.

King Alexander, occupied by the cares of state, had been prevented at the last moment from leaving Belgrade, but had not wished to deprive his young wife of one of those rare holidays which sovereigns also need and of the stay in France to which they both had so looked forward. It was also important to make purchases for the furnishing of the new palace which the sovereigns were having built near Belgrade, on the hill of Dedigné, with its magnificent panorama over the Danube.

The Queen of the Serbians, Croatians and Slovenians, who was only accompanied by one lady in waiting and her Rumanian maid, stayed incognito, under the name of Countess of Avala, in one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli.

I went to see her immediately after her arrival. She received me in a little drawing-room crowded with enormous masses of roses and orchids, all having that consequential air of flowers which grow only by the dozen, are to be found only at first-class florists' and exist for the benefit of great personages. When I remarked that the size and number of the flowers revealed the official position of the sender, the young queen cried laughingly: "You have guessed right! It is the president of the republic who has sent me these flowers. I have thanked him. He also asked to come and see me. But I have informed him that, as I am here in Paris without my husband, it would not be proper for me to receive the visit of a gentleman."

If it reached him accurately, this message must have caused good Monsieur Millerand, model father of a family, who was then president of the French Republic, to pull his gray mustache and smile considerably.

It is an answer very characteristic of Queen Mignon, who is above all else jealous of her good name and very decided that Cæsar's wife shall be above all suspicion.

During this visit in Paris the queen came to dine with me and I took her to the theater to see the successful play of the day it was Romance. The French Minister for Fine Arts had informed me that his box was at the disposal of the queen. Queen Cinderella was wearing that evening a simple dress of black velvet with all the elegance of Paris, yet quiet and perfect, not at all giving the impression of a Balkan royalty, *en voyage*. The magnificence of her jewels alone might have given some idea of who she was.

The Royal Group at the Christening of Crown Prince Peter of Jugo-Slavia. King Alexander, Queen Elizabetha of Greece, King Ferdinand, Queen Marie and the Duke and Duchess of York, Who Acted as Godfather and Godmother

An Heir

When we entered the box we saw a large bunch of roses well in evidence. Queen Mignon was somewhat embarrassed at this unexpected bouquet she did not forget that she was the Countess of Avala—and asked that the flowers should be hidden from the public in the anteroom with the cloaks. But when the play was over and the curtain had fallen on the last act of Romance, the queen wished to take away the roses on leaving the box. Afraid, however, of being too noticeable on the way out, if she passed through the crowd carrying a bouquet of flowers, she wished to confide them to me.

"They will think it is you," she said jokingly.

I declined the offer and the honor, but catching sight of the Marquis of Castellane, who, fortunately, just happened to be there, I had the idea of giving the queen's flowers into his charge. He accepted the task with the greatest politeness and, without a moment's hesitation, walked down the stairway of the theater, under the eyes of an astonished crowd, carrying in his hand the large bunch of roses

Thanks to this, the queen and I were able to reach our carriage without attracting attention. The modesty and charming simplicity of Mignon had survived the exercise of her royal functions.

On the sixth of September, 1923, the queen gave birth to a son, thus fulfilling the wishes made to her by the peasant woman in the name of the three peoples reunited under her scepter. Prince Peter, heir to the throne of the three kingdoms, was born in Belgrade, crowning the happiness of Queen Cinderella and the king, her husband. In the same year, without kingdom and without children, Elisabetha, exiled from Athens, returned to live with her parents, a dethroned queen

(Continued on Page 67)

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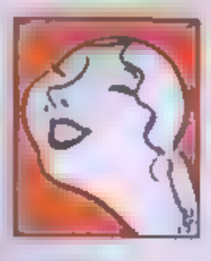
"CHANG" with its thrilling climax, the frenzied stampede of a herd of elephants, is a Paramount Picture. So is "THE ROUGH RIDERS". ~ And that wonderful story of brotherly love "BEAU GESTE". "METROPOLIS", the fascinating glimpse into tomorrow's universe. ~ "THE WAY OF ALL FLESH" in which Emil Jannings gives such a marvelous performance. ~ "JESSE JAMES", "NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR", "SWIM GIRL SWIM", "TELL IT TO SWEENEY", "A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS". ~ The seething drama of gangster warfare, "UNDERWORLD" which broke the record in New York, is a Paramount Picture, too. ~ Clara Bow in "HULA" and "RED HAIR" Pola Negri in "BARBED WIRE" and "THE WOMAN ON TRIAL". Paramount! Paramount! Paramount! No wonder so many people think *all* the good pictures are Paramount! And they are not so far wrong, either—at least all *Paramount* Pictures are good pictures! And they will be still better tomorrow when you are seeing "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"  HAROLD LLOYD, "BEAU SABREUR" and others.

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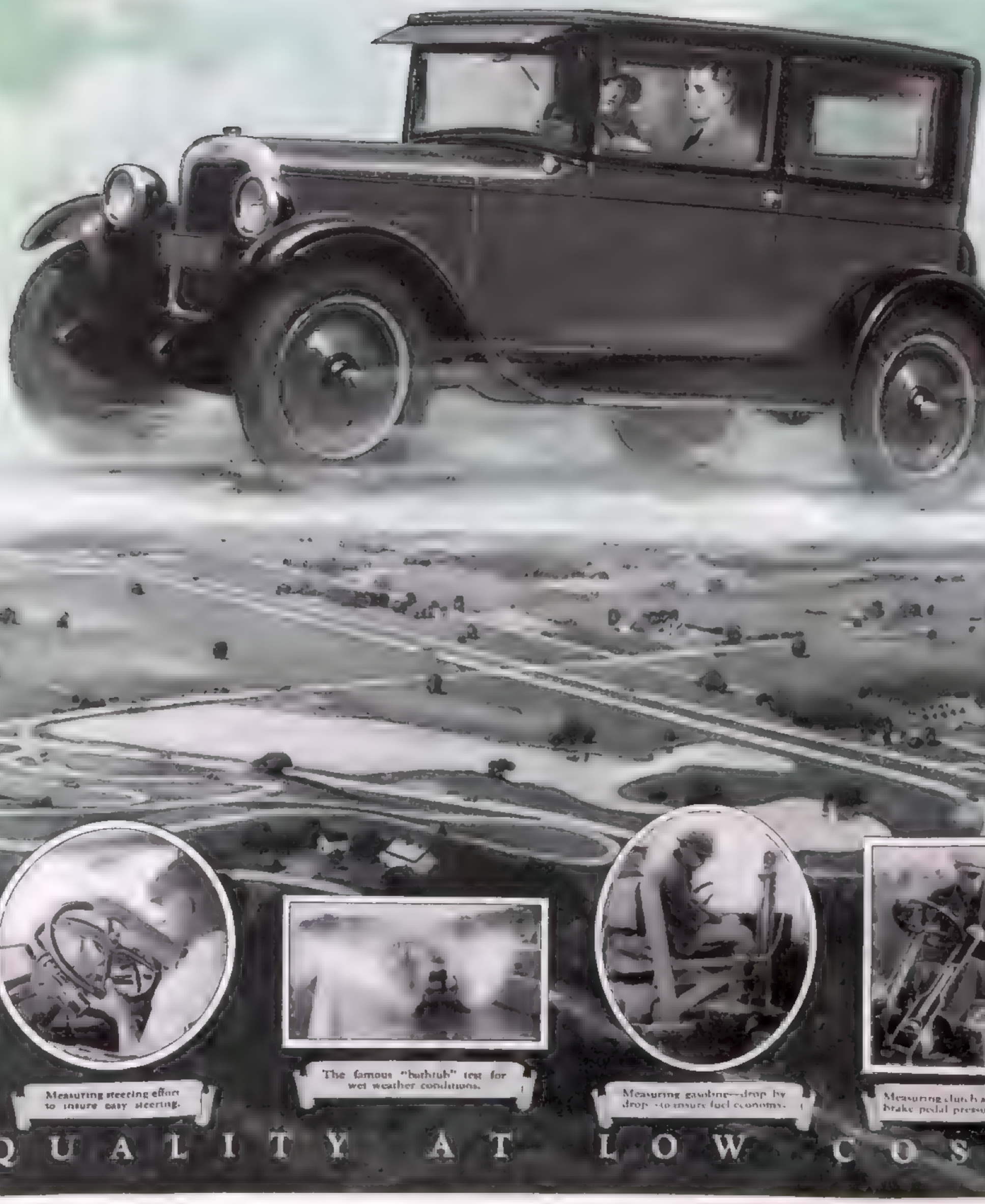

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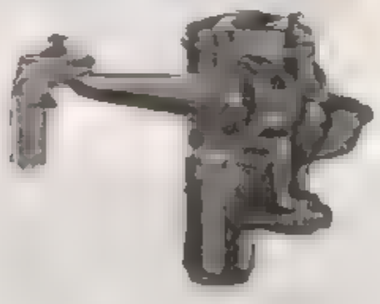

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Mignon, my prosperous queen!" that is how her mother, Queen Marie of Rumania, described her after a visit to Belgrade. I was myself to be witness of this prosperity some weeks later, in December, 1925. I had to travel through Serbia and Greece in order to embark at Piræus on my way to Egypt, where I was to pass the winter. Hearing that I had to stop in Belgrade to change trains, Queen Marie asked me to go and see her daughter and to take letters and presents to her, King Alexander and the royal baby. My arrival was announced by telegram. I also sent a telegram in which I announced my unexpected rôle—I was to represent Saint Nicholas and be Father Christmas at the court of Belgrade! I did not, however, arrive on the evening when I was expected.

A snowstorm blocked the train at Soubotitza, distant some six hours' journey from Belgrade. It was only at dawn the following day that I arrived at Belgrade, the capital of Queen Cinderella, which was then sleeping under a deep mantle of snow. I found an aide-de-camp at the station and a carriage, in which, behind windows blinded by snow, like the blindfolded bearer of a flag of truce, I was carried I knew not whither.

A vast anteroom, a monumental stairway, which I passed without ascending, guards with bared sabers at the foot of the stairs, two doors. At last I found myself in a large room on the ground floor, modern in its decoration and very comfortable. In an adjoining room I heard the comforting sound of the preparation of a bath. After a sleepless night, half passed at Soubotitza and the remainder in an unheated relief railway carriage, it was the most delicious sound that human ears could wish for. The scent of English bath salts, fragrant with geranium, came through the half-opened door to make my pleasure more complete. In the small salon communicating with my room a savory breakfast was awaiting me. My maid, a Frenchwoman, who had followed with the luggage in another carriage, and who, like the excellent Frenchwoman that she was, knew no language but her own, had understood not a word of the explanations of her Serbian colleague and had not the remotest idea where she was. Finding me so comfortably settled, she said:

"We are very comfortable in this hotel. But why are there so many soldiers on the stairs?"

The Queen in Her Glory

It was the first time that this republican had tasted the hospitality of a king. Comfort and military luxury—these were the two notes which struck me at the court of Belgrade.

After the delights of a perfumed bath and tea, I fulfilled my mission as Saint Nicholas. I unpacked the presents which I had brought, putting them all on a table, and then waited, reading the newspapers, till the hour fixed by the queen for my resting should have passed.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon she was to come to take me for a sleigh drive. At the appointed minute the double doors were thrown wide open and to the clashing of steel, the soldiers on guard on the stairway presenting arms, the young queen appeared

It was still the pretty child's face which I saw again, with its dimples, its apple-blossom coloring—it was always Mignon, but Mignon in her glory, in the full measure of her good fortune, as woman and as sovereign; clad in precious furs, wearing one of those charming, tricky hats from Paris, under which, above her ears, one could just catch a glimpse of her pure, silken hair which Nicky and Carol used to pull secretly. The time of the "*degustator*" of the old hat was very far away

The equipage of Cinderella was waiting us at the foot of the royal-entrance stair. White mice changed into little white horses, and the coachman who drove the light silver sleigh, with his cocked hat—how exactly he resembled the rat changed by a touch of the fairy wand into the most splendid of coachmen. As the sleigh passed through the town, seeming to fly over the snow leaving no trace, everywhere the guard fell in and the trumpets blared loud. Through the streets of Belgrade, all shrouded in white, we reached the suburbs and then passed into the open country. Queen Cinderella was taking me to Dedigné to see the new palace which King Alexander was having built there for her. A vaulted hall filled the center of this palace. The Serbian architect who designed the new royal residence had visited our house at Mogosoaia, at the wish of Queen Mignon, in order to copy from there the plan for this hall. It was this work, inspired by our old Rumanian residence, that Queen Mignon wished to show me.

We arrived at Dedigné through the softly falling snow. The queen did not let herself be stopped by the barriers of scaffolding which covered the partially built palace.

It was a real mountaineering party. I admired the house, the chapel, the outline of the future gardens, and I surveyed from the half-finished high terraces the magnificent views far over the great Danube and Save rivers.

A Gifted Ruler

As we returned toward the city the snowflakes had transformed the tricky hat of Cinderella into a sort of fairy diadem, all powdered with diamonds, under which her delicate pink face appeared like a Christmas rose.

The many hours' delay, caused by the bad weather, of the express which was to carry me to Athens allowed me to live the whole day in the intimacy of the palace in Belgrade. King Alexander, absorbed in his duties as head of the state and in the complications of politics—in which he has become a veritable past master—only appeared at the moment that luncheon was announced.

Dark, pale, thin, in complete racial contrast with his fair queen, and wearing the famous pince-nez of the hero, described by the minister, whose eyes had been worn out reading staff maps by the flickering candlelight during the four years of the terrible war, King Alexander possesses the secret of charming all those whom he meets. He is a king who has had the immense advantage of absorbing, until of man's estate, the healthy moral and intellectual diet of an ordinary student born in Switzerland, as his early education was received largely in the public schools of Geneva.

Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, his father, then exiled by the rival family of the Obrenovitch, reigning at the time in Belgrade, lived the life of a good bourgeois with his children in Switzerland. Alexander was the younger son; the elder, George, suffered from a malady that increased with the years and forced his renunciation of the succession to the throne.

Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, a former fellow student with my father-in-law, Prince George Bibesco, in the French military school of St. Cyr, renewed in Geneva his friendly relations with my husband's family. My husband, of an age with the Serbian princes, knew them as students and relates many stories which show the future King Alexander as an oppressed boy and the innocent victim of his elder brother. Life has taken care to avenge him just as it did for the little girl who was to become, one day, his wife.

When destiny took the Karageorgevitch family from their obscurity in Geneva and gave them the throne of Serbia in 1903, after the assassination of King Alexander Obrenovitch and Queen Draga, it was the elder of the two sons of King Peter who was obliged to give place to the younger, being declared by Parliament to be unfit to succeed to the throne.

Proclaimed crown prince shortly before the war of 1914, it was given to Alexander Karageorgevitch, who became regent during the ordeal of the war, to lead the Serbian people toward the fulfillment of their destiny, passing along the path of suffering to reach their final triumph.

As King Alexander entered the boudoir of his wife on that winter's day, apologizing for being a few minutes late for luncheon, I thought of those many winter days which he had passed with his soldiers, without bread and without shelter. I saw again the thoughtful eyes, full of intelligence, the eyes worn out over staff maps by flickering candlelight, behind the glasses of which the minister had spoken to Mignon on that day when he had decided her to become a queen by marrying a lonely young man who needed consolation.

In intimate circles Alexander is a king of a rare courtesy, of charming conversation, and speaking French with a precision of expression and an elegance quite unknown in other kings.

He gave as his excuse for being late the fact that during the morning there had been what he termed "his little crisis." Fortunately it was not a question of a crisis of influenza or rheumatism, but only a ministerial crisis. One of the members of the actual government, in a moment of bad temper, had offered his resignation, thus imperiling the existence of the cabinet of *Pashich*.

"It will be of no importance," said the king, with a smile. "He will withdraw his resignation shortly—as soon as they are able to tell him the name of his successor."

Experience of men, firmness of judgment, address, coolness, rapid appreciation, great familiarity and ease in society and with all classes such as one called to govern should always possess and so rarely does—these are the dominating attributes of King Alexander.

Mignon's New Autograph

In order to produce a modern monarch I should be tempted to suggest the following method: Let a child grow up in total ignorance that he will be king and let him attend the public schools—at least till he attains his majority. Let him also have, if possible, an elder brother to torment him and teach him patience.

I remained at the court of the Serbian sovereigns longer than I had hoped to. The train which was to take me to Athens still did not arrive, owing to the terrible weather, and its continued delay, news of which was telephoned hourly from the station to the palace, obliged me to prolong my pleasant visit. I was thus able to spend the whole day and the evening with Queen Mignon.

She took me to the nursery and there I made the acquaintance of Peter, future king, aged three years. Had this child been born elsewhere than in a royal palace he would have made the fortune of his parents.

He is a veritable Kid of Kids. He has the physiognomy, expressive, intense and unforgettable, of a Jackie Coogan. His movements are of an indescribable grace. He floats about the room rather than runs. He has the appearance of one of those charming spirits escaped from the pages of Shakspere. He is an Ariel, a Puck. He is a worthy son of Cinderella, the goddaughter of a fairy.

A year has passed; summer comes and we are again at Posada, in our home in the Carpathians, only eleven kilometers from Sinaia and its royal residence. It is again the old scene, the hour of tea—as then. The queens have come to tea and to spend the afternoon on my terrace—the two queens, the mother and the daughter.

I opened the house book for Mignon to sign. I ask her to write her great signature, her royal autograph:

"Marie, Queen of the Serbians, Croatians and Slovenians."

And she adds, at my request, her name as it is written and pronounced in each of the languages spoken by her three peoples: Maria—Mapuja—Marija.

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SOFT AND SAPPY

(Continued from Page 25

hope fires burning. Do it for me, if for no other reason."

"For you," she returns, "I may do that little thing. I'll take it up with my conscience."

"That," thinks I as she departs, "is certainly a little thing."

III

DAY by day Gil pushes Dawson through his paces. The kid's willing, quick to learn and surprisingly fast for his weight. What looked like bloat and blubber in the loafer on North Hall steps turns out to be pretty substantial flesh and sinew on the playing field. He shows a fair flair at booting the ball, but where he exhibits most promise, from the standpoint of our needs, is in forward-passing the pill.

"How you going to keep 'em down on the farm," I demands of Stover, "when they can heave 'em like that? Forty yards if they're an inch. If he's not good enough for the varsity, quail's not good enough for toast."

"Wait," says the coach, "till we see how he works in scrimmage. I'm going to line 'em up tomorrow. He'll probably assay third eleven against Haven."

The following afternoon I takes Harry off to a corner of the gym. "Boy," says I, "they're putting on a scrub game today and Stover's sending you into the line-up at right guard. Red Haven's left guard on the regulars. Here's your chance. Spill that baby and spill him hard and plenty and you're in."

"Think so?" comes back the kid eagerly. "Haven's a star, isn't he?"

"Yeh," I returns; "he's about as starry as they come here, but I'll tip you off to something. Red hasn't been as thick with his training as he should be. Only the other night I heard he was prowling in the woods back of the campus with that jane at the coöp—Cissy Drake."

That's a lie, but I'm anxious to learn how deep the gal's got the hooks into the kid and what I'm to expect if she gives him the snow and ice sudden. Despite her promise to go easy, I wouldn't trust her with a sack of sand in the Sahara Desert.

The effect on Dawson is curious. His mouth opens in surprise and a puzzled stare appears in his eyes. Then his teeth grind tight and in his narrowing eyes I see his old man at his meanest. Mumbling something I don't get, the youngster ducks out.

Hatton's a small college, with a line that averages around a hundred and sixty pounds. Dawson weighs two hundred, and what his extra forty did that afternoon against Haven and the rest of the regulars' left wing is best shown in my bandage-and-liniment records.

With teeth bared and with no regard to team play, the kid crashes and shatters into Red, opening holes in the varsity through which you could drive a tank sideways. The heft is too much for Haven, not to mention the jealous rage behind the battering-ram.

After ten minutes' play the wind's all punched out of the star guard and he retires. A substitute lasts for two plays and then Gil calls it a day.

"Well," says I, jubilant, "think you could maybe perhaps possibly use Dawson in the line?"

"I could," returns Stover, "but I won't. I'm going to make a back out of him. It'll take some dragging to pull that baby down. I never saw a guy work so vicious."

"Thank me," says I. "I gave him a little raw meat just before the scrimmage."

Gil looks puzzled, so I tells him of the phony gossip I'd spilled to the kid.

"Hell!" growls Stover when I finishes. "If he goes after everybody who walks in the woods with Cissy like he did Haven this won't be a college—it'll be a shambles. That frill plays around with all her friends and hasn't an enemy in the world."

"She'll have one in young Dawson," says I, "if she tries to air him. The kid's gone radical on Cissy and ——"

"Bunk!" cuts in Gil. "In a week he'll probably trade her in for a blonde or a ukulele. At eighteen or nineteen, love affairs are about as permanent as chips in a stud game."

That night I again wires Joe:

OTHER TIBIA LACERATED MORE CONTUSIONS ON CHEST AND ARMS TIN EAR. BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE OTHER FELLOW

In the morning I have an answer:

FINE WORK KEEP IT UP NONE OF MY BREED IS ANY GOOD UNTIL IT'S HURT BAD

I looks up from the message to find young Dawson leaning over me. His eyes are narrow. "What you told me yesterday," he bites off, "about Haven and Miss Drake—it's not true."

"No?" I shrugs. "Well, that's what I heard. What do you care?"

He starts to speak, but changes his mind and lets the words die away in his throat. I take that as my cue to ease a little sense into the boy. "Now listen here," says I. "I'm a friend of your father and of you too. Don't play sap for any skirt. Cissy likes you just as she likes a hundred others on the campus. She's the type ——"

"I'm not interested in your opinions," cuts in the kid coldly.

"You're going to get 'em anyhow," I yelps, giving my judgment a day off. "She's a double-crossing gold digger, with no more honesty than ——"

I ducks just in time to miss a mean swing aimed at my head. Before the youngster can wind up again I pushes him into a chair, where he slumps kind of dazed. My feeling as I slams out of the room is one of disgust over the cuckoo Galahads young men in love make out of themselves.

I'm kind of sore at myself for starting anything with the boy, but when he shows up on the field in the afternoon and goes through a scrimmage in nifty style I gets over it. After all, I figures, maybe I have planted something in his bean that will help him to get hep to himself. While it's true that Cissy's responsible for getting Harry into football togs at all, and at my suggestion, my whole idea now's to beat her to the blow-off and take some of the sting out of the gate I expects her to give him almost any day.

I'm pleasantly disappointed. Dawson acts as if nothing had happened between us, works hard for the opening game of the season a week ahead, and seems at ease. I see him on the campus every now and then with Cissy, and even she reassures me.

"I had a long talk with my conscience," says she, "and we decided it would be all right for me to continue spraying sunshine into the young man's life."

"Nice baby," I applauds. "But how about that senior and the sympathy he needs?"

"The football squad," points out Cissy, "has to hit the hay at nine. You'd be dumfounded if I told you how much sympathy I can hand out after nine. . . . How's Harry doing?"

"Great!" says I. "If we don't run that Ottmar layout bow-legged it won't be his fault."

"And if we do," smiles the frill, "will it be mine?"

"Yep," I comes back. "Keep him happy and we'll have touchdowns from contented halfbacks."

And we do have—plenty. The game with Ottmar, a team even lighter than ours, is just a slaughter. A minute or so after the kick-off Harry smears through the line and, with a couple of tacklers hanging to his flanks, freights the ball twenty yards to a touchdown. From then on it's a parade, with the kid a whole fife-and-drum corps in himself. Dawson's got everything. He goes through the Ottmar defense like a tramp through a free lunch, and his passing is deadly. The way he heaves the pigskin he could have hit a young fly in the left eye at forty yards, and not a particularly big-eyed fly either. Hatton wins 48 to 0, Harry alone accounting for four touchdowns.

State College, Tubor Poly and St. Mordecai fall before us in the next three weeks by top-heavy scores and we're all set for the big game with Coghill. For seven seasons straight we've lost to them, but it looks different this time. Dawson's playing has improved with each out, and just the moral effect of the smashing, plunging two-hundred-pounder in the line-up has made the Hatton team the best fighting machine ever produced in these parts.

The evening before the great event I'm sitting in front of the gym smoking the pipe of general satisfaction when up rushes Cissy all disheveled. Her black eyes are blazing through the mascara and she's all a-tremble.

"Keep that ruffian friend of yours away from me," she cries, "or I'll ——"

"What's Harry done?" I cuts in sharp.

"Nothing," snaps Cissy, "except to crash my house, throw a friend of mine through a window and break all the furniture."

"So," says I, "he caught you at the double-cross, did he?"

"Where do you get that double-cross?" she comes back. "Can't I entertain a fellow without having that ruffian ——"

"Pipe down," I advises, "and tell me all about it."

"Well," says Cissy, "I had a date with Dawson after dinner. It slipped my mind that I'd also made one with Hallam ——"

"That the senior," I interrupts, "that needed the sympathy?" She indicates it was none other than. "I'll bet," I remarks, "he can use a heaping teaspoonful of it now."

"I wouldn't be surprised," goes on Cissy, "if his skull was fractured and a lot of bones broken. The big brute nearly killed him. I never saw anybody act so much like a mad dog."

"I have," says I. "It was the night when a skirt looking something like you stood up Joe Dawson and went to a dance with another bird. They not only had ambulances but also the fire department and the police reserves at the hall before Joe finished voicing his annoyance. What," I asks, "were you doing while the fuss was on?"

"What could I do?" returns Cissy. "But I sure broke it off into him afterwards. The poor sap, he didn't even know that I'd been kidding him along just to keep him at football!"

"Did you tell him?" I yelps, jumping to my feet.

"I sure did," snaps the little Drake devil—"everything from start to finish. You should have seen him when I got through laying down the cards. He slunk away like a beaten pup."

"There," says I, "goes the old football game."

"Why?" frowns Cissy.

"Why?" I snarls. "You know why. You know Harry's been playing not because he likes the game or for the glory of his alma mater. It's just for you and for your love—that cheap ten-cent-store thing. How much do you imagine he'll sweat to win for you tomorrow? I doubt if he'll even show up. And," I adds, "let me tip you to something, young lady. When it gets around the campus how you pulled the plug on Hatton's first chance to win in eight years—well, figure it yourself."

That gets her, and when she beats it away a few seconds later she's not so forte.

I spends hours that night trying to get in touch with the kid without any luck. Back home I finds a telegram from his father:

COMING TO THE GAME. LEAVE ME A DUCAT AT THE GATE AND DON'T TIP THE BOY

(Continued on Page 71)

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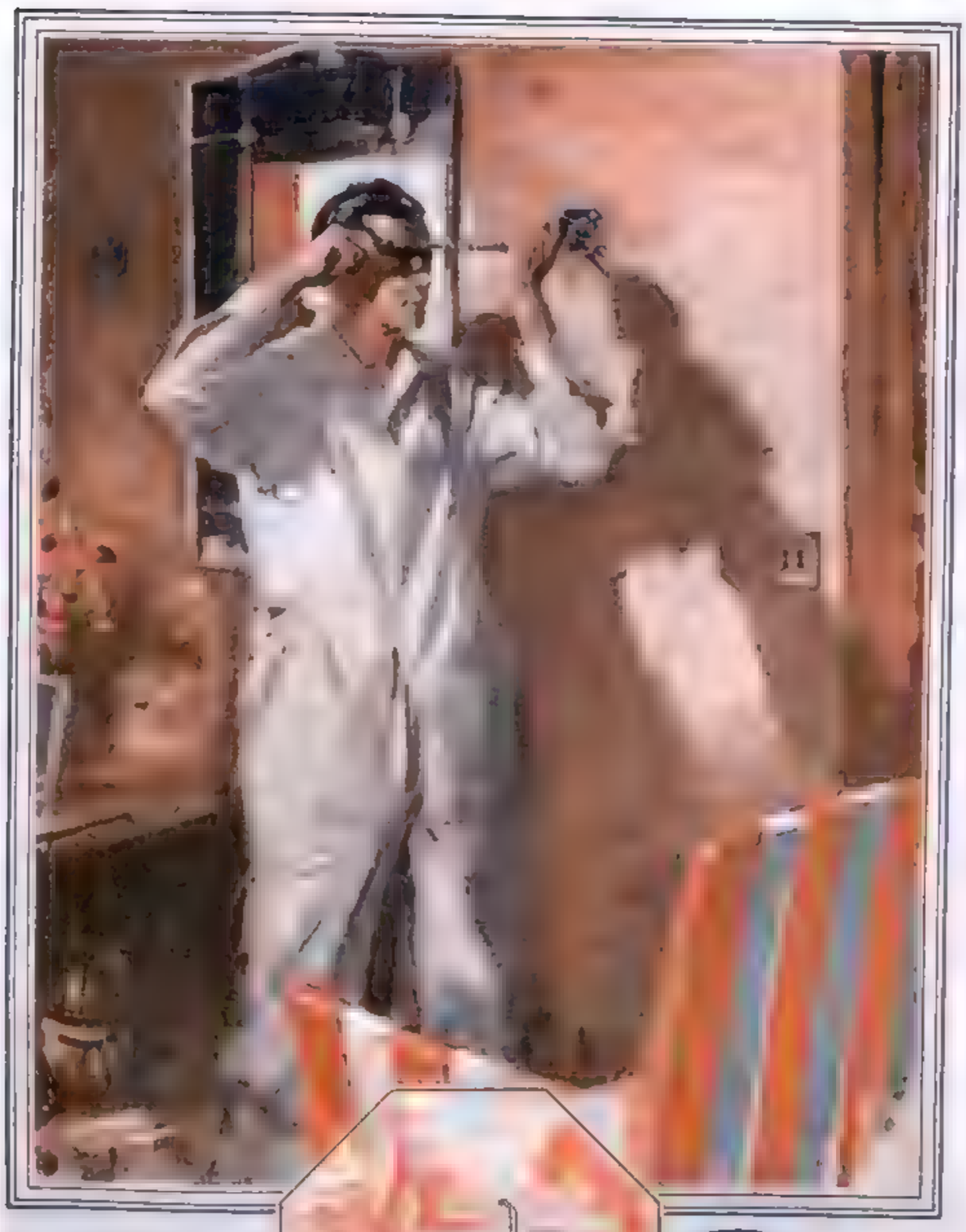

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 68)

"That," says I to myself, "is the very touch needed to brighten up the prospect.

IV

NEXT morning—and still nothing of the kid. Shortly after noon I walks into the training quarters to attend to my duties and there big as life is young Dawson. A little dark under the eyes and tight around the lips, perhaps, but not particularly tired-looking. I asks no foolish questions and reopens no old subjects.

"Well, boy," says I cheerily, "all set for a large day?"

"I'm all right," he mutters, and starts getting into his togs.

I watches him closely at practice, but I see nothing to get worried over. He seems to be going about his work in the usual style. Just before game time I walks over to the first row in the stand where I had got a seat for Joe, and there he is with his tough, leathery grin.

"Want to talk to Harry?" I asks.

"Not now," says he—"after the game. I just got a good squint at the kid and you certainly done well by him, Pat. He looks like a keg of nails. You know," he goes on, "college ain't so bad. I used to think you never got anything out of these dumps except an education."

"Education," I assures him, "is not so worse. A guy with a diploma from Hatton and ten cents can get a cup of coffee most anywheres."

In the few minutes I spends with the old side-kicker I tells him about Harry and Cissy and the throw-down.

"If it'd been me," flares up Joe, "I'd have pulled the house down over her head and paddled her with one of the rafters. I guess the kid's hurt hard—we both hurt hard, but somebody always gets the bill."

"Well," I remarks, "he's young enough to get over it quick."

"We never get over anything," returns Dawson, "until we send a receipt. I suppose," he continues, "if Harry should put over the winning score this afternoon, that frill'll brag that she's responsible."

"I wouldn't put it past her," says I.

Just then the whistle blows. Hatton kicks off and the ball's run back to the center of the field, where it practically remains for the first quarter. Coghill's got a great line, and though the kid cuts gates into it from time to time, he's not able to do it consecutively enough to count. He heaves a couple of forward passes accurately, but the bird at the receiving end gums the cards.

The second quarter looks like it's going to be a duplication of the first, when a Coghill back suddenly goes on the loose around left end and reaches our twenty-five-yard line before he's downed. A beautiful place kick and the score's three to nothing against us.

Between halves Gil does his stuff, and how that baby can shoot the poisoned arrows! "Football players, eh?" he winds up. "Every one of you Camp Fire Girls is stealing time from her embroidery every minute she's out here. Call up the bakery, Pat, and order some lady fingers for 'em. You're a bunch of yellow ——"

"Who you talking to?" snarls young Dawson, and starts for Stover with stripped teeth. I grabs both the kid's arms.

"Let's go, boys!" orders the coach, pretending not to have heard the outburst, and probably glad at the rise he got. The players file out and I pushes Harry after them. Gil follows and puts his arms around the lad's shoulders.

"I'm counting on you for the put-over punch," says he. "Remember, there's a little black-eyed girl in the rooters' section who expects you to win for her."

Dawson jerks himself away with a vicious growl and dashes onto the field. Stover smiles. I don't.

Passing the rah-rah bunch, I pipes Cissy. Being the only gal in a solid block of men and rigged out in flaming red, there's no trouble spotting her. She seems to have got over the grief of the night before and is just wholesaling smiles.

With a lead in the bag, Coghill plays it safe, putting all efforts into stopping Hatton and kicking the pill when in the slightest danger of being held for downs. Harry works well and the rest of the team fights hard, but it looks hopeless. The game stalemates through the third quarter and far into the fourth.

"What's the chances?" asks Joe.

"Not any," says I. "There's only about a minute of play left and we're on our own twenty-yard line."

Then it breaks. On a fake kick formation, Harry carries the ball around right end, bowls over a couple of tacklers, squirms away from the last outpost and has a clear field along the sideline.

As he passes the rooting section I catch a flash of the red figure of Cissy, and even in the din I get her shrill cries of "Harry! Harry! Harry!"

Maybe he got it too. I don't know. The chances are it would have happened if he did or didn't. With the goal just twenty yards ahead and nobody within fifteen feet of him, the kid suddenly comes to a dead stop, faces the rooters' stand and heaves the ball into it. It drops at Cissy's feet. With ten thousand other folks, I collapses into a daze.

"What's the idea?" gasps Joe Dawson at length. "That part of the game?"

"Yeh," says I—"part of the game of give and take with appropriate gestures. Cissy," I adds grimly, "is not going to brag about winning this game for Hatton. She lost it—single-handed."

"I see," mutters Joe. "Remember when I passed up the championship to beat up a guy outside of the ring?"

"Uh-huh," says I. "When you go home tonight," I suggests, "you'd better take Harry with you."

"I'll be proud to," returns old eye-for-an-eye.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

I ask, do you think one is to combat a child's innate propensity to get itself noticed if it is constantly encouraged to show off?"

I did not know, and for want of a better idea, made a gesture of picking him up.

"Not that," pleaded his mother—"not that. I never pick him up except at the proper periods. There simply must be some regularity in his life. I thought everyone knew that habits are nothing more than pathways through the nerve centers, due to the plasticity of the organic matter of which the body is composed. You understand, I am sure."

At that moment one little foot escaped from the cover.

"Ho-ho!" I shouted. "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home, this little pig had ——"

"Merciful heavens," groaned the mother. "Have you no regard for the truth? Don't you know that the process of ideation starts as soon as a child opens his eyes? With one thoughtless word you associate a toe with the porcine species and the child probably will be past adolescence before he is thoroughly straight on the matter. Unless there is a certain unity and consistency in the current thought train the consequences may easily be fatal."

I passed the matter over by crooning an old-time favorite:

"Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap ——"

"Anything but that. Discord, though not recognized as such by the very young, develops pessimism and makes true appreciation of the artistic difficult. Besides, a ditty that is based on so silly a proposition hampers the neural process which is essential in healthy imagination."

The child wrinkled its face and cried in a loud voice.

"Oh, that's naughty," I admonished. "Don't you know what happens to little boys that cry? The policeman gets them."

The mother gasped and would have fallen if I had not been alert.

"Why," she sobbed—"why did you say that? Nothing I can do now will alter his abstract conception of the protective responsibilities of the law. A most undesirable state of mind has been created. His fear paroxysm has been aroused before he has the ability to inhibit it with any degree of success."

I tried to explain that the child might possibly recover from its contact with me, but the mother was in great distress when I left.

—*David B. Park.*

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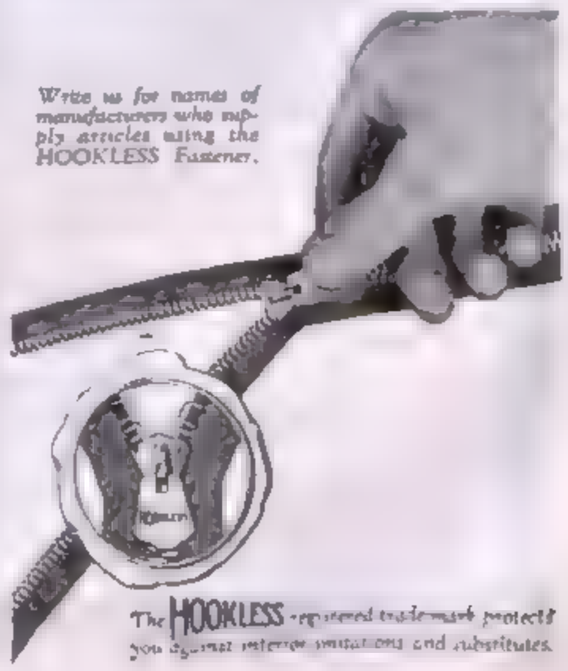

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A HOLE IN ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

I says, "The only other man he can possibly work with is the undertaker."

But I was relieved to hear that it was only the hospital he was calling. He was asking for a nice room. I heard him say, "Yes, we'll be there in the morning."

My wife says, "Doctor, is there any danger in this operation?"

Well, as bad as I felt, I had to laugh at that. They replied together in unison: "Why, there is just about a half of one per cent," as though they had rehearsed it.

I thought: "Those babys have pulled that one many a time. Half of one per cent! That's the chance people have got of taking a drink in this country—is half of one per cent—and look what's happening!"

They were reaching for their hats and all smiling, and you would have thought we had all made a date to have some fun and go hear Aimee preach. They said they would take me down to the hospital and see how I got along.

Well, after the doctors had left, that gave my wife and I a chance to do a little thinking. What they had talked about had scared the pains clear away. We got to wondering what had brought on this severe attack at this time. We laid it to everything we could think of. Will Hays had just been out here and spent the day with us. Now I don't lay the illness directly onto him, but a continual listening to the merits of the Movies and the Republican Party will sometimes react disastrously on a previously ailing stomach. My wife was setting on the edge of the bed and we were talking it over. She got up and left, and I thought to myself: "Poor Betty, she can't stand this; it's too much for her; she's gone so I can't see her." I got up and went in to console her. She was digging in an old musty leather case marked Insurance Papers.

Well, the household was up bright and early next morning to get old Dad off to the hospital. The whole place was what the novelist would call agog. Even the chauffeur—part time—had the old car all shined up. This going to a hospital was a new thing to me. I had never been in one in my life only to see somebody else. Outside of those stove-lid episodes, I had never even been sick a day in my life. I had been appearing on the stage for some twenty-odd years and had never missed a show.

One Ziegfeld Missed

But I was going to make up for it now. They were taking me to the Swedish Lutheran Hospital. I knew nothing about it myself. It didn't make much difference what denomination I was cut under, but the reason we went there was because Lindbergh was at his height then, and I felt like out of respect to him we ought to make it a Swedish year. We went right in. A hospital is the only place you can get into without having baggage or paying in advance. They don't hold the trunk like a hotel does—they just hold the body.

They had a pretty, cozy room for me. The whole thing was like a big hotel, and I thought I was in the wrong place, because I couldn't smell Iodoform. Everything was jolly and laughter. The stomach had quit hurting, of course. Did you ever have a tooth hurt after you got to the Dentist? I couldn't see any use in going to bed at ten o'clock in the morning when I hadn't been out the night before. Then in came the nurse. Wow! I got one look at her and made it continuous. They introduced her as Miss. She was a Ziegfeld's front row without a dissenting vote. I got one look at Mrs. Rogers, who was looking her over also, and then she says, "Doctor, is this operation necessary?"

I spoke up ahead of the doctor and said, "I am beginning to think it is." Then I thought to myself, if this girl is this good-looking and still single, she has let all her patients die, for if one ever got out alive they would have nailed onto her. Oh, yes, I like to forgot to tell you that during this time I was turning yellow. One of the symptoms of the Gall is that it produces jaundice.

Well, the doctors were both remarking, "Very yellow—he is getting yellower." Ha-ha! They didn't know it, but I wanted to tell them that that yellow was from the heart and not from the liver and gall bladder. They gave instructions about what to do to get me ready for tomorrow. I didn't think I had any getting ready to do only just furnish the stomach. Then I thought maybe the surgeon wanted to practice a little in the meantime.

The hilarity was at its height. You'd have thought there was going to be a picnic at the hospital the next day. One thing got me—a great big old hundred-and-eighty-pound lummox having women fussing around with him when it didn't seem like he needed them. But later on I was mighty glad to have them doing something, I tell you. The night nurse was also a very pleasant, cheerful, fine, capable little woman.

A Battalion of Doctors

Things were going fine around the hospital, but up around the old Rogers Igloo things were stirring. The night before the operation, Mrs. Rogers got to studying: "Now these two men just came in here and they say there should be an operation. Of course I know they are fine capable men, the best doctors to be secured on the Western Coast, but I just wish I could get some more advice." Then she gets hold of Mary Pickford, who lives on the expensive end of the same hill and has a very widely seen house. Betty thinks Mary is mighty smart. In fact, everybody that knows Mary has that same single-tract thought. She knew Mary must have a pretty good doctor, for he had been able to keep Doug jumping all these years, and so she thought: "Maybe he can do something for my handsome Douglas."

Mary's doctor was out of town. But she knew another one and told my wife about him. She got him. You see, Betty got to thinking, after all the shooting was over, and while I was down in the hospital waiting to be operated on: "Now there's old Will. While he hasn't been a good husband, he's done about the best he could and knew how. While he's been funny to some people he has, at times, been very sad to me. But as ornery as he is, I'm not going to give him up without a struggle."

You see, she had, during our years of association with stage and screen people, seen so many second husbands who hadn't even turned out to be as good as the first that it set her wondering. Then our old friend Bill Hart called up. He had a fine doctor that he wanted her to talk to and have see me. So she asked our two if they minded her having these other two look me over and all confer.

Well, they of course didn't, and they knew it would make her feel better to have more opinions on it, and they felt their case would stand up before any witnesses. She made them promise that they wouldn't operate the next morning until they had held this foursome over my fairway.

All the time they were going right ahead getting me all ready. The night before they wrapped my stomach all up in a bandage. I guess that was so no doctor could get at it ahead of them. Then there was a battalion of blood experts.

Every few minutes there would be a girl come in dressed like a manicurist and carrying a manicure set. She would say, "Hold out your left hand." Well, I wouldn't know whether she was going to wash it, kiss it, hold it or read it. She would take a sharp knife and take the tip end of one finger and cut it and get the blood and put it in a cute

(Continued on Page 74)

From $725 to $3595—No car compares with Chrysler in money-value

It is easy enough to understand the widespread public acceptance of Chrysler cars in the four great price fields.

Chrysler Standardized Quality, by pioneering and developing countless improvements and making them available to all Chrysler cars, has set up new standards of motor car value and has given an entirely new meaning to "price" and "price classes" in the industry.

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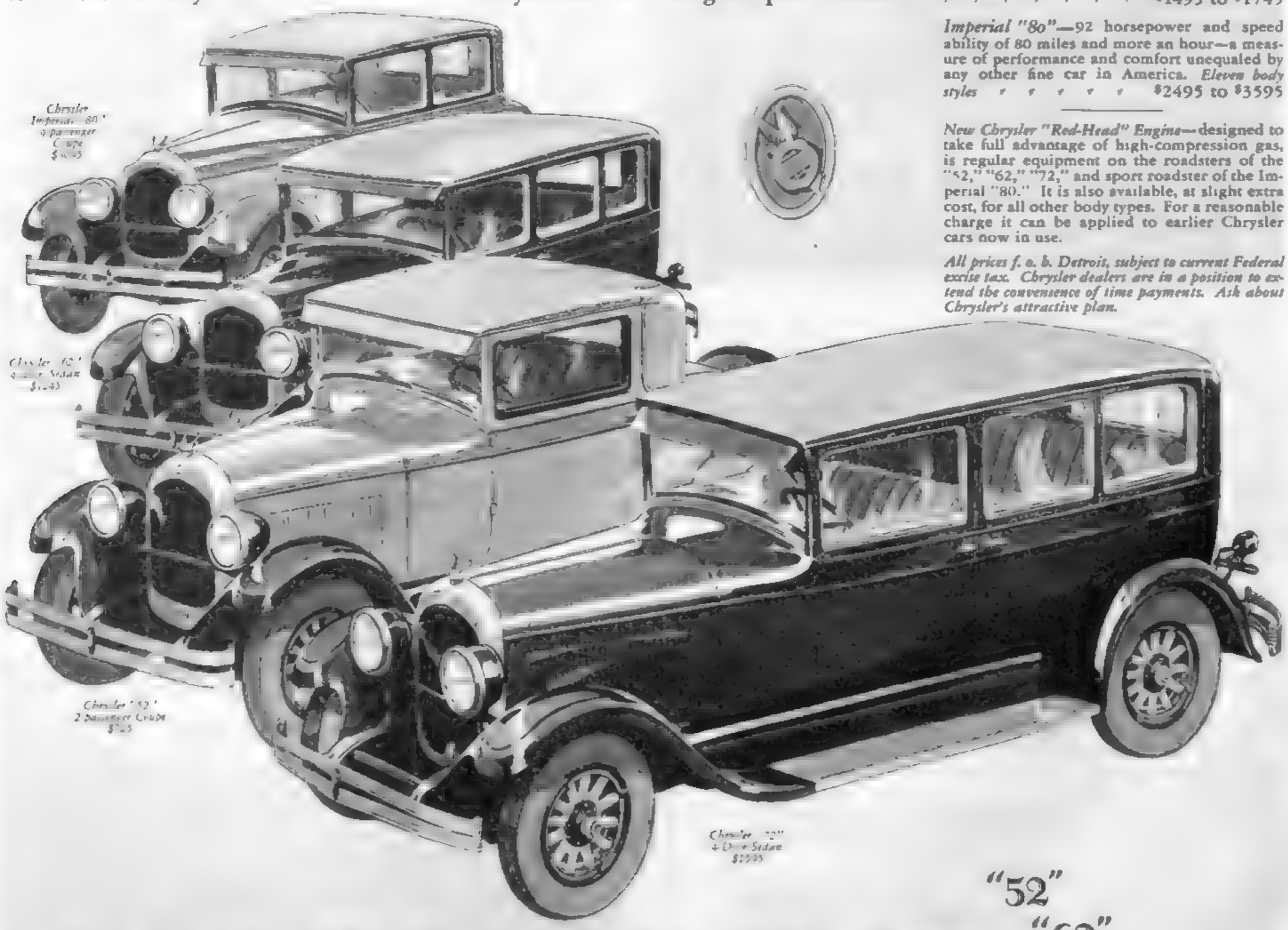

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The specialized blue serge suit

(Continued from Page 72)

little container. I would just get settled down to steady worrying again when in would pop another one. She wanted the same thing, only a different finger.

Finally one came in after all the fingers had been tapped, and I said, "Good joke on you, there aren't any left." But she kept right on a-coming and grabbed me by the ear, the same way we do when we are going to ear down a bronc to get a hackamore on him. She just slit the lower end of the heavy-set part of my ear. I told her my earmarks used to be: To crop and split the right and underslope the left. I didn't tell her, though, that we also dewlapped 'em.

I says, "Is there some particular brand of blood that you get from the ear that perhaps wouldn't go in any other locality?"

She smiled sweetly, rolled up my ear's blood in a tube and says, "Thank you."

Well, by then I was growing weak from loss of blood. It got so every time a girl would come along with a tray I would start holding out my hands or my ears. I began to think that some of them were keeping a friend who might be anæmic.

The next morning, after what should have been breakfast—but I didn't get any, as they won't operate on a full stomach—in filed the battalion of doctors. Betty was with them. One says, "He is yellow." Then each of the others said, "Yes." One of the new ones would ask a question and before I had a chance to answer, why, one of my original cast would explain in so many fewer words than I could. They listened and they thumped the same as the first one did. They discussed it all between themselves. I, the defendant, wasn't put on the stand at all. Finally they filed out.

Imagine your life in the hands of a quartet! I'd rather trust a tenor. I wanted to get a chance to instruct the jury, but nothing doing. The clinic was over. The nurse and I were alone. Betty had gone out too.

A Fixed Jury

I says, "How long do you think the jury will be out, and do you think there is any chance of a disagreement?" A hung jury was the best I could hope for. I knew a verdict in my favor was out of the question. I could see by the way they acted that the doctoring profession was a kind of a closed corporation, and while they might be professional rivals, they wouldn't purposely knock each other out of anything. I asked the nurse again how she thought things would turn out.

She said, "Oh, they have the operating room engaged; they will have to go through with it now."

"Well," I said, "I had better go ahead then, for I certainly don't want to cancel an operating room. Those people up there are going to be all broken up if I don't come up and be all cut up. But I wonder if there is not someone that would like a nice operation, and I could send them up in my place."

There was a knock on the door and the jury came in. It stood four for operation. In fact five, for poor Betty had been won over with tales of the advantages of a nice neat operation. I knew the minute they opened the door that I had lost, for they all came in a smiling and said, "You are going to feel fine when this is over."

I thought: "Yes, it depends on how I have lived, where I will finish when this is over."

Well, it is customary, I have heard, for the defendant to shake hands with the jury, but that's only in case he's acquitted. They all went out, but forgot to shut the door, and I heard my two bidding the other two good-by, thanking them and saying, "We'll do as much for you sometime, boys."

My surgeon stepped back into the room with his Vassar graduating gown on. That shows you the verdict was framed beforehand, for they must have had those suits on under their others. Oh, they were tickled to death. They being doctor golfers, you would have thought they had broken a hundred and ten. Well, I saw right away that they were going to make me a hole-in-one. The main carver said he had a lot of other operations on that day, but that mine would be first. I asked him if he couldn't take somebody else first—that there might be someone in pain and that I had never felt better in my life. Then I thought his hand might be a little shaky early in the morning.

The Big Parade

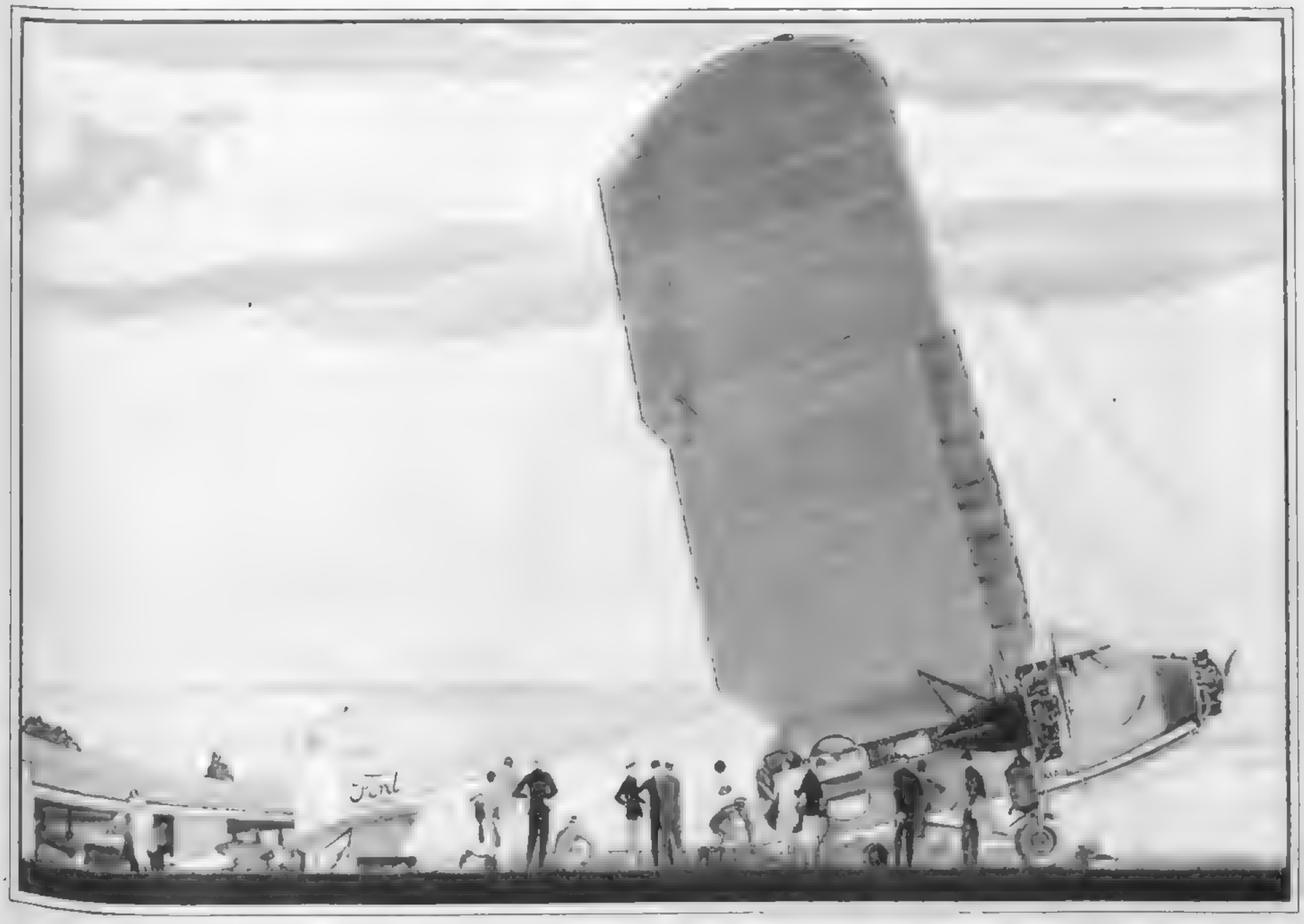
They put on me a pair of what looked like flannel boots that came pretty nearly up to the knee. They looked like these gouloshes that girls wear in the winter and don't fasten the buckles, and when they come down the street they sound like a mule that's running loose with chain harness on. I never did find out what those boots were on me for, unless it was to catch the blood in case I got up and ran out, or to keep me from biting my toe nails in case I got nervous during the operation.

I didn't have any kind of a shirt or nightgown on. I had a sheet kind of draped over me. All I needed was my hands crossed. They tied a white thing around my head. Then all I needed was a Klan card. The doctor had a thing over his mouth so he wouldn't catch the same disease I had. Bill Hart, bless his old heart, was there. He, like all good sportsmen, wanted to be in at the death. I was on the wagon and all ready. We were waiting signals from the operating room. Betty, God bless her, came over to hold my hand. I told her to go over and hold the surgeon's hand for the next thirty minutes and we would all be safe.

Then we got the signal that we were next. You never saw such hustling around. They seemed to think: "Do you realize there's not a soul in this place being whittled on at this minute?" I bid good-by to my Betty and the parade started down the hall to the elevator. We passed another wagon with an old boy on it that had just come down. I wondered how he had made it. Then I heard him cussing, and I thought: "He's all right, and even if he passes out, he will have the satisfaction of telling them what he thought of them before he left."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Rogers. The second will appear next week.

Sunset, Gloucester Harbor, Gloucester, Mass.



LOOK TO THE SKIES FOR DAWN

Do you remember the White Ghost? . . . Or the Red Devil?

Only a few years ago, when automobiles were risky and freakish playthings, those were names to conjure with—phantom machines that dashed at forty miles an hour along graded dirt roads, followed by pillars of dust and fumes of oil, pursued by frantic dogs and the derisive yells of village skeptics. Do you remember the epoch-making Glidden tours across a few hundred miles of New England hills? Do you remember the Vanderbilt Cup Races, with thousands of holiday-makers banked around dangerous curves, *thrilled with the hope of seeing a smash-up?*

Only a few years before that, horses were running wild and cattle stampeding at the hoarse shriek of the locomotive. . . .

And prayers were offered regularly for those in peril on the sea. . . .

Remember these things—*for they happened in our time!*

Today giant liners are ferrying hundreds of thousands of tourists across the oceans. Limited trains glide on roller bearings, safeguarded at every turn of the wheel by automatic controls. And 22,000,000 automobiles have turned the thoughts of everyone in this country outward—outward along smooth highways of asphalt and concrete.

Now look to the skies for dawn!

A new industrial and commercial era is commencing, just as surely as new eras commenced with steamboats, with the railroad, and the automobile. Their dawns were marked with misgivings and catastrophes that befogged the popular vision. . . . And similarly, the heroic recklessness that the hazards of war made necessary, the dramatic daring of pioneers trying their wings beyond the realms of known safety, the foolish adventures of unskilled fliers in obsolete machines have diverted public attention from what is going on in the solid, safe development of air transportation.

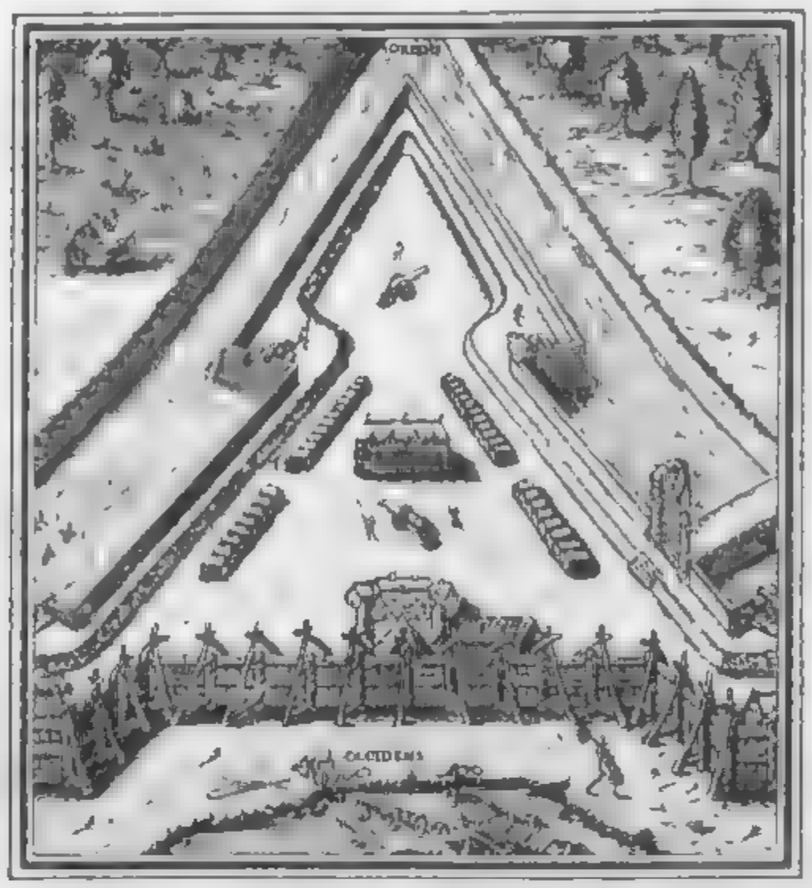
We will awake some early day to realize that a new and tremendous force has entered national life. It does not imply the obsolescence of old-established means of transportation. It means a sudden extension of the capabilities of man—the power to reach hitherto inaccessible spots unerringly and with great swiftness, a means of leaping geographical boundaries in perfect comfort and safety, another triumph over all-consuming Time.

Everyone is familiar with the spectacular achievements in aviation during the past year. Everyone has come to know names such as Le Bourget, Croydon, Tempelhof, Mineola, and the Ford Airport at Detroit—principally because of dramatic events associated with them. But not so many realize that in a recent survey of *one hundred American flying concerns, there were only two fatalities in five million miles of flight!*

The all-metal planes of the Ford Motor Company have already flown on regular schedules, carrying freight, a distance of 700,000 miles. . . . And it is in the well-founded belief that the airplane has brought in a new industrial factor of the first importance, that the Ford Motor Company is devoting resources to research, experimentation, and sound production in this new and rapidly expanding field.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

They named it for the King of France . . . . the Spaniards called it San Mateo



The plan of Fort Caroline was drawn by Jacques LeMoyne in 1564. It appears through the courtesy of the Florida State Historical Society

THEY were a handful of French Huguenots. Picking their way cautiously among the hostile fleets of Spain, they had crossed an unmapped ocean. Fresh winds blew their ships into the St. Johns River, in Florida. On St. Johns Bluff, a few miles from where Jacksonville now stands, they landed and built their colony. . . . Nearly four centuries have passed since their rude fort, called by them Fort Caroline after King Charles the Ninth, was captured by the Spanish . . . to be renamed Fort San Mateo. Long ago, the old fort was burned. But across the river on Fort George Island, ruined walls and mounds offer mute testimony to Florida's beginnings.

Modern roads now give you access to every part of this romantic, storied countryside. St. Augustine is a city of the Middle Ages, its long and eventful history going back to 1565. Fernandina and New Smyrna are other venerable and interesting settlements. Four nations have struggled for this district. Pirates have pillaged its ancient towns . . . whose buildings carry you backward to the earliest period of American colonization. . . .

Jacksonville is a strategic starting point from which to tour these historic places. To the west and south of Jacksonville is an open, fertile district through which flow hundreds of lakes and streams—one of the finest hunting and fishing countries in America. Swimming, boating, golf and horseback-riding call you every day into the out-of-doors. Spacious hotels and apartments offer you their conveniences.

Come to Jacksonville this winter! Explore the St. Johns river-country. Swim in the warm Atlantic. See for yourself these storied towns. And bring your family with you! . . . It may be that a visit to Jacksonville will point your way to greater business success, in the commercial capital of the Southeast. Write us for further information, and for an illustrated, descriptive booklet with hotel rates. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Fla.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

GETTING INTO AVIATION

(Continued from Page 13)

The outstanding difference between these service and private schools is that in the service schools the students not only do not pay for their instructions, except by time, but instead receive actual remuneration from the Government. Not a lot, to be sure, but still the amount compares favorably with that paid apprentices in the trades. Both the Army and Navy pay the transportation of the student from his home to the school. The Army flying cadets receive seventy-five dollars a month, with a food allowance of not more than a dollar a day; and clothing, equipment and other allowances are the same as those of a first-class private in the Army Air Corps. In addition, these cadets are quartered together in a separate barracks. The Navy allowance to students during their two six weeks' training periods averages eighty-four dollars a month. The Naval Reserve ensign receives approximately $375 a year, increasing with length of service and advancement in rank.

Not everyone can fly. Though setting age limits is a dangerous pastime, it seems reasonable to say that no man over thirty should try to become a commercial pilot. Past that age the reflexes slow up and one flies by decision rather than by acquired instinct. A decision flyer may know his art thoroughly, but he meets flying situations by reasoning out the conditions and deciding upon the action to take. No matter how fast his mind may work, this takes time, and time is something you do not have when you go into a tail spin. The younger flyer acts upon his acquired and developed instincts; in necessity, his reactions are instinctive and immediate.

A Dearth of Pilots

There is no age limit on the ambition to fly. At Curtiss Field the other day the interest of the staff was divided between the eagerness of a sixty-eight-year-old man to make a parachute jump and search by anxious parents for a fourteen-year-old boy who had run away from home to become an aviator. A side light was the picture of a thirty-five-year-old matron washing engine parts in a bucket of lye as a part of her flying course, and two other ladies busily preparing for transatlantic flights. The business of aviation is not lacking in variety or local color.

Last winter many good pilots couldn't find employment; now there is a shortage of 1000-hour men, although there are plenty of young fellows in various stages of training, many of them quite competent for sight-seeing flights and other ordinary piloting. The sudden growth of public interest and patronage has made demands for which airplane operators were not prepared in either equipment or personnel.

The young man who starts training now will find his opportunity waiting for him as soon as he is competent to take advantage of it. He will attain comfortable earnings sooner than he would in law, medicine, engineering or almost any other profession. The preliminary period of starvation which tradition requires of the budding physician or attorney will pass the aviator by; but he must work just as hard as they do to get his education. When he has this education he can turn it into cash almost immediately.

Two courses are open to the graduate aviator. He can seek a piloting job with some operator of commercial aircraft, or he can go into the business himself. I have already discussed the possible earnings in a pilot's job. There are also interesting possibilities in aviation for the competent flyer who has a few thousand dollars in cash capital.

Money Made in the Air

A pilot who started in the business of carrying sight-seers last May near a large Eastern city is a case in point. He began with two open ships which could each carry two passengers in addition to the pilot. His investment was approximately $5000. He leased a flying field not too far from the city, for which he paid $500 monthly rental, and solicited patronage through the hotels and tourist agencies of the city. There is normally a very large volume of tourist travel to this particular city during the summer months; public attention was kept white-hot by the flying history of the summer and the new enterprise flourished to the point where the young adventurer in aviation was able to buy an $11,000 cabin-type ship at the end of his fourth month in business.

Another man, who had been earning from $2500 to $3900 a year with two old flying boats in the lake region of New England, quadrupled his business and profits this season. The answer seems to be that the public wants to fly in greater numbers than ever before. There is every reason to believe that this demand will increase rather than diminish.

A two-passenger plane, powered with a fairly good engine, can be purchased for about $2500. It is true that rebuilt airplanes which will fly quite safely can be bought for less than half that, but they will carry only one paying passenger and the upkeep is very high. They also have an

(Continued on Page 78)

A Group of Officers Inspecting Airplanes at an Aviation Training Camp

CATTLE TRAILS NORTH!

FROM Matagorda Bay, on the humid Texas coast, northward to Roundup in Montana, the great droves followed well-defined trails, sometimes over a thousand miles long—trails as well known in their time as great railroad systems are now. Who travels those trails today?

McCoy . . . Yellowstone . . . Chissum . . . Chisholm . . . Goodnight . . Dakota . . . Shawnee . . . Sedalia . . . Eastern Trails . . . Cheyenne . . . Montana . . .

From the low hot shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the open green ranges by the Canadian border the lean longhorns were driven. In 1884, eight hundred and twenty-five thousand passed a given point in ninety days. Imagine the full total of cattle that must have poured northward and out upon the plains of the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana. The life, uproar and confusion . . . pushing the herds north in spite of drouth, rustlers and Indians! The fortunes that were involved in this thundering migration!

N. W. AYER AND SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

Yet, all at once, it seemed, the trails were empty. The days of the drover were gone. What extraordinary thing had happened to wipe out this tremendous business—to erase it apparently from the record of industrial progress?

From the east railroads had come, suddenly cutting the trails at right angles. Branch lines reached fanwise into the cattle country. *New and more efficient channels had been opened to larger and better markets.* Those who were quick to see the greater possibilities of the Iron Trail immediately diverted the movement of their droves; those who stuck to the old trails saw their droves peter out until soon there was nothing left but romantic memories. . . .

In America, more than in any other country in the world, perhaps, the success of business depends upon the study of changing channels of trade. Dependable outlets suddenly stop; unexpected outlets open wide. Those who stick to old well-tried methods are constantly in danger of some new commercial or industrial development that unexpectedly cuts into the dusty beaten trails they have been traveling with success.

No business can afford to be complacent. Continued success can only be bought at the price of eternal vigilance.

STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN HOME
CABINET BY
Seeger
SAINT PAUL
The New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger built exclusively for Electrical or Gas Refrigeration denote Supremacy and Prestige the world over—the result of advanced Refrigeration Science combining beauty and utility. The CHILTRAY and Vegetable Storage Compartment are unique features and essential conveniences.
Offered to the discriminating by leading systems of Electrical or Gas Refrigeration. Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice or for commercial use are sold by usual representatives.
SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 76)

unhappy habit of being in the shop on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when business is good.

Airplanes are a cash commodity. Some producers are experimenting with installment sales, but the first requirement of the finance company is a record of at least 1000 hours in the air, so the plan does not seem open to the young flyer.

The careful pilot who selects a good location for his enterprise can develop many sources of revenue besides holiday sightseeing at five dollars for a twenty-minute flight. For instance, there is the occasional passenger who is in a hurry, who wants to make a journey in less than railroad time and who is willing to pay three or four times the railroad rate for the trip. Other sources of revenue can be developed by the alert young pilot who puts his mind to work.

The aviation mechanic must also be a trained specialist. One large operator of transport planes suggests the following course of training for aspirants in this field of flying endeavor: Two years in an airplane factory, two years in an airplane-engine factory, and one year in a factory where his work would be on precision instruments.

At the end of this course of educational employment—all of it on someone's pay roll—the ambitious young man should be competent to enter the employment of an air-transport line with good prospects of rapid advancement.

A European air-line operator of long experience suggested another qualification for flying mechanics to me the other day. He recited the case of a girl passenger who became hysterical during the course of a long flight when it was impossible to land the ship to quiet her fears.

"The mechanic didn't use any judgment," complained my European friend. "There he was, a handsome young man, sitting up there with the pilot, and he did nothing—absolutely nothing. If he had used his brains he would have gone back into the cabin and held that young lady on his lap until she forgot she was in an airplane. He simply didn't have his mind on his job."

If this theory is a tenable one, a summer or two of experience as a beach life guard might broaden the mechanic's usefulness.

The Many Sides of Flying

Both pilot and mechanic should continue their mental and educational development after they have attained even high competence in their chosen fields. Aviation is a big business now and it is going to be bigger. Growth will call for executives of high ability, and the man whose executive ability is built upon a basis of practical knowledge will always have the preference when there is an opening for a high position. Just as most railroad executives have worked up through the ranks, the aerial executive of the future will most likely be a former pilot or mechanic. The man who knows the principles as well as he knows the detail of his job will make a competent manager when his time comes

The large air liner of the future will have its radio operators, its navigators and its meteorologists. The radio operators will be trained in the schools that train the marine radio operator today, but they will need special education and aptitude to fit them for the requirements of the air. One of the first principles of aerial transport is a continuous interchange of weather information between aircraft and weather stations. This will open a new field of employment for men who have been trained in meteorology and weather observation, and will force a great expansion of the weather-forecasting facilities of today.

Ground organization and the care and management of airports will also call for a new class of specialists. These men will have to be trained on the job, although railroad-terminal experience will probably be of considerable assistance to the man who enters this department of aviation. In the same class will come the construction and maintenance of airways and emergency-landing fields. Most of this work will probably be under the control of municipal, state or national government, and opportunity and pay will be restricted by the rules of the Civil Service.

Traffic-department employes will also have a large measure of opportunity for rapid advancement, particularly in the solicitation of business for air lines.

My friend of the European air lines has a theory about traffic men too. He says that the complaint manager should be a handsome brute of the sheik type, but with a wide vein of sympathetic understanding. These characteristics would tend to modify the vigor of any complaints made by feminine passengers, and my friend says that most of the complaints are of feminine origin. A few months as official soother in a chain hotel might help in developing the proper technic.

Aeronautical Engineering

Aerial transportation is new in American life, and sales and advertising methods have not yet been worked out Pilots with imagination, cultivated as a part of their experience in the air, and the gift of expression should make excellent advertising writers and salesmen in this new field. Commercial aviation needs men who can sell air transportation as a utility rather than as a sport or a pastime.

Aviation will soon have to begin advertising. We have been showered with free publicity this summer, but untrained and uncontrolled publicity is not advertising, and the commercial value of the season's headlines is open to question.

The field of airplane engineering is a wide one and offers probably more opportunity than can be found in the other branches of this overcrowded profession. Several leading universities have established chairs or departments in aeronautical engineering, among them New York University, where Alexander Klemin is dean of the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics. The University of Michigan has a department of aeronautical engineering under the direction of Prof. F. W. Pawlowski and L. V. Kerber; and Leland Stanford University opened a similar department this fall with the addition of A. S. Niles to the faculty. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has offered this course for the past several years

The engineering graduate will find his field in the manufacture and design of airplanes. Theoretical training can have a high value here, but it should be finished and balanced by experience, so that the student may derive the full benefit from his education. One of my friends at McCook Field was a brilliant graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who went into aviation just after the war and devoted his time to the study of structures and aerodynamics. He said that it is so complicated a science that if he devoted his entire life to its study he would only be able to scratch the surface of the problems to be solved. Such subjects of conversation during moonlight canoe trips show how seriously we took our work at McCook.

Research minds must be available, but men who are competent and able to devote poorly rewarded years to research are not easily found. In addition to the theoretical

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Special Six
4 Passenger
Victoria
$1295
f. o. b. factory

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Special Six
4-Door
Coupe
$1445

Two NEW *Models*

Nash now presents two new models. These cars, a Four-Door Coupe and a Victoria in the Special Six Series, will especially appeal to motorists who desire a high degree of distinction and elegance in the cars they drive—*at a very moderate price.*

The Victoria, for four, is a body type possessing a world of charm and a wealth of interior luxury. This new car is swung low on smaller wheels in the new vogue, and strikingly finished in green and black, with cardinal striping.

The second new model, the 4-Door Coupe, also brings to the moderate-priced field a new degree of luxurious finish and appointment. The rear upper-body is leather covered, with nickel coach-bars. The upholstery is rich taupe mohair. Interiorware is a charming Colonial pattern, in silver finish. And there is a big nickel-strapped built-in custom trunk at the rear for touring or shopping.

The remarkable value these cars present is further emphasized by their possession of these great Nash engineering advantages: Nash 7-bearing motors, newly-refined to greater smoothness, speed and power; the new Nash steering mechanism; new Nash super-springs of secret-process alloy steel; Nash *2-way,* 4-wheel brakes, most efficient known to the industry.

You are cordially invited to see—and drive—these cars at the showroom of your Nash dealer.

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Now available...

The PERFECT anti-freeze

EVEREADY PRESTONE

Trade-mark Registered

(ETHYLENE GLYCOL)

For the preparation of anti-freeze solutions
as covered by U. S. Patent 1213368

While the initial cost of Eveready Prestone is more than that of ordinary anti-freeze solutions it is economical to use because there are no replacements necessary all winter except to add water. A can of Eveready Prestone contains the pure undiluted product—no water. For use in automobile radiators water is added according to the degree of protection desired. One gallon of pure Eveready Prestone is equal in protection value to two gallons of the usual water diluted anti-freeze solutions. Eveready Prestone is put up in 1-gallon and ½-gallon cans.

SCIENCE has found the perfect anti-freeze! You don't have to worry any longer about winter motor protection. National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Radio Batteries, have made available to everyone Eveready Prestone, the long-looked-for anti-freeze that functions perfectly under all conditions of winter driving. There's nothing like it! It's completely different! No alcohol. No glycerine. A distinct chemical compound—Ethylene Glycol. Lasts all winter—never loses strength. Won't harm anything. Does not change the boiling point of water. It is just what the U. S. Bureau of Standards defines as a "perfect anti-freeze."

Eveready Prestone is not an untried product. It has been produced in limited quantities for several years. Fleet operators and car manufacturers who were quick to appreciate the merits of this product immediately absorbed the entire available supply. Leading motor-car manufacturers have endorsed it. Now Eveready Prestone is available to every car owner. For the first time it can be bought from dealers everywhere.

You will find Eveready Prestone a most satisfactory investment in winter motor insurance. This ideal anti-freeze doesn't evaporate, boil off, or deteriorate in use. It never gives off disagreeable odors and it cannot harm the paint or the cooling system. It never clogs the circulating system; it can be used continuously through warm and cold weather without losing strength or affecting the efficient operation of the motor.

It is a wise precaution to use none but the very best anti-freeze. Make sure that the circulating system of your car is free from leaks, then put in the radiator the proper amount of Eveready Prestone to protect it against your lowest winter temperature. Insist on getting Eveready Prestone. If your dealer does not have it he can get it for you very quickly.

Manufactured for

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco
by CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION

Units of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

Be safe by putting Eveready Prestone in your radiator now

9 points of superiority

1. Gives complete protection
2. Does not boil away
3. Positively will not damage cooling system
4. Will not heat up a motor
5. Will not affect paint or varnish
6. Non-inflammable
7. Odorless
8. Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
9. Never deteriorates—economical to use

(Continued from Page 78)

engineers, we need practical engineers who can apply the findings of research to actual design and manufacture. One of the world's outstanding aeronautical designers is a cut-and-try man rather than an engineer. I have seen him surrounded by a group of technical men suggesting a change in design, and have heard him say, "I am not an engineer and this looks practical to me. Is there any particular reason why it won't work?"

The aeronautical-engine designer must be a man of particularly thorough knowledge and experience, all tempered with more than a little inspiration. The principal difference between automobile and airplane engines is the weight factor, and this calls for continuous research in light metals and alloys as well as in the principles of power-plant design.

There is a danger that the engineering end of aviation may become top-heavy, as engineering has become top-heavy in other fields. The arrival of the day of mass production of aircraft will not mean an increase in opportunity for the engineer; rather, it will mean that his opportunity will be curtailed.

Mass production will mean that practices have become standardized to a degree where too much research would be unprofitable as tending to upset manufacturing programs.

As stated above, many of our best universities are offering courses in aeronautical engineering to large groups of students. Just where are they going to find places in the industry? The best bet for the aeronautical-engineering graduate is to secure employment as a civilian with the Army or the Navy.

He won't make a great deal of money—$2400 to $4000 approximately as an engineer, and up to $5000 if he attains the position of designer—but he will have an opportunity for experiment and research far wider than any private employer could afford to give him.

Aeronautical engineers are employed by the Army at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and by the Navy at the Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia. Employment for engineers familiar with this and allied subjects is also open at the Bureau of Standards, at Washington, and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. All these positions are under control of the Civil Service Commission and are filled by competitive examinations.

Graduates of McCook Field

Increases of salary will be few and very far between in the government service. My own experience at McCook Field, where I spent seven years, leads me to say that the rewards of government service are paid more in experience than in money. When promotion comes it is usually in the form of an offer from a manufacturer or operator of aircraft who knows the value of the training and experience one receives when working for Uncle Sam.

In manufacturing, the chief engineer of an airplane plant will receive from $7500 a year up, and the engine designer of repute fares still better, while other positions draw proportionate salaries. McCook Field sent many good men into the ranks of commercial aviation, all of them at better salaries than the Government felt able to pay. Many McCook graduates are now holding important positions in the industry.

For instance, C. C. Moseley, now general manager of the Western Air Express which operates between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, was an Army pilot at McCook Field, with the rank of first lieutenant, before he took his present position. R. W. Lockwood, now of the Department of Commerce, was another McCook Field man. Louis Meister, now with the Buhl Aircraft Company of Detroit, was also a test pilot at McCook. J. Parker Van Zandt, for a while with Ford-Stout at Detroit, was another of the old Dayton boys. So was Major R. W. Schroeder, who also went with the Ford organization and is now operating independently.

The Boeing Airplane Company took C. N. Monteith, who had been a first lieutenant in charge of the airplane section at McCook, as well as G. W. Carr, formerly of our production-engineering section. Donald Douglas, head of the company bearing his name at Santa Monica, California, was with the Signal Corps Aviation Service during the early days of the war. He, too, took a McCookite into his fold—H. A. Sullivan of the divisional planning section.

The Consolidated Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo is an outgrowth of the McCook Field connection between Major R. H. Fleet and Lieutenant Colonel V. E. Clark. They took Ray Whitman from the chief engineer's office and I. M. Laddon from the airplane-design section.

The Atlantic Aircraft Corporation, builders of the Fokker ships, have Mr. Charles Gullich, formerly of McCook, F. C. Corriell and your not necessarily humble servant. So far as I know, I am the only McCook girl who cashed in on aeronautical experience.

In the engine-manufacturing field the Wright Aeronautical Corporation took George Mead from the Air Service, as well as E. T. Jones, former chief of our power-plant section, S. M. Herron and K. M. Lane. Mr. Mead is now with the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Company. The Detroit Aircraft Engine Company has Glenn L. Angle and S. Christianson, both formerly of the power-plant section.

The Price You Pay

The colleges and universities which are giving courses in aeronautical engineering drew their water from the same well. New York University has Professor Alexander Klemin, who served at McCook during the war and for a short time afterward. The University of Michigan secured L. V. Kerber of our airplane section as assistant to their Professor Pawlowski, and Leland Stanford University has A. S. Niles of the structures and aerodynamics branch.

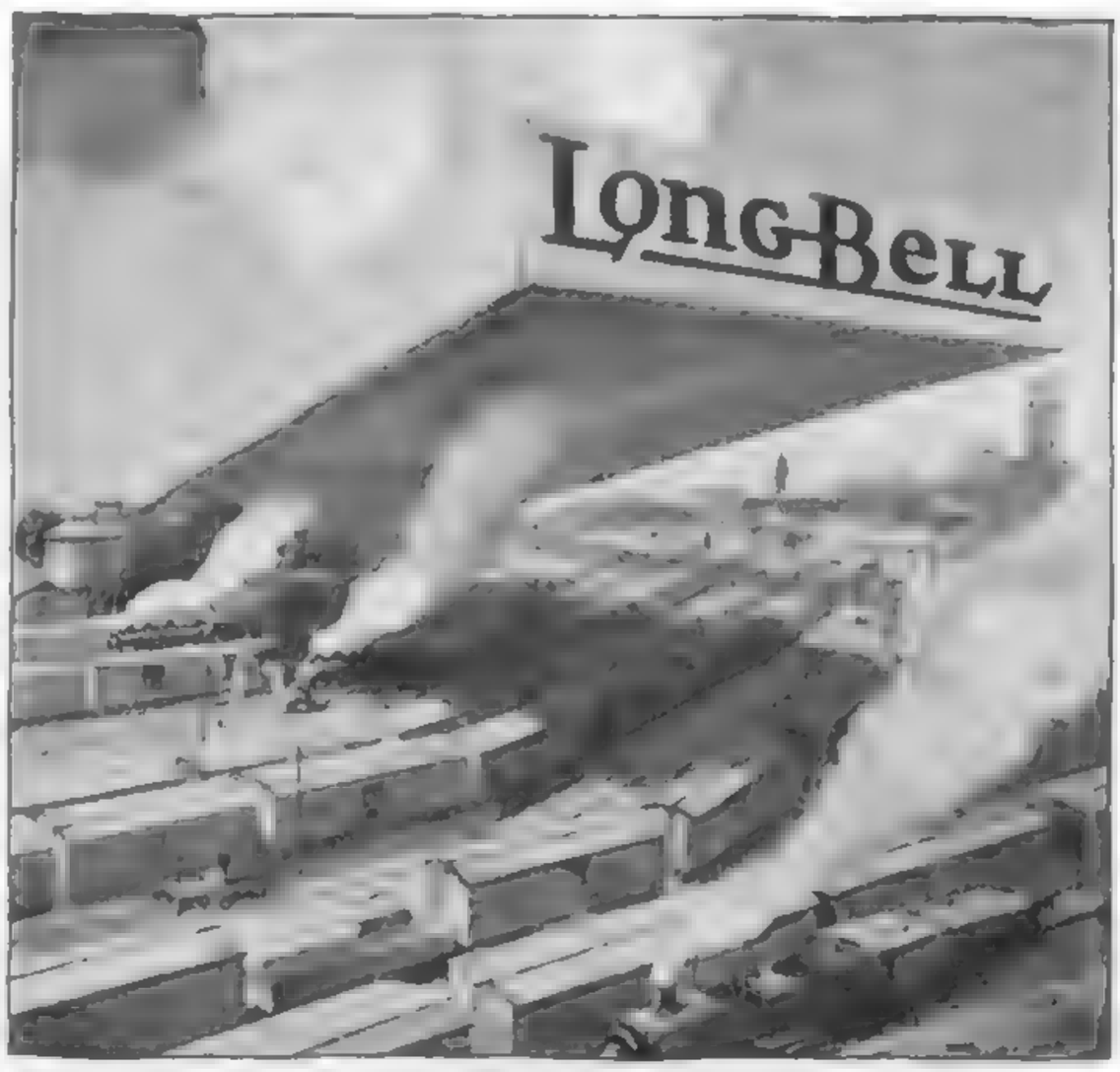
I could continue to call this roll of McCook graduates whose experience has won them good corners in this cold world, but space in this publication is limited. Enough evidence has been offered to prove the point that government service is a good route to commercial success for the aeronautical technician.

My corner of the Army Air Service was only one branch of the Government's aeronautical activities; it is quite likely that the Navy and the Bureau of Standards have also graduated a great many technical men and flyers into commercial aviation. Certainly, an experience in any of these departments is an excellent finishing school for the graduate engineering student.

American aviation needs young, energetic and ambitious men who are willing to begin at the bottom, love the climb, and be ready and able to be the men on top eventually.

They can't be clock watchers—this business works a twenty-four-hour day. There will be room for the good men who start now with a serious appreciation of the training they must have and are willing to pay the price in hours and work. There will not be room for the boy who isn't willing to pay that price.

Aviation demands specialists in every department of activity: there is no place for the Jack-of-all-trades any more than in any other scientific profession. This quite naturally brings up the question: Is it worth the time of a young man to specialize in this business of flying? That depends on the man. If he is not consumed by the white heat of fanaticism he will do better to stick to the more conventional occupations. If money return is the governing factor in his choice of a profession, aviation is not his place. If he feels that being a cog in the wheel of progress is recompense for arduous toil and bitter disappointment and the constant shadow of tragedy, then let him join us.



THE greatest transportation system in the world operates swiftly, surely, to move America's farm products and factory output to country-wide markets. Great terminals . . . countless cars . . . thousands of bridges and trestles . . . a wide variety of construction intimately testifies to the satisfaction which railroad builders have found in Wood. ' ' ' ' Lumber and timbers bearing this trade-mark have been used the country over by railroad operators and other industrial users. Most convincing is their *continued* satisfaction evident in *continued* use of these products, year after year, in the most exacting construction work. ' ' ' ' Long-Bell workers devote themselves daily to putting maximum construction value into the products they make, so that the trade-mark on the end of the piece shall have always a meaning of import to every buyer of lumber!

Know the Lumber You Buy

The same high standard of production which has been a Long-Bell policy for more than a half century governs the making of Long-Bell Douglas Fir lumber and timbers in the manufacturing plants at Longview, Wn. ' ' ' ' ' ' Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers, Douglas Fir Window Frames—Western Hemlock Lumber—Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers—Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers, Oak Flooring—California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors, Box Shooks—Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. Long Bldg. Lumbermen since 1875 Kansas City, Mo.

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, East Orange, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

NOT FOR SALE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Sure! That's what I'm counting on." Brundige laughed and slapped his knee. "Folks think I'm crazy, but some day they'll find that, if I am, it's like a fox is. Do you know what I've done?"

"I haven't an idea."

The little man lowered his voice. "Last fall I got acquainted with the old lady that owns the narrow gauge. She's a Mrs. Banks, widow of the old-timer who once held all this part of the country. He lost a lot of it, gambling and helling around, and she has had to give up a lot more, but she's held on to the land the narrow gauge ran on." He leaned forward impressively. "I had to talk fast and let her in on the scheme, but she finally gave me a three-year option on that railroad right of way." He sat back, triumphant. "Who's crazy now?" he chortled.

"You and the fox," Mark agreed, his own mind racing ahead. "How were you thinking of building this road and putting it into commission?"

"I'm not thinking yet," Brundige said. "There's plenty of time. Dudley Coates, the man that owns the timber above here, tried to get Mrs. Banks to sell him this option of mine a year or so back, but he was a slicker and she was frightened off. When I get my plans sort of ripened up I might go to this man Coates and fix up some dicker with him. He could haul lumber and I could haul guests. I don't know—I certainly ain't worried about details."

Mark sat back and took out his pipe. "Any special preference for Dudley Coates, Mr. Brundige?" he inquired.

"Not any. What you driving at?"

"Suppose I went into the railroad business with you."

"You? I'd like that fine. Are you joking?"

"I'm dead serious, and to prove it I'll give you a check right now for one thousand dollars for a partnership agreement on that railroad option of yours."

Brundige jumped a foot. "Sold!" he cried.

"And bought!" Mark echoed. "Get out a pen and a piece of paper and let's promote ourselves into a trust."

II

THERE was war on in the redwood lumber industry of the Pacific Coast and a lot of little fellows were hunting cover, pursued by the grim, stalking figure of one Dudley Coates, bent on rapine and greedy for loot.

Coates, uncomfortably familiar with the laws prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade, was far too wary an operator to flaunt justice and equity in the open market place; a beneficent amalgamation known as the Redwood Lumbermen's League, organized to promote the best interests of the redwood industry, to advertise redwood nationally, and to conduct an educational campaign for the fostering of the redwood business far and wide, was the effectual disguise behind which Coates hid his cold and thin-lipped face. A score of lawyers had searched and ransacked the articles of agreement of the league and had dissected and microscopically examined the price schedules it issued for a vulnerable spot at which to attack the nefarious combine—and had searched and dissected and examined in vain. For the time being the league was the redwood trade and Dudley Coates was the league.

Crimmins & Hanks, the North Coast Redwood Company, the L. & B. outfit, Bent & Crowell, and half a dozen other small redwood millmen were caught in the jam and were either suing for admittance to the league, on Coates' own terms, or were temporarily suspending operations pending a let-up in the storm. It was presumed that all the big fellows were in the amalgamation; it happened that one of them—big in the financial world but not in the redwood industry—was as badly caught as any of the small fry. That one was Daniel Chichester, no less!

Coates had left Chichester out deliberately and with malice aforethought. Coates had known full well that Chichester's trifling Coos Bay plant was not worth considering as a factor in the market either way, and he had omitted the big capitalist from the organization for spite and because he knew that it would gall his feudal enemy out of all proportion to the amount of loss Chichester might suffer through being denied the high privilege of membership in this combine. He had been perfectly right: Daniel Chichester's black necktie was a plucked string on which, for two days and a half, he had been playing his Étude of Chagrin.

That string tie might have warned young Mark Galt when he came in, a day after his return from the timber country, to make a report and a suggestion to his chief. Chichester looked up at him sourly. Part of the capitalist's anger against Dudley Coates was due to his knowledge that Colonel Adkinson, now owner of the nine thousand acres of redwood timber on Punta Colorada, was marked as one of the timber baron's victims and almost certainly doomed to destruction.

"What's the price?" Chichester snapped immediately. He pushed aside a bundle of papers and eyed his young lieutenant alertly, watching for clews.

"You mean Colonel Adkinson's price for the redwood property?" Mark asked.

"I'm not talking about the Rajah of Ghat!"

"The colonel refuses to sell. But I have been up on the ground ——"

"Did you accept his refusal?"

"Yes, sir. But, as I was about to say, I have a plan by which I think you and Colonel Adkinson could market that redwood"

"That's enough!" Daniel Chichester clutched his papers in a hard fist and shook them at Mark Galt. "Do you see these? Articles of incorporation and schedules of prices of an infernal, damned, impudent, hellish Redwood League that has the coast redwood market sewed up like a cat in a sack! I tell you to buy back a piece of redwood from Colonel Adkinson and you come in after a week's vacation and talk to me about marketing redwood! Bah! Pooh-pooh! Rats!" Chichester threw the papers from him. "Get out of here! Beat it before I do my duty and fire you!"

"But, Mr. Chichester, I only need a little backing to whip Dudley Coates to a standstill and make him ——"

"Do you hear me? I said get out! I sent you to buy that redwood and I told you not to come back till you had done it. The door is behind you. Use it! Good day!"

Mark Galt considered his situation for a moment coolly. He had four or five thousand dollars of ready money and perhaps six thousand in securities in a safety-deposit vault. He had a good name on California Street and quite a number of friends there. He had the faint beginnings of an eligible and highly promising business scheme that might make a fat profit if it could be put over. Aside from that, he had nothing except his job with Daniel Chichester.

Yes, he did. He had a little Irish in him and quite a bit of Welsh. He straightened.

"Just one minute, Mr. Chichester," he said evenly. "You gave me an order that no one living could fill unless he chloroformed Colonel Adkinson and forged his deed to the redwood piece. I have been taught that there is more than one way to skin a cat, and I have found another way. It happens to be a way that would make you a comfortable profit if you wanted to take it. You don't? All right, sir; I'm going now. But the next time I come in here every golden minute I spend will cost

(Continued on Page 84)

After the game—SORE THROAT

In the THROAT and nose more than 50 diseases
has their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician
watch your throat!

Gargle when you get home

Suppose your team did win—what comfort is that, a week later when sore throat, or worse, has put you in bed?

Here's a good tip if you will take it. After any long exposure (and that includes cold bleachers) rinse the mouth and gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Immediately, it attacks the millions of bacteria waiting for the moment when body resistance is low to strike.

Often, this simple and pleasant precaution will be the means of sparing you pain and sickness. Listerine nips many a sore throat and cold.

Incidentally, after a football game it relieves that hoarseness which is so troublesome.

The wisest thing to do, of course, during cold weather months is to make a daily night-and-morning habit of using Listerine. Millions do—and are healthier for it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL

The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25¢ (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 82

you money. I suppose I'm fired. No? Well, I'm on a leave of absence, anyway. Time is money with me right now, so I'll say good-by for the present. You mentioned using the door. I'll do it."

He went out, slamming that particular door rather defiantly. But his show of spirit was short-lived. On the Street he soon found that the redwood market was, indeed, sewed up like a cat in a sack. For two days he tried to peddle redwood, concealing the fact that he had none, and that if he could get any it would be such as was the property of another man, with no mill to manufacture it into a commercial product, no railroad to move it, no yards to handle it and no capital to enable him to hold it. He tried to get an offer for this hypothetical redwood of his and they laughed in his face and referred him to Dudley Coates. The Pacific Coast redwood market was, temporarily at least, in the grip of the Redwood League and the Redwood League was in the grip of the grandson of old Morgan Frazier.

"No, Mark," Rodney Raidlaw said on the evening of the fourth day thereafter, "your scheme dies a-borning. In the best of times it would be chancy business trying to operate an independent plant against the old stagers who dominate the redwood market, because, to start with, you would have to move in and set up a mill, hire crews of loggers, build roads, restore that old narrow gauge you are so chesty about—and fight Dudley Coates every step of the way."

"I've got a strangle hold on Coates," Galt said firmly. "Never mind how, but I will lick him and run my railroad into the redwoods without any trouble."

"I think you are suffering from sunstroke; but let that pass. Granting you every success all along the line, you are out cold and flat now, because the Redwood League has its foot right square on your market."

"I'll be hanged if I'll give up, even for all that!" Mark cried. "You are as depressing as a neighborhood gossip, but you can't depress me. Leave off playing Jeremiah and Job's Three Friends for a minute and tell me something."

"Just remember that I warned you! Now what is it?"

"Can you find me a lumber mill and steam plant for turning out cants of redwood, and get it at a knock-down price?"

"I can. But do you know what cants are?"

"I'm ignorant, but not that bad. They are big square logs made by slicing off the slabs—the bark."

"Slicing is excellent, but let it go. What the devil can you do with cants?"

"In the first place, I can ship them cheaper than I can finished redwood. In the second place, I can sell them to any mill, whether it handles redwood or not. In the third place, I can turn them out—if my scheme goes through—with a simple little mill that won't take thirty days to set up. . . . Any more questions?"

"You are the boy wonder of the financial world. I can already see your picture in the rotogravure sections. Go ahead and break your neck if you must. I'll give you a ring in a day or so on the mill proposition."

Galt's confident front was like a modern bow tie—hooked on with an elastic to make a snappy showing. Given a market for redwood, he had Dudley Coates checkmated by a scheme that had come to him like a flash of inspiration when he had been talking to Jesse Brundige at the Seven Oaks Resort. His preliminary lines were laid and everything would have gone smoothly if it had not been for the unhappy interjection of this double-dashed Redwood League combine. That Coates was already tasting the sweet savor of the surrender of Colonel Adkinson and early ownership of the Punta Colorada redwood land, formerly belonging to Daniel Chichester, was quite evident. Probably the public announcements made by the league had been timed by Coates merely to clinch the latter's hold on the New Orleans gentleman. However that may have been, Coates had unwittingly played Mark Galt a low trick, and the sneer on his face, if he could have but known, would doubtless have been broadened and deepened instead of being, as Mark had hoped, completely wiped off.

There remained one hope—that Colonel Adkinson had some cards up his sleeve. Abruptly deserted by Daniel Chichester, Mark Galt saw now only the avenue of an alliance with the Louisiana operator; and a few days later, when his last efforts—made in Los Angeles and, by wire, in Seattle—had failed to open a single redwood market to him, he went to the colonel's hotel.

"Delighted, Mr. Galt," the urbane Southerner said in greeting. "Kin I po' you out a slight libation? No? Yo' indiffe'nce to the subtle cha'ms of green mint depress me, suh. What kin I do fo' you othe'wise?"

"It's my busy day, colonel," Mark said, "and I haven't learned yet to mix business with pleasure. . . . May I ask if you have sold your redwood holdings on Punta Colorada?"

The colonel frowned. "I have not, suh!"

"You haven't changed your mind ——"

"Don't mention it, suh! No, suh, I have not."

"May I ask if you are planning to begin operations on the redwood soon?"

"You may, suh. I have a logging crew already engaged and will begin to fell trees abaout the middle of September."

"That's three months. I suppose you plan to build a mill?"

"I do, suh. Right now the's a slight diffe'nce of opinion between me and the contractors—matte' of twelve to twenty thousand dollahs diffe'nce. But one of them will come daown sho'tly. I know those rascals, suh, and they always do."

"I suppose you've heard, colonel, that the redwood market has been pretty well corralled recently?"

"Yes, suh. It's no mo' than I expected—on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Galt. I was told befo' I came out hya' that I would find yo' business men tol'able hard. I'm prepa'ed to fight this combine, suh, if it takes my last dollah!"

"Good for you, colonel! I wish you luck. I'd like to ask one more question, but you might think it was impertinent."

"The' can be no question of impe't'nence between gentlemen, suh. What is yo' question?"

"How in the name of Mike do you expect to get your lumber to market, colonel, from that Punta Colorada piece?"

The colonel's frown returned. "The's most always a fly in the ointment of business, son," he said; "and the only thing a wise man kin do is to accept the inevitable. Mr. Dudley Coates is my fly, suh—I freely admit it. From all appe'nces I'll have to make some so't of concession to him fo' a right of way through his prope'ty."

Mark stood up. "Colonel Adkinson," he said, "I wonder if you'll understand me when I say that I would like to be friends with you—and that I haven't much use for Dudley Coates. All right! Now, frankly, between your fight with Coates' Redwood League for a market and your concession to him for that right of way, I don't believe that you would make much of a profit out of your redwood. Do you?"

"Frankly, suh, I agree with you. But what kin I do abaout it?"

"I don't know yet, colonel. I have a plan, but it is still in the air. I only ask one thing—don't make any concessions to Coates until you let me know about it. Will you do that?"

"I don't see any reason why I shouldn't, suh. I appreciate yo' feelin' of friendship, and I don't mind sayin' that I reciprocate hea'tily, suh, hea'tily. You have my word for it that I'll see you befo' I join fo'ces with the Egyptians. Yo' hand, suh! And now abaout that libation ——"

Rodney Raidlaw called Mark the next afternoon to tell him that he could buy a mill sufficient for the young man's needs for approximately eighty thousand dollars.

"Just about ten times my entire worldly wealth," Mark said with a grimace. "But that's all right. I think I'm going to want it, Rod. Do you have any idea what it would cost to move it into Mendocino County and set it up?"

"It happens to be in Mendocino County now," Raidlaw replied, "and Pete Peters, the engineer, says he will erect it and give you steam for around thirty thousand."

"How long would it take him?"

"Call it sixty days, if he were rushed."

"Could he move it in by motortruck?"

"No; but he could with tractors, I imagine."

"Fine! I'll let you know, Rod."

"How's the mighty fabrication going?"

"The which?"

"The promotion—the scheme to humble proud Dudley Coates and make an office boy out of Daniel Chichester."

"You jump in the lake! It's going fine, though, thanks. I've got everything now but a market, about half a million of capital, a railroad and this mill you're quoting me."

"Great stuff, boy! Magnificent! Let me know when you open your cigar store or bootblack stand and I'll give you my patronage. Good-by."

It came, Mark thought ruefully, just about to that, after all. Rodney Raidlaw had been facetious, but his implication was deadly serious. A cigar stand or an all-night lunch counter would be just about Mark's size unless something happened pretty soon.

To himself, and softly, he called Daniel Chichester a name.

If that mighty operator would listen to reason Dudley Coates could be everlastingly whipped, Colonel Adkinson could be restored to his old position as a successful lumber operator, comical little Jesse Brundige, the Seven Oaks Resort proprietor, could be started on his way to affluence, the Widow Banks would become a railroad shareholder and Mark himself would be sitting on top of the world! But Daniel Chichester hadn't listened and wouldn't listen. Daniel Chichester was a long-legged and lugubrious whiffledinger, with the soul of a cod and the heart of a cast-iron monument! He had about as much vision as a bat at noontime and less patience than a wasp in a poked nest! He was a ——

The door of Mark Galt's cubicle in the Chichester suite of offices was flung open and an evening paper was tossed into the room and fell, half open, on the floor. Mark eyed it disdainfully, then staring headlines caught his eye. He read without picking it up:

MISSISSIPPI SPREADS RUIN AND DESOLATION

TORRENTS OVERFLOW HUGE AREA; THOUSANDS HOMELESS

PROPERTY LOSS ALREADY GREAT AND NO RELIEF IN SIGHT

"Well," Galt mused, "Colonel Adkinson got out just in time. I wonder if that million-dollar mill of his is inundated. Um-m-m—not a bad thing to have down there now—a lumber mill—with all the new building and the piling and posts and railroad ties and poles ——"

Suddenly he straightened, his heels hitting the floor sharply. His lips moved, his eyes widened. He grabbed his telephone, breathing in gasps.

"Southern Railroad? . . . What time does the night train leave for New Orleans? . . . Thanks! Gimme the ticket office. . . . Hello! Round to New Orleans and lower for tonight. . . . Well, an upper then. . . . All right, I'm not fussy. Spread me a blanket in one of the vestibules. . . . That's better. Much obliged. Name is Mark Galt. I'll be there at seven. Good-by."

At 8:10 he was southbound for Louisiana, his head whirling with stupendous ideas.

Twelve days later, with his head in a more orderly condition, Mark Galt boarded the Los Angeles and San Francisco limited train at New Orleans, homeward-bound. In a fat portfolio he had a whole sheaf of orders for redwood lumber, deliveries to be begun within ninety days. In his mind, also, was a clear and sharply etched picture of what he had seen at the padlocked plant of the Adkinson Cypress and Milling Company, a few miles north of New Orleans, on the Mississippi River. Providence had been kind to the Adkinson property, perhaps on the theory that that agency helps those who help themselves, since the mill pond and yards were all surrounded by a secondary levee system which had stood the test of some water and would stand more even if it came, which seemed unlikely because, as aforesaid, Providence had shunted the great floods aside and the surrounding country was almost dry. The million-dollar plant was in perfect condition and would remain so as far as the floods were concerned; a few gallons of oil, a few days for cleaning up, and steam could be raised and the great mill thrown into gear in a week, as good as ever.

Mark sat back in his place for a while, closed his eyes and reviewed his enterprise. With one single flaw, it shone clear, luminous, monumental before him. That flaw was the lack of a last flagellating whip to lay on the shoulders of Dudley Coates—an ironic fillip to give the whole plot. He could get along without it, but his soul was that of an artist and he was not content with anything short of perfection. He considered various possibilities and dismissed them. He yawned. He stretched. His artist's craving faded and he realized a very prosaic and earthy desire for food. Ten minutes later he asked a perfect stranger for the salt and it was passed him. A moment later he proffered the sugar and it was accepted.

Thereafter the affable gentleman, who spoke with a slight Southern burr and a distinct New England twang, volunteered that he was W. J. Dander and pleased to make Mr. Galt's acquaintance.

"Dander?" Mark inquired. "Are you in the firm of Dander & Hanneford?"

"I am, Mr. Galt."

"I heard of you in New Orleans, Mr. Dander. You are pretty large dealers in posts, piling, poles and ties, aren't you?"

"We buy and sell about five times as much of those commodities as all the rest of the firms in the South."

Mark felt his artistic persuasions stirring again; he grinned. "I suppose the floods will create a big demand for your special lines immediately, Mr. Dander."

Dander chuckled through his nose. "I'm on my way to the coast to buy a hundred million feet of sticks—and that's only a small first order. I don't believe there are enough of them between San Francisco and the Canadian line to meet the demand we'll have in the South before the tricky old Mississippi is harnessed again and all our wrecked lines restored. I can't see ahead that far."

"Could you use a few million feet of second-growth fir?"

"I can use pretty nearly any piece of timber that will cut twenty feet and up and hold its own weight on end. Do you happen to have some fir?"

Mark's grin became a laugh. "I think I can pry some loose for you."

"I'll be in the southern part of the state for a week, then I'll reach San Francisco on my way north. If you are ready to deal then, come and see me. It will be cash."

"How about deliveries? Could you give me ninety days?"

"Um-m-m—yes, I guess I could. I've bought enough by wire to take care of immediate needs. Yes, we could get together."

Dander proved not only a pleasant companion but an astonishing source of information, and what he knew of the Southern lumber business Mark Galt spent the rest of their time together soaking up like a sponge. He parted from the amiable little

Continued on Page 89

FAR MORE VALUE THAN THE PRICE SUGGESTS

IN the light of what this car is —and does—its low price is a matter for increasing wonder.

No car selling for $1,000 or less has equal spring base—potent factor in comfort. Nor equal acceleration —0 to 25 miles an hour through gears in less than seven seconds. Brilliant in all respects by which a car is judged. Mile-a-minute performance. Astonishing agility and ease of handling.

So expertly designed that it affords maximum comfort yet requires less than 18 feet for parking, and turns in a 38-foot street.

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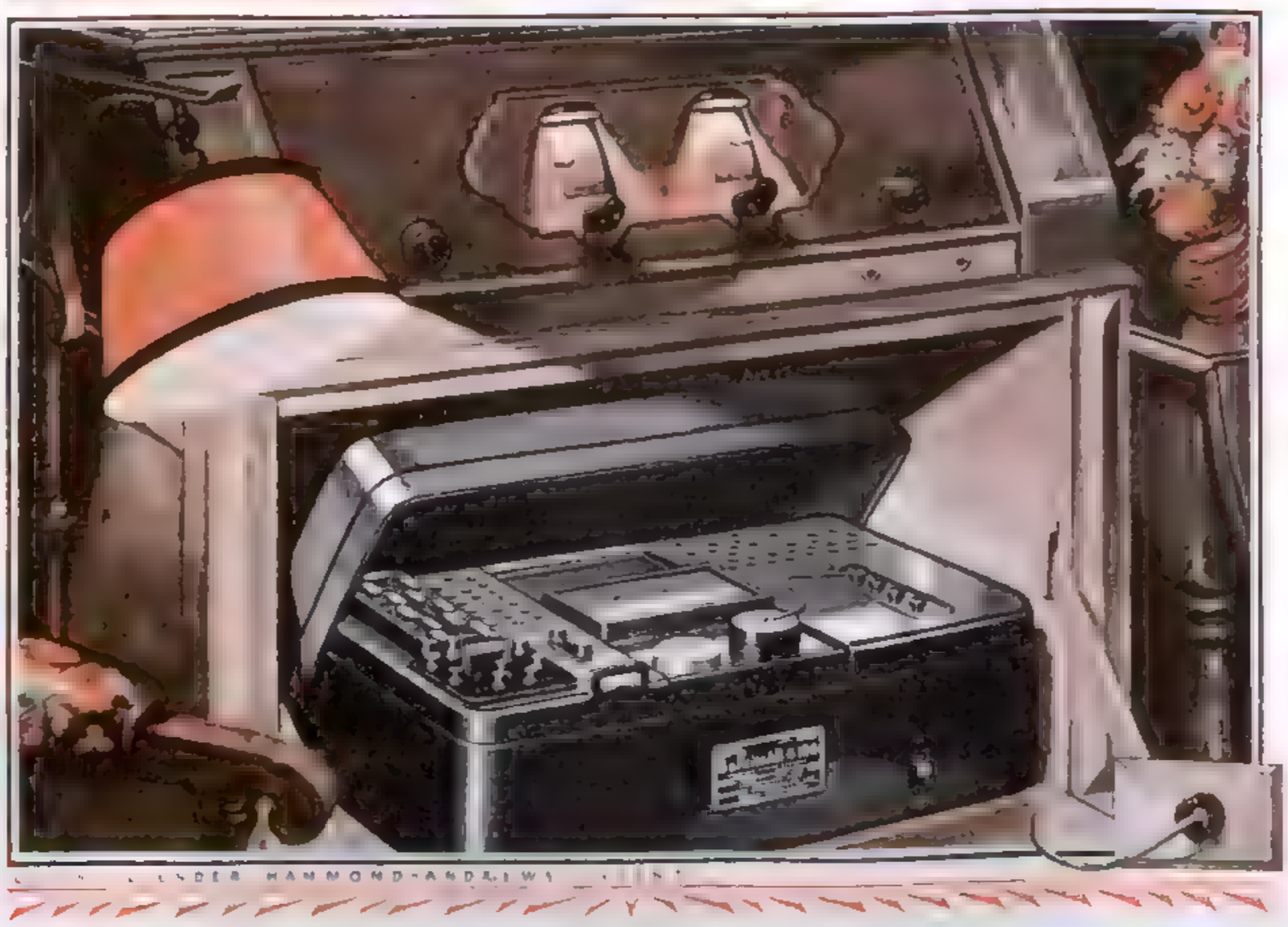
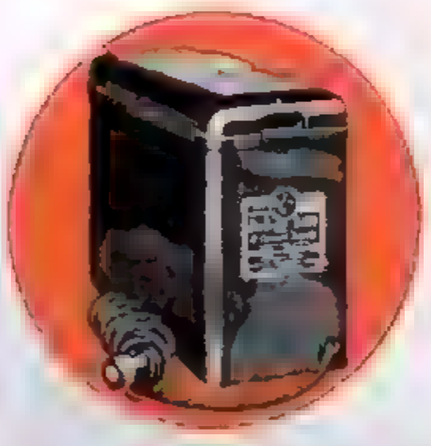
The Great Improvements





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Don't confuse Balkite "AB" with so-called radio socket powers

It contains no battery in any form

The new Balkite "AB" replaces both "A" and "B" batteries and supplies radio current from the light socket.

Balkite "AB" is not to be confused with so-called radio socket powers. It contains no battery in any form, no relay, nor any other accessory. It never requires charging. It puts an end forever to run-down radio power. It delivers even, uniform current to the set at all times. Operating only during reception, it is very economical. It requires practically no attention. It employs no tubes. It is unaffected by standing idle. It is noiseless, permanent equipment.

Balkite "AB" makes any receiver an electric set. It means the complete elimination of batteries and their attendant cares. It will be welcomed by anyone who now has to tend a radio set, particularly by women. Two models, 135 volts, $64.50. 180 volts, $74.50.

in Radio Power *have been made by* Balkite

FIRST noiseless battery charging. Then successful light socket "B" power. Then trickle charging. And today, most important of all, Balkite "AB," a complete unit containing no battery in any form, supplying both "A" and "B" power directly from the light socket, and operating only while the set is in use. The great improvements in radio power have been made by Balkite.

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This pioneering has been important. Yet alone it would never have made Balkite one of the best known names in radio. Balkite is today the established leader because of Balkite performance in the hands of its owners.

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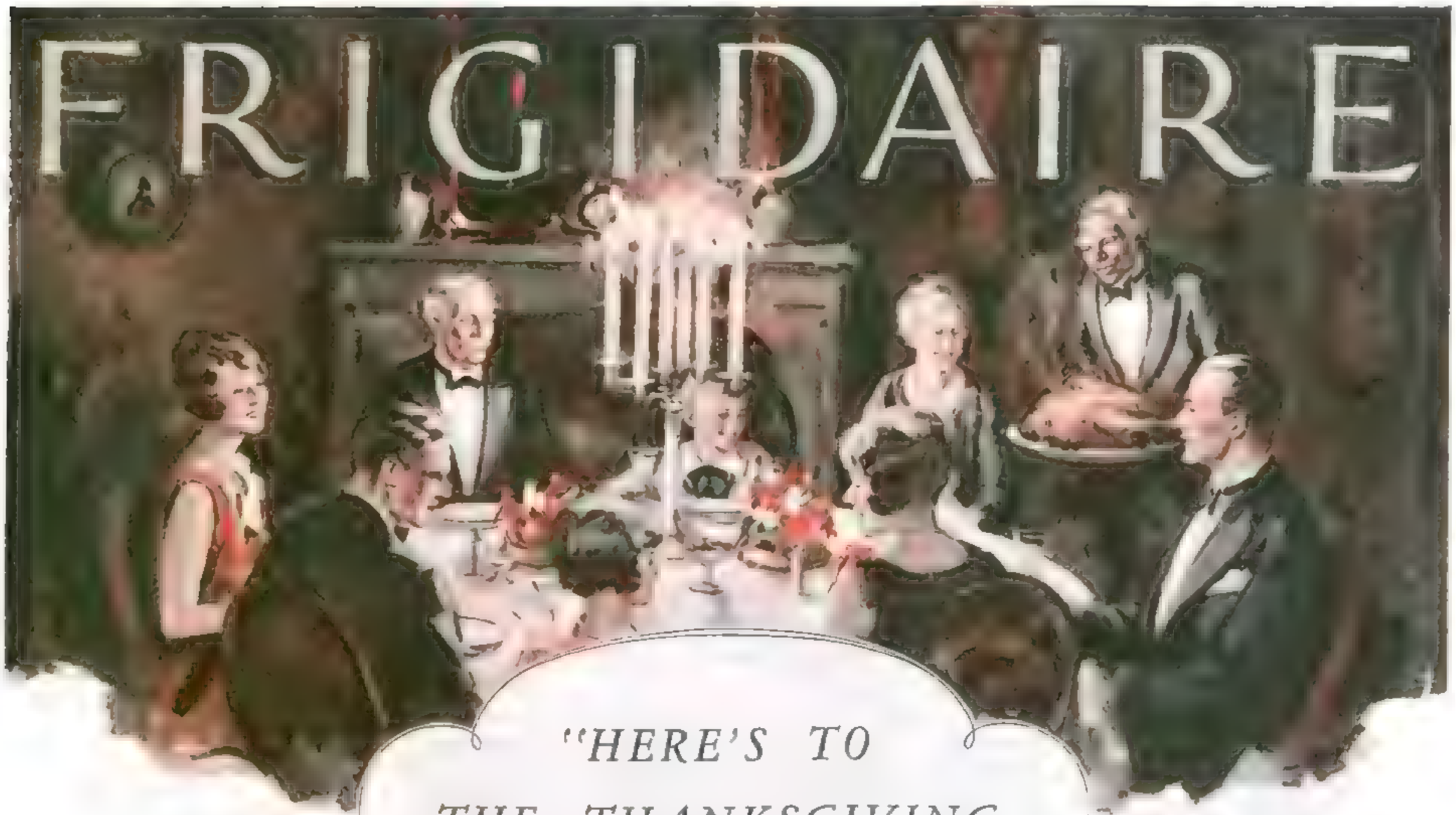

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A complete Frigidaire unit, with Duco-finished, enamel-lined steel cabinet—all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet—for the amazing factory price of only $180! Also new, reduced prices on complete line of porcelain-lined Frigidaires in large and small size. A model that suits your requirements to the letter is now on display at the nearest Frigidaire Sales Room.

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(Continued from Page 84)

lumberman with mutual protestations of esteem, caught a night train north to San Francisco and for a week was the busiest and the most close-mouthed man on California and Kearney streets. He saw Rodney Raidlaw and through him took an option on that Mendocino County mill. He called on Colonel Adkinson and left that gentleman bewildered and doubting, but vaguely hopeful. He avoided Daniel Chichester scrupulously, and a telephone call summoning him to the great man's office he threw into the wastepaper basket. Finally, not counting several consultations with an attorney and two trips to the branch State Building in San Francisco, he saw Dudley Coates and utterly befogged that worthy with an urgent, not to say peremptory, command to go to Daniel Chichester's office on the following Tuesday promptly at ten o'clock. Coates snorted.

"It's going to be in the nature of a private auction, Coates," Mark said coolly. "One of the other bidders will be Mr. Chichester himself."

"It sounds lunatic to me," Coates growled. "But I'll try to make it."

Mark knew that he would. He had baited the trap with his hand gloved, and the game was sniffing and nosing, unwary and marked for the deadfall.

III

AS MARK GALT entered the big, severe offices of Daniel Chichester on the following Tuesday morning the capitalist glanced at his desk clock. Apparently he had forgotten the impudence of his young lieutenant on his last visit; his face was calm, his tie in place, his manner almost affable.

"I understood you to say over the phone last night, Galt, that you had made satisfactory arrangements about that Punta Colorada redwood land," he remarked. "I am glad to hear it. I have always had a good deal of confidence in you, and the termination of this business will be very gratifying to me."

"It may be," Galt replied with his infectious laugh. "But on the other hand, it may not. Of course, I am perfectly satisfied myself, but ——"

"You! What have you to do with it?"

"My instructions were to get the redwood back from Colonel Adkinson. But when I came in here a month ago and tried to suggest how it could be done, you wouldn't listen. And so I'm now in the position of having a property I can't swing and that I am compelled to offer to the highest bidder."

Chichester eyed him, his affability gone. "I've spoiled you, Galt," he said. "One of my weaknesses is praising promising youngsters and giving them false ideas of their own importance. Suppose you omit the comedy and hand me over that deed."

"Just a moment, Mr. Chichester," Mark said. "There are callers without, and if you have no objection I'll invite them in."

"I don't want to see any callers!"

"Not Colonel Adkinson, with a pipe of peace? Not Dudley Coates, with a white flag? Surely, Mr. Chichester ——"

"Shut up! Miss Filene, show the gentlemen in!"

There entered a tall, erect, handsome Southern gentleman in linen suit and gray canvas shoes, followed by a little, rubicund, boyish man of middle age, and by a sallow young man with a lawyer's brief case. Galt nodded to them.

"You've met Colonel Adkinson, I believe, Mr. Chichester."

Chichester rose. Colonel Adkinson stiffened. "Are you the Chicheste', suh, that sold me the wu'thless ——"

Mark intervened. "No, he isn't, colonel. I'll explain all that in a minute. Colonel Adkinson—Mr. Jesse Brundige and Amos Pease. And Mr. Chichester, gentlemen. . . . Hello, Coates!"

Dudley Coates, stiff, overdressed, savage, stood in the door. "Is this some kind of a convention?" he demanded angrily. "I was told ——"

Mark Galt took him up.

"That's correct, Coates," he said. "I told you, and I have a habit of telling the truth that four years on California Street hasn't seemed to break me of. Sit down. Now, gentlemen, I have here in my bag something that is worth close to three-quarters of a million dollars to the man who gets it; if you don't like the party after it opens you can walk out, but I am willing to bet a box of cigars that there isn't one of you would give up his seat for five thousand dollars two minutes from now."

"I understood from you that Chichester wanted to buy my second-growth fir," Dudley Coates growled.

"I don't want your infernal fir!" Chichester snapped.

"You don't know you do, Mr. Chichester," said Galt. "But you'd really pay a pretty good price for it."

"Go on with your rat killing!"

Mark placed his leather portfolio on the capitalist's big desk and took from it a sheaf of papers. "My first item," he said very deliberately, "is a packet of orders from lumbermen with A-1 commercial ratings for redwood lumber at the going price sufficient to use up every log on the redwood timberland formerly owned by Mr. Chichester but now belonging to Colonel Adkinson."

The colonel laughed and sat back. "That glues me to my chai'!" he chuckled admiringly.

Mark placed the orders on the desk and fished out another paper. "This is a properly executed order for six schooner loads of fir sticks for posts, piles and poles, deliveries to start within ninety days, at a price just 12 per cent higher than the prevailing price on the San Francisco market, and to be shipped f. o. b. the mill."

"Anybody can write an order for piling and poles!" Dudley Coates snarled.

"But very few could sign it with the name of W. J. Dander, of the firm of Dander & Hanneford," Mark countered.

"Is that the Atlanta, Georgia, outfit?"

"It is."

Coates gave Chichester a mean look. "I'll keep my chair," he said.

Mark brought out a third paper. "This," he said, tapping it lightly, "is a bid of the Coastal and Canal Steamship Company to carry redwood and fir sticks or cants from San Francisco to any point within fifty miles of New Orleans, Louisiana, at a rate of one-half the going charge for such cargoes, and holding good for one year."

Coates bellowed. "The Coastal?" he cried. "Why, I own the controlling stock in that line, and I won't ——"

"Oh, yes, you will, Coates!" Mark Galt interrupted quietly. "You told your manager to take some westbound freights at Galveston and make the down trip pay expenses. This is how he is going to carry out your orders, and your bond is up for the fulfillment of the bid. Please don't interrupt."

Daniel Chichester laughed aloud. "We're too smart for you, Dudley, my boy!" he chortled. "Go on, Galt."

Mark produced another paper, passing, for the moment, Chichester's use of the plural pronoun. "This document," he explained, "is an option, expiring tomorrow at noon, on the Louisiana lumber mill of the Adkinson Cypress and Milling, situated about thirty miles above New Orleans on the Mississippi River, and valued, as a going plant, at five or six hundred thousand dollars. Colonel Adkinson was kind enough to give me this option yesterday for forty-eight hours because his cypress timber is exhausted, and up to the last ten minutes, he had no use for the mill. His price to me is fifty thousand dollars, but my selling price is exactly one hundred thousand up to five o'clock today."

Mark sat down. For a moment there was silence. Little Jesse Brundige knew something big was coming off, but he did not know what it was. He was perfectly happy to be in such fast company and grinned like a monkey. The sallow lawyer was grave, but not bored. Chichester, Coates and Adkinson, however, had each a good deal at stake and each was a thoroughly practical lumberman with the beginning of a glimmering notion now as to Mark Galt's scheme. There were, however, several breaks in the continuity.

Daniel Chichester was the first to speak. "In about half an hour, Galt," he said, "I imagine you will be yelling for help from me, and I'm not sure whether you'll get it or not. Do I understand that you have a scheme for logging the Punta Colorada redwood and shipping it to Colonel Adkinson's Louisiana mill, then selling from there?"

"To my clients on the Mississippi River—that's it."

"You can't afford to ship redwood logs."

"I don't propose to. I have here, also, an option on a secondhand mill located thirty miles west of Willits that I can have running in sixty days on the redwood piece at a cost of around a hundred thousand. With that I'll slab the logs and ship the cants—the logs squared up."

Colonel Adkinson struck his knee sharply. "By Jupiteh, suh, allow me to congratulate you! I'll give you your price for that old mill of mine down on the riveh right this minute!"

"Just a moment, Galt!" Chichester interposed. "You mentioned fir for piling and poles. Where did you figure on getting that stuff?"

Mark waved a hand. "I had a feeling that Mr. Coates would sell me his second growth on the old Frazier Seaboard Lumber Company property that surrounds the colonel's piece," he said

"I'm damned if I will!" Coates exploded. "But I'll tell you what I will consider—I'll give you fifteen thousand for your Dander contract and take it off your hands."

"Thanks, no."

"All right!" Coates had his bearings now. "I've no time to waste, but I'll take a minute or two to tell you and Chichester where to head in. You have what you probably think is a brilliant scheme for cutting the redwood on the land Chichester gold-bricked Colonel Adkinson into buying, sending it across my Seaboard property to the railroad and moving it to New Orleans for milling. Is that your project?"

"Generally—yes."

"I thought so. Your whole enterprise is one of these paper-millions flotations that all the office boys in California Street take a turn at building. It happens, as usual, to lack just one necessary element."

"I wouldn't say lack," Galt objected mildly. "You mean that you won't give me a right of way to cross the Frazier property?"

"Not until I lose my mind, I won't."

"Maybe this will give you the first symptoms of lunacy then," Mark suggested. He took from his portfolio another paper and waved a hand toward the two outsiders in the room. "Mr. Brundige is the owner of the Seven Oaks Resort, up in the foothills below your second-growth fir land, Coates," he said. "He wants a railroad in there the worst way. Mr. Amos Pease is counsel for Mrs. Nancy Banks, owner of the old narrow-gauge right of way from Devlin Junction in to your land. This paper I hold is a copy of one filed with the State Railroad Commission a week ago, asking for a certificate of necessity and convenience authorizing us to rebuild that narrow gauge."

Coates' jaw dropped, but he stiffened it hastily. "Do you mean to say that you think you can force a right of way across my land with a silly subterfuge like that?"

"Subterfuge?" Mark inquired very politely. "Oh, I wouldn't call it that, Coates! It will be a common-carrier railroad, and as such will have the right of eminent domain—in short, will have the power to condemn property. Am I right, Mr. Pease?"

"The right to condemn, under the ancient English common-law principle known as eminent domain unquestionably inheres in any railroad corporation duly authorized to construct and operate a line for the benefit, use and convenience of the public,

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including shippers." The sallow lawyer cleared his throat, bowed and retreated into himself solemnly.

Daniel Chichester laughed abruptly again.

"You were right about my enjoying this show of yours, Galt," he exclaimed. "I haven't had such a good time for weeks. Coates, my boy, why don't you cheer up? You're surely not galled because your infernal Redwood Robbers' Amalgamated Association of Second Story Men and Safe Crackers slipped on the New Orleans market and let Galt in there, are you?"

"We haven't slipped yet," Coates retorted angrily. "Two telegrams from here to our Southern correspondents ——"

"Just a minute, Coates," Mark Galt interrupted. "I advise you not to say too much, because anything you do say will be used against you."

"You half-baked paper promoter, you, what are you insinuating?"

"Insinuating, Coates? Oh, far from it! Mr. Pease and I have half a dozen letters already, with more coming, that will interest the Federal grand jury when it convenes in September, because they insinuate in very strong language that your Redwood Lumbermen's League is as illegal as a still."

"Prove it!"

"And waste the grand climax in the Federal courts, Coates? Not me!"

Coates squirmed. "Well, I'm through," he said. "You won't get that fir, though—not unless it's over my dead body."

"Suppose we compromise. We'll agree not to ship redwood to Los Angeles, mill it there and ship it back up here in competition with your League of Redwood Thieves if you'll act reasonably about the fir."

Coates digested this thought for a moment. "How much are you offering for the whole property?" he inquired.

"Eighty thousand."

"A hundred."

"I'll make it fifty in another five seconds."

Coates shrugged. "Oh, well, have it your own way. The damned place has been nothing but an expense ever since I inherited it. I'll send the papers over. . . . Good day." He went out, kicking over a waste-paper basket that stood in his way and banging the door.

Daniel Chichester jumped up and shook hands violently with Colonel Adkinson. He shook hands with the solemn and sallow Mr. Pease and slapped little Jesse Brundige on the back till the small man's teeth rattled. The two conferred with Mark Galt a moment, said good-by to Chichester and Colonel Adkinson and went out, the sallow lawyer with dignity, walking on the balls of his feet, and Jesse Brundige dancing and humming, in a cracked voice, "Oh, too-rool-too-ray, te-ya-dee!" Mark Galt gathered up his papers and glanced at Daniel Chichester.

The capitalist, shaking hands again with Colonel Adkinson, crossed to his young lieutenant's side. "My boy," he said, "I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate—how much Colonel Adkinson and I appreciate your—your zeal."

Colonel Adkinson, lifting the tails of his linen coat, did a pirouette and knocked over an inkstand. "I ce'tainly subscribe to those sentiments with all me hea't, suh!" he cried. "And if you-all will step ove' to my room we will po' a libation ——"

"Just a minute, gentlemen," Mark Galt said, sitting down on the desk and wiping his forehead, which was a trifle moist. "Wait a shake! Appreciation and sentiments are all right, but what I prefer is the signature on the dotted line."

"The—what? On what dotted line?" Chichester demanded, instantly bristling.

"Last time I came here I warned you, Mr. Chichester," Mark said firmly. "Now I want your signatures on the dotted lines of a partnership contract—you and Colonel Adkinson and me, but principally me one-sixth."

"You—you infernal young rip!"

"A half-baked paper promoter was what Coates called me, Mr. Chichester, and it cost him money. Let that be a warning to you!"

Chichester sat down suddenly. "Galt," he said peremptorily—"Galt, you are a—that is, you are a—I mean to say ——" He cleared his throat. His red face became calmer. He turned slowly to Colonel Adkinson. "Colonel, what do you say?" he inquired, with a smile breaking.

Colonel Adkinson beamed. "I say, yes, by all means, suh! One-sixth is enti'ly satisfact'ry to me, suh. You and I, Mr. Chicheste', can make our own arrangements subsequently. Galt, my young friend, I'm proud to call you pahtne'. Mr. Chichester, yo' hand, too, suh."

Mark Galt stood up and a great sigh escaped him. "Then that's settled," he cried. "But it was too close for comfort. In behalf of—of our firm, gentlemen, I have taken options, made promises, incurred legal bills, filed telegrams, accepted contracts, tied up properties, signed leases, employed crews and indorsed evidences of indebtedness, all immediately due and payable, totaling in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." He put hand in pocket, drew out two dimes and a few odd pennies and threw them to the desk. "And that," he said with a wry grin, "was exactly all I had left to pay off with."

Chichester chuckled. "You've got the nerve of a McAllister Street furniture dealer, Mark!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Suppose you had slipped somewhere?"

"But I didn't!" Galt laughed abruptly. "I didn't even let myself think what would happen, especially this last week, if I should. Now if you two gentlemen will put up about a hundred thousand dollars apiece we will take our two hundred thousand dollars and—and twenty-eight cents and start into the redwood lumber business, with a side line of posts, poles and piling, on a sound financial basis."

Colonel Adkinson came between the two others, pulled his panama to a rakish angle, linked arms with them and did an incredible high kick. "As I have frequently rema'ked befo', gentlemen and associates, I would like to esco't you to my hotel. The', if we can find a po'teh, I believe I can concoct fo' you a mixtu' of mint leaves, shaved ice and ce'tain potable liquids that is conside'ble of an improvement oveh talkin' business on a wahm day."

"Gracious Sakes, Auntie! What are You Doing With the Lawn Mower at This Time of Night?" "Sh-h! There's a Burglar Under This Bed!"

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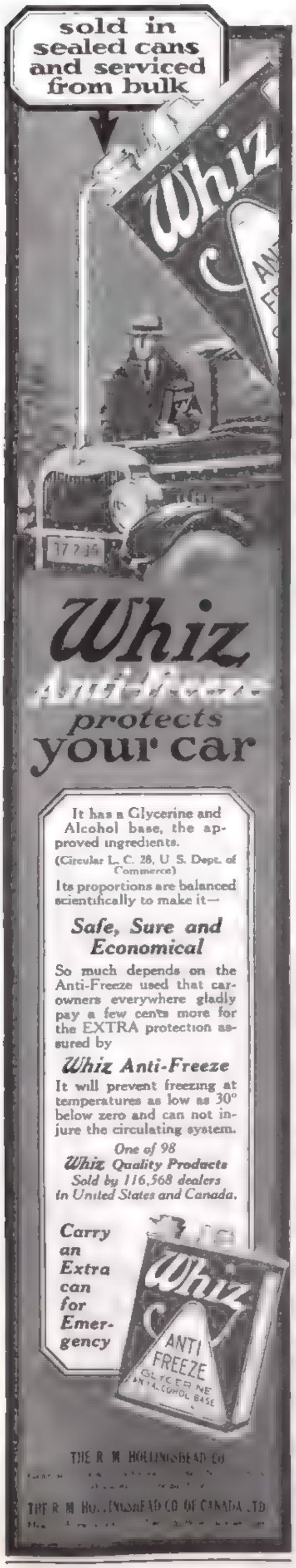
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THE USES OF INQUIRY

(Continued from Page 40)

They were for a moment very still; and Saladine in his turn looked around, searching the shadowed interior of the store as though he feared a listener there. "No one here, Andy?" he asked quietly.

Andy shook his head. "Who said so, Will?" he demanded. "How'd you know?"

"I was over there," said Will. "I been in there twice. I been all around, asking. Varey, he went in there, and he never come out or somebody'd seen him. And you can tell it to look at Baal. I stood there and dared him, cussed him out, and he never made a move at me. He's different—like a scared man."

Saladine was silent; he was watching Will. But Andy considered. "I noticed that," he agreed. "He was in here a few days ago He didn't talk so loud."

"Chet McAusland saw Varey's tracks down brook," said Saladine provocatively, "coming away from Baal's."

"He see the tracks of his shoes," Belter corrected—"that's all! They was Varey's shoes, all right. Only pair he had, wan't they?"

Andy nodded. "Unless he had some in that pack of his."

"They was good shoes, not wore any," Belter insisted. "He wouldn't throw them away."

"No," Saladine agreed. "What about it, Will?"

"Eben Braid's boy found 'em," said Will triumphantly. "Steve Braid. He's got 'em, wearing 'em around. He was up brook and he found the shoes under the root of an old gray birch with a hollow in it. They'd been covered up, and a coon or something had scratched the dirt away."

They listened rigidly, and Belter swung to Saladine. "You fish that brook. You know that gray birch, Jim?"

"Guess I do," said Saladine. "It leans out over. Hollow inside. A coon lived in there last time I was by."

"I figure Varey started down brook and run into Baal there," Belter urged.

Saladine shook his head. "Baal didn't ever fish—wouldn't be along the brook unless he was hunting for Varey." He considered. "Baal's got small feet," he reminded them. "He might have wore the shoes on purpose to leave them tracks."

Belter caught at that suggestion. Saladine, he saw, was ready to believe. "Say we go over," he cried—"the three of us. I bet there's something else in that hollow tree, if we was to look there."

Andy hesitated. "I liked that Varey," he agreed, and his tone was an assent.

"Baal wan't at home when Varey was there," Saladine reminded them.

"It won't do any hurt," Will insisted, "if we was to go and look in that tree. I tell you, you can tell to look at Baal. I see him today." He added, remembering: "He was all over soot and ashes. There's fire over in the brush across from his farm, by the sawdust pile. He'd been trying to put it out, and he come over to the house when he see me." And he said boastfully: "He told me to get off and I give it back to him proper, and he never made a move. I tell you, he's bad scared."

Andy chuckled. "He buried his cow in quicklime in the sawdust pile," he told Saladine. "So when the rain come it caught fire. Burn all summer, I wouldn't wonder."

"His cow?" Saladine commented. "Cow die?"

Andy nodded. "Jim Ingram told me," he explained.

Saladine considered. "Come along, can you, Andy?" he suggested.

"Let's get three-four others," Will urged, but Saladine grinned.

"We'll do," he assured Belter. "We're enough for him."

"I'll leave word, so the boss can mind the store," Andy decided. "You can carry us with your team, can't you, Jim?"

Saladine nodded, and a little later they set out upon the way. Will's horse they left tied there. Will suggested that Andy take a shotgun along, but the others negatived this and he submitted. They took the westward road, and Saladine's horse went smartly, trotting through the rain. Andy asked Saladine once, "What do you figure to do, Jim—find that gray birch?"

He Was So High and So Industrious; He Hung Like a Shadow Against the Sky

"I bet there's something there!" Belter declared.

"If there ain't," said Saladine, "we better take a look at the sawdust pile." And they rode a while in silence, considering what he had said, and Belter's spine was cold.

*

THEY came to Ingram's store, but made no stay or stop there. Belter would have stopped. The man was more and more afraid. He would have been glad to abandon this quest, but he lacked the moral courage to declare his fear, and so sought pretexts.

"Let's stop and see if Jim knows anything," he proposed.

But Saladine shook his head. "There's enough of us, till we know a little more," he replied.

And Andy agreed: "We'll go and take a look around."

So they drove on, taking the Augusta road so that they would come to the stream below Baal's farm. The rain was heavier, and Belter said miserably, "Be wet in the brush. I left my slicker in the buggy."

"Looks like clearing," Saladine pointed out. "The wind's been trying all day to come around. This may be the last of it."

"That's so," Andy assented.

They drove for much of the way in silence. Only once Andy repeated, as though he thought aloud: "I liked that Varey."

Belter resentfully protested: "He'd ought to had the sense to stay away. A man's a fool to tackle Baal without he's got two arms."

When they came to the byroad that led up the valley toward Baal's farm, the rain was slackening and there was a cleaner current in the air. Saladine remarked: "Going to break away, it looks to me. What time is it, Andy?"

"After sunset, I'd say," Andy replied. "Be dark pretty soon."

"I got a lantern under the seat," Saladine replied.

They entered the narrow road and the wood closed in on them, and Belter felt himself imprisoned and confined. "Look here," he protested, "why don't we come in tomorrow, when it's light enough to see? Git lost in the dark, Jim."

But Saladine ignored him and Andy only said wistfully, "I wish I'd come with him that day. He was a fellow you'd take to, Jim."

The trees on their right hand opened out, and Belter exclaimed, "Here's Braid's meadow. He was cutting up in here that day." And he cried, "It ain't but about a mile up to Baal's, Jim. You going to drive right into his yard?"

Saladine chuckled faintly; they heard the sound, though it was by this time too dark to see his countenance. "Tie the old horse in here," he explained, and turned through a gap in the wall and halted beside a clump of birches. He added: "I used to stop here when I come to fish the brook." And as they got to the ground he said to Andy, "Get the lantern, will you, Andy, while I tie the horse?"

"I got a thin coat on," Belter exclaimed. "I'm going to get mighty wet in them woods."

"Stay here then, if you want," Saladine agreed indifferently.

Belter looked around. It was nearly dark, and the open meadow was surrounded by a fringe of shadow where any harm might lie. "Oh, I'm coming," he assured them, "if you're bound to go." He wished desperately that he had been wise enough to hold his tongue a while, to wait till morning, when the sun would shine.

The rain had stopped and the wind was now definitely from the southwest, cool and fresh. "Fine tomorrow," Andy remarked; and then he fell in behind Saladine, and Belter crowded Andy's heels, as they crossed the road and descended toward the stream.

Saladine carried the lantern, but he had not yet lighted it. "There's a path," he explained. "I can make it out, so far, without." He spoke softly, and Belter pressed nearer. They threaded a growth of cedars and the water-laden boughs drenched them. Saladine, in front, took the worst; but even Will had his share, and he was cold and he shivered miserably. About them lay the black wood for a while, and then they came into an alder thicket and had to pick their way, and so at last the brook ran at their feet. Saladine paused and the others huddled near him. All about them water dripped in the night, and the brook gurgled over a little rip near by. Otherwise the dark was soundless, and the spell of silence bound their tongues. They spoke whisperingly when they spoke at all.

"The old gray birch," said Saladine. "It's on the other side. We can cross on some rocks right up above."

But he waited to strike a match, and the lantern flared. Then Saladine went on and they came close behind, and the lantern swayed in his hand so that shadows moved

(Continued on Page 94)

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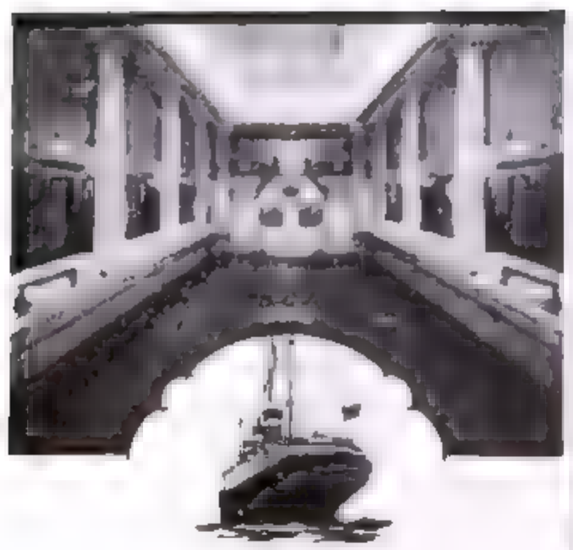

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(Continued from Page 92)

rhythmically like dancers in the thicket all about them. The rocks upon which they crossed the brook gleamed in the light like bones; between them the dark water ran, and its depths were green. Belter, last in the line, saw in the water an eel curving and twisting as it squirmed upstream against the current and he shuddered miserably. But when they were on the other side and Saladine came to a stop and they saw the hole of the old birch, its bark curling in little tattered strands, Belter took heart, pressed nearer, bent with them to see.

Saladine directed the light of the lantern on a rain-soaked and sodden slant of stuff below the hole between the roots. "That's coon," he said, and bent to peer into the hole, and by and by fumbled in it, his arm buried to the shoulder. Later he sought a forked stick and poked and prodded there, and Belter forgot his fears.

For they found Varey's steel rod and his pack stuffed away here, thrust as far out of sight as was readily possible. Something had gnawed at the pack. The rod, in its gray cloth case, was grimed and muddy.

"That all?" Belter whispered.

Saladine nodded. "There's a big hole up above," he said, and held the lantern high. "But I guess nobody's climbed the tree."

Will shivered. "I didn't know but we'd find something else," he confessed.

"That's all," Saladine repeated gravely.

Andy looked at him. Andy held the pack and the rod in his hands. "What do you figure, Jim?" he whispered.

"Looks like Belter's right," Saladine confessed.

"Varey's dead, you 'low?"

"Don't see anything else to it." Saladine was silent for a moment, then he added: "Baal probably hid this stuff any way he could. And the old coon tried to get in his hole and dug 'em up again—the shoes."

"Where's Varey?" Andy urged.

Saladine swung the lantern. "We'll go along," he decided. "Long as we come this far, we'll go along." He squinted up through the foliage. "Clouds are breaking up," he said. "Be a moon by and by."

"Wait till morning," Belter urged. "Fooling around in the dark!"

"Go ahead, Jim," said Andy. "Show the way."

So Saladine went on, Andy stoutly on his heels, Will following in grudging and reluctant fashion. He dared not risk missing that which was to come; his very fears, as he became inured, emboldened him and urged him on. They pressed up brook, tracing for a while the path broken there by fishermen; and when this path faded or crossed to the other bank, Saladine led them into the mazes of the cedar swamp which here cloaked the stream. They fought their way, and stubs tore and cut at them, and branches slapped them in the face, and the water dripped soddenly upon their sodden garments.

Andy carried Varey's pack and his rod, tenderly, as though thus he might do service to the man whom he had liked so well. He sheltered them against his own body from the lashings of the cedar boughs.

The lantern was, among the cedars, no great help to them; and by and by, when their way cleared a little, Saladine extinguished its bright flame. "We can get on," he explained, whispering to them. "And we're getting near. Baal might see the light. Keep quiet as you can."

Belter stumbled and fell and a root bruised his hand; he got to his feet and crowded after them, and the boughs which Andy brushed aside lashed Belter's face. He sheltered his cheeks with his elbows, staggering and tottering blindly, till Saladine cautioned him to make less noise. Belter hated the silence. He wished to shout and cry out and shatter this hideous and gloomy quiet which enshrouded them. There might be peril in this quietness.

They emerged at last from the cedars into a growth of poplar and birch saplings, small spruce seedlings knee high about them. The ground rose here a little above the level of the swamp, where a low knoll ran along the border of the stream. The black cedars lay like a shadow a few rods away on their left hand, the brook murmured at their right. And Saladine by and by paused and pointed and they saw a light ahead—a lighted window, across the brook, a quarter mile or less away.

"That's his house," said Saladine. "They ain't gone to bed."

"There's a kind of a light on this side the brook," Andy discovered.

Saladine nodded. "That's the fire in the sawdust pile," he reminded them; and the three stood for a moment, as though it were necessary to muster courage to go on.

But they did go on. In this easier walking, Saladine and Andy moved side by side. Belter skulked a little behind. His eyes darted in the darkness, toward the lighted window which drew nearer, toward the dull glow and glimmer just ahead. And thus they came at last to the borders of the sawdust pile.

This was some ten or a dozen years ago, and the pile had at that time proportions more impressive than now it wears. From the brook it ran back two rods or more, and it was three or four rods from its upper to its lower end. Also it was an actual pile, rising in the middle to a level with the eyes of a man standing on the knoll. The fire, they saw when they came near, was in the middle of the pile, under its highest part. Overhead the clouds had by this time somewhat thinned, and faint moonlight broke through them, dimly illumining the scene. The sawdust on the surface of the pile was weathered gray, as shingles weather in the sun and rain and wind. This gray seemed almost white in the dim moonlight broken by dark clouds.

From the upper part of the pile little plumes and ribbons of smoke emerged through orifices here and there; and these tiny threads of smoke united, as soon as they came to the air, in a column which rose a few feet perpendicularly before it drifted away across the brook toward Baal's farm. In one or two places on the pile faint gleams of fire appeared, like the butts of cigars. These gleaming spots grew bright and faded as a cigar does when the smoker draws upon it. And in one place, beyond the crest of the pile and so out of their direct view, there must have been a little flame that flickered fitfully; the light from it touched the column of smoke, tinting it with crimson here and there.

Heat came to them from this fire; they felt it faintly. And there were sounds, not to be identified, as though inside the pile the little flames whispered pleasantly together.

About them water dripped from the twigs and branches. Beyond the sawdust pile, the brook played through the timbers of the long-abandoned dam. And over past the brook a lamp was burning in the kitchen window of Baal's home.

The three men stayed for a considerable time without moving, watching the smoke and the glimmer of embers here and there. Saladine surveyed the scene gravely, Andy with more impatience. But Belter looked from the sawdust pile to the lamp in the window. Baal was there, in his kitchen, no more than two hundred yards away. And Belter looked at Saladine and he looked at Andy and he looked back again to the gleam of embers here.

"It's all afire inside," he whispered fearfully.

Saladine moved away, around the borders of the pile. He bent low, searching along the ground. Andy stayed where he was and Belter was torn between them. Then Saladine came back.

"Ingram say Baal buried a cow here?" he asked Andy, and Andy nodded.

"He'd have to drag it," Saladine remarked. "I don't see the signs anywhere."

Andy hesitated, and he moved forward, stepping up on the slope of sawdust, but Saladine touched his arm. Andy looked back at him. "Going to poke around," he explained.

Saladine shook his head. "It's all burning inside," he pointed out. "Just a shell. Might cave in with you. It must be twenty feet deep and all afire inside. You go in and you wouldn't have a chance. Keep your feet on the ground."

"Dog-gone it!" Andy protested reluctantly, but he obeyed.

"Baal was trying to put it out today," Will reminded them. "He was all over ashes. Wonder the rain didn't stop it."

"It'll burn for a spell," Saladine assured him. "For a week or two—maybe all summer—spite of rain."

"Baal got some lime from Rockport," Andy murmured.

"The sawdust was easier to dig in," Saladine guessed. "Been all right in a hole in the ground."

"What you going to do?" Belter whined, between them. "What you standing here for? What's the sense in that? What you going to do?"

But they did not answer him; they had no need to answer him. What they were going to do was decided for them. There was no call of warning, no summons or command; but abruptly, shattering the spell of silence, from across the brook came the double roar of a shotgun. The bullets hissed through the twigs above their heads. One of them flicked at Will's hat, one stung Andy's cheek. Belter spun like a shot rabbit, spun and ran. So also Saladine and Andy.

But Andy ran straight toward the brook, toward the spot from which the shots had come; and Saladine, crouching, darted around to the upstream side of the sawdust pile and splashed through the deep deadwater above the dam, shouting to tell Andy where he was. Beyond the brook, they drew together swiftly.

Belter had no mind for such audacity. At the roar of the gun he spun and ran, straightaway, blindly. Two or three rods brought him to the cedars; he burst into their fastness, desperate and panting and fighting at their clinging boughs. Something tripped him and he went down and clung to earth there, huddling into the very ground, flat and motionless. His heart beat sickeningly.

Beyond the brook there were shoutings now, but Belter was not curious to know their meaning. He stayed, secure in the obscurity, and it was dear to him.

XI

DIRECTLY across the brook from the sawdust pile stood the old mill shed, sagging toward collapse, but not yet fallen; and the shots had come from a point below the shed, near the brookside. A thicket lay there, alders intertwining. At the sound of the shots Andy ran toward the brook, plunging down the bank into the water, plowing through this thicket. Saladine circled upstream, as valorous as Andy, but somewhat wiser, too, and crossed through the deadwater and rounded the old mill. Once across the brook, he swung down toward the thicket, and as Andy brushed through it they came together swiftly. Their paths converged, they met; they pressed through the alders side by side, beating this way and that.

"He was right here!" Andy cried.

"He's gone," said Saladine.

And the shotgun roared again, but this time from a little farther off. The bullets fell harmlessly about them. Baal was somewhere up the knoll toward the house, and they ran that way, their shoulders touching. They burst from the cover of the alders into more open land, dodging among young cedars and hemlocks which here littered the slope. The night was brighter; the moon was still obscured, but its light filtered through the thinning clouds. As they approached the house, racing together, they were in time to see a heavy figure slip around the corner of the shed, between shed and barn.

Saladine cried under his breath, "See him, Andy!" Andy nodded and they pounded on.

Their pursuit was bold and headlong, but it was shrewd too. A shotgun is, at close

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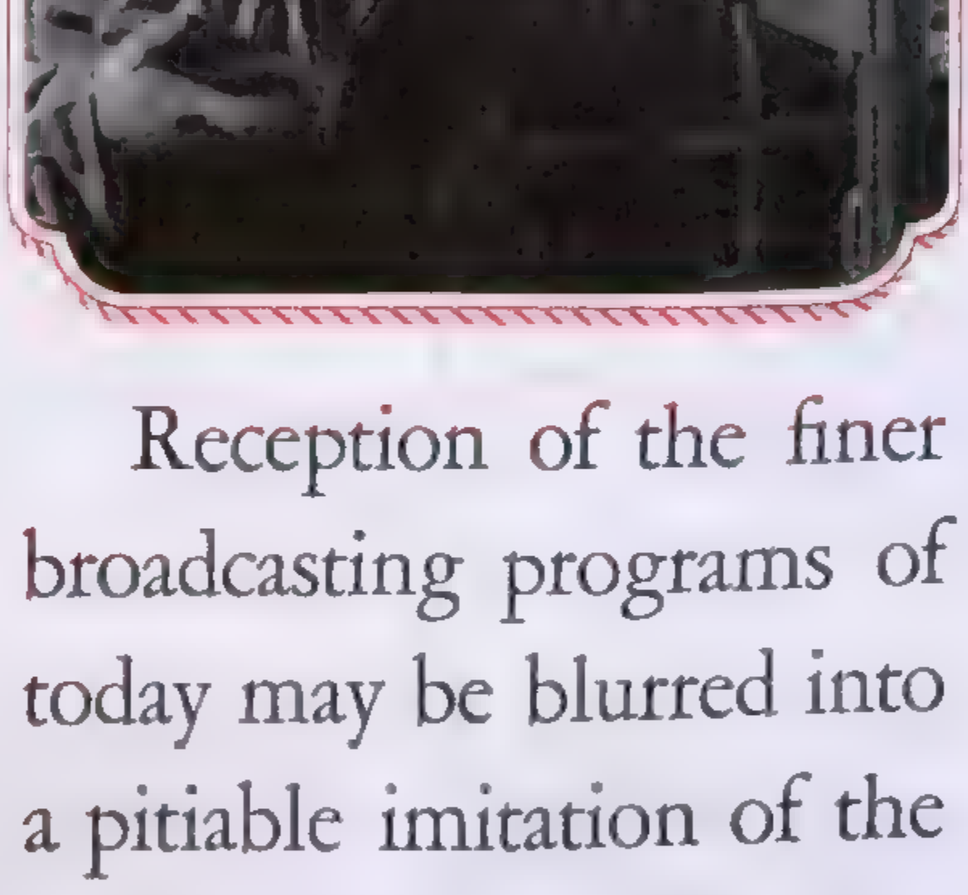

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range, a deadly weapon; but on the other hand, it must be held truly. Baal had missed them once at easy distance, hence the man was a bad marksman. Now by his haste his aim must be the more disturbed. It would be enough when they should confront him, come within view of him, to seek to avoid his fire: for the moment they drove on to bring the man to bay.

But when they came toward the corner of the shed behind which he had disappeared they went more cautiously. At some fifty paces distance they slowed to a walk, and Saladine touched the younger man's arm, checking him. "Maybe he's there," he pointed out. "Keep back a way. There's light enough to see him. You go along the road and I'll go around."

Andy nodded; and as Saladine swung back to circle the house, Andy moved along beside the road, crouching, going quietly. He stumbled over a rubble of stone and picked up two bits that fitted in his hands. No longer weaponless, he advanced till he could see past the end of the shed. Baal was not in sight there.

But at about the same time Saladine called from beyond and above the house: "Here, Andy!"

Andy at the summons leaped to join the other man, and when he came past the shed he saw Saladine, a dark shadow, running toward the pasture bars. Also, he saw beyond Saladine, racing up the slope of the pasture, another, vaguer shadow. Andy made haste, and he came close to Saladine. They ran doggedly yet swiftly too. The man ahead of them was plain in view.

Some two hundred yards above the pasture bars the wood closes in; low scattering birch and poplar, and then young spruce and hemlock, and finally the thicker second growth. Toward this cover Baal was running. The moon for a moment broke through the clouds and they saw him plainly; they could even be sure that he bore no gun. But he held his distance, kept at full pace ahead of them, and they could not overtake him or draw near. He burst into the wood while still well ahead of them, and they plunged after. But when they had gone blindly a little way they stopped to listen, and heard no sound; and though Andy would have pushed on, Saladine restrained him.

"No hurry, Andy," he said pantingly. "You ain't going anywhere."

"After him," Andy gasped. His heart was pounding.

"He's hid, and it's dark again. Come back." He drew Andy toward the open. "He's dropped his gun."

"Prob'ly only had them four shells with him."

They moved away from the covert so that Baal could not come upon them unobserved, and they stood for a little in the pasture, by a clump of juniper, listening. The ground was soggy; water splashed beneath their shoes in the little hollows here and there. The wind was cooler, and it was clear in the west now. Off over the hills there lay blue sky and in it shone a star. Below them Baal's house stood beside the road, and a light glowed in the window; and beyond it, across the brook, they could see the dull gleam of fire in the sawdust pile. Once a flame licked up and died again. The smoke flowed up the hill above their heads; they had the scent of it.

"Find his gun," said Saladine. "He can't get far."

"Ain't any shells," Andy insisted, "or he'd have kep' it."

Saladine agreed with this: "That's so!" He looked toward the wood into which the man had vanished, and he looked down toward the house.

"We'll go telephone," he decided. "'Twon't do any hurt to have some folks here, come day."

"Down't the house?" Andy asked.

"Don't want to go bother her," Saladine replied.

They turned together toward the road. It was Saladine's intent to strike down the valley and find his team, and with this in mind he took the pasture lane which emerged between house and shed. They went in silence save that once Saladine asked, "Where's Belter?"

"Never looked to see," Andy confessed.

"Still going, chances are," Saladine commented dryly.

Then they came to the bars, and they paused there, for a woman stood in the shadows and a boy clung beside her. The two men stopped, and she waited; and Saladine spoke to her.

"'Evening, Mrs. Baal," he said. "I'm Jim Saladine. This is Andy Wattles. You don't need to be afeared."

"I heard shooting," she murmured.

He hesitated. "Telephone in the house?" he asked.

"We never had one."

Saladine let down the bars and he and Andy passed through and came toward her. The boy slipped in front of his mother, facing the men; he said huskily, "Don't you bother her!" And sobbed.

Saladine touched his head. "All right, sonny," he agreed in a gentle tone. He spoke to the woman. "We want to talk to Baal," he explained. "He shot at us, and run into the woods. I'm going to telephone. Andy here, he'll stay with you."

"I'm used to Baal," she said.

"Andy'll stay," Saladine repeated.

"What's he done?" she asked.

"Well," said Saladine, "we want to talk to him."

She nodded. "I had a feeling," she confessed. "The way he acted lately—I had a feeling. That poor boy ——" They stood stricken silent. "Baal wan't here that day," she said at last. "He didn't come home till after, but he come back the upper road. He'd been coming the other way. I had a feeling then. That boy—he went that road when he left here."

"You all better go inside," said Saladine. "I'll be back inside an hour, Andy. Eben Braid's got a telephone. I'll go along." And he added, for Andy's ear alone: "Andy, if he comes back, keep him away from you."

Andy said mildly, "I'll be fine, Jim. You go on."

Saladine went with them to the kitchen door, saw them within it before he turned away. The woman was silent now—still and calm and silent. In the lamplight, Andy looked at her, and there was something about her which lifted his pulse a beat. She was at once so frail and so strong for long enduring. Oscar clung defensively at her side. Andy looked about the kitchen, considering the doors here and there, and the windows.

"That the shed?" he asked, and she nodded. "Dining room in here?"

"Yes," she said.

"He's like to come back," he explained. "Try to get his clothes, or something, and get away. I got to stop him if he comes." His tone was half apologetic. "You and the boy, you go on to bed or somewheres. I'll wait for him."

"I'll stay with you," she replied.

He colored faintly.

"Where's there an ax?" he asked; added uncomfortably: "You see, I can't take no chances."

"In the shed," she agreed.

He went to fetch it, and Oscar watched him, and the boy's wide eyes shone in the lamplight. The child was shuddering, his shoulders shaking.

"You'd ought to take him to bed," Andy urged.

"Us two are used to Baal," she said again.

Andy nodded. "I'm going to put out the lamp," he explained, "case he does come." He crossed to the table. "You set down over there," he directed, and she obeyed him mutely, taking the chair he indicated, in the corner by the stove. Oscar crouched beside her. Andy blew out the lamp, and with the ax in his hand he crossed the room, took his stand by the door that led in from the kitchen porch. It lay on his left hand; on his right was the door to the shed. On his right also there was a window; and through this, when his eyes became accustomed, he could see across the brook the dull glow from the fire in the sawdust pile.

They stayed in silence, but now and then Andy heard the woman and her son whispering together. She was so bruised by life, yet still so brave.

They stayed a while. The night was still. Sounds came from far. The room was dark. In this dark room Andy scarce could see at all. The shadow of a table; the black bulk of the stove; the windows like gray patches on the walls.

Saladine had said an hour. But five minutes of this blackness was an hour.

Something touched Andy's knee and his muscles leaped; but it was the boy, crawling on the floor.

Andy bent down to the lad and Oscar whispered, "In the shed!"

Andy brushed him back and swung that way, toward the shed door; he came to it atiptoe, stood staring at it readily. His ears ached with listening. But he heard nothing, except once a faint dragging sound as though of wood on wood. He would have sprung that way, but this was not his task; the boy here and the woman were his present charge. So he waited.

The sound ceased. Without hearing anything, Andy felt something go away, draw farther off, depart. He sighed. And he went back to his chosen post by the outer door. As he passed the window he looked out at the red shadow of the fire.

Some time after that, the woman uttered a low ejaculation. Across the room from Andy, she was in such a position that she could see through the window. At her word Andy whispered, "What?"

"Look at the fire," she bade him, and he swung.

There was a fountain of sparks rising from the sawdust pile; a cloud of smoke, a rising column of smoke and sparks and embers. Andy was puzzled and startled, and he opened the door and stepped outside, his nerves alert, and he listened.

He heard a muffled voice, indistinguishable. And by and by he heard a splashing in the brook and then a crashing in the thicket, and finally the beat of running feet along the muddy road, down the valley. The sound receded, sank to nothing: silence fell again.

Across the brook a few flames licked along the sawdust, then subsided in the smother of smoke; the sparks no longer rose in such volume. There was more smoke, that was all. This fire would smolder long, without ever bursting into honest flame. Andy stood for a space, puzzling, his brow furrowed; but in the end he went back into the kitchen and closed the door. He began to wish that Saladine would come.

XII

AT THE first shots from across the brook Belter spun and ran. He scarce heard those first reports. His senses were so keenly attuned that he saw the orange flame from the gun barrels and whirled on his heels almost before the sounds came to him. He whirled and ran and sprawled into the cedar thicket and stayed secure in the obscurity, and it was dear to him.

Later he heard Saladine and Andy call and shout together, but he only buried himself more deeply in the wet ground below a young hemlock. At the second burst of shots he quivered, but he did not move. He heard, somewhat later, the more distant voices of the men as they pursued Baal through the pasture. The remoteness of the sounds heartened him; he raised his head the better to hear.

A while after that he crawled like a snake to the border of the thicket to watch and listen there. He heard nothing more, but he did eventually see, against the lighted door, Mrs. Baal and the boy and Andy go into the kitchen of the house across the road

He did not see Saladine; and Belter wondered about that, weighed it, tried to guess what Saladine's absence might imply.

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 99)

When the light in the kitchen went out, Will found that circumstance so mysterious that curiosity began to put to flight his fears: and he crawled a little farther forward, staring through the night, listening, waiting, wishing he were elsewhere, yet unwilling to depart. Something still might happen hereabouts; and if there were to be happenings, Belter wished to witness them.

By and by, since the still night offered no diversion, his attention returned to the sawdust pile a rod or two from where he lay, and he crawled through the hoop-pole growth to the cover of a patch of juniper and huddled beneath the fringe of it, watching the little glowing eyes of fire, watching the gray column of smoke tinted red here and there by a lick of flame. The sawdust pile had for the curious man a mighty fascination; he watched it so breathlessly that now and then he had to pant like a dog in order that his lungs might fill again with air.

His ears ached to catch the faintest sound, his eyes strained in the darkness. By the very intensity of his regard he sought to pierce the secret which the sawdust pile contained.

Once or twice he moved nervously, as though to go forward; but each time the very thought of this adventure frightened him into rigidity.

Yet nothing happened; the night lay still; the moon broke faintly through the clouds and hid itself again; there was blue here and there across the sky, and stars appeared. To the west the heavens were almost clear, but a cloud bank in the east still obscured the moon. Across the brook the house sat dark and silent, as though calm folk were sleeping there. A muskrat splashed in the deadwater above the old dam and a bird murmured in its sleep among the cedars.

Will jerked his body forward along the ground. By and by he got on hands and knees, grew bolder. There might be something to see about the sawdust pile. He wished to see. His courage rose, and in another minute he would have been upon his feet. But there came at last an interruption. Will had no time to run; he could only drop and flatten on the ground.

He had heard a splashing in the brook, a cautious sound; and when he lifted his head he saw a figure climb to the level of the knoll not three rods from where he pressed beneath the shadow of the juniper. This was the squat and bulky figure of a man, and the man carried something on his shoulder—something long. Its end rose high. It suggested to Will, even in that uncertain light, a pick pole or pike pole of the sort used by lumbermen. Such implements have sometimes an iron hook as well as a point upon their end.

The man carrying this burden advanced, with brief moments of hesitation when he seemed to listen and to look about him, toward the sawdust pile. He mounted the pile and he raised this long pole and drove it downward into the soft stuff. He began to prod and poke here and there; he drew the pole out and tried again in other places. Through the holes which he made, smoke trickled out to the air in little wandering skeins. The man worked swiftly, and his toil was fruitless too. Continued unsuccess seemed to infuriate him. His movements became more and more energetic. He appeared to be in haste; and Will heard him muttering, and once or twice the man coughed.

By and by he drew back, left the pole sticking in the sawdust and drew back and coughed to clear his throat of smoke. When he returned again to this curious business of his, and pulled out the pole, a little flame played for a minute near its head. He beat this flame out on the sawdust and climbed higher on the pile.

Will began to understand. There was something in the sawdust pile which this harried man sought to recover; he wished to draw it out, to save it from the consuming flames. This business that engaged him was a sort of angling; he fished in the sawdust, with the pole as a line and its point as a hook.

And there was haste now in all his movements, as though his time were short, as though he must hurry to make his catch and be gone. Will began to understand, and the inquisitive man's hair pricked on his neck and bits of ice ran along his spine. The night was so still; there was only this muffled thumping and prodding in the damp sawdust, and now and then a fresher spurt of smoke, or even a flame.

The man on the sawdust pile mounted higher. His movements had at first been cautious; he had tested his footing, prodded the pile in front of him as he advanced. But haste drove him, and fear perhaps, and the smother of smoke that clouded round him confused his sense. His black figure was half hidden in the smoke; he was like a gnome working in the midst of the fire. He seemed enormously high above the ground, and his tall pole, black in the smoke, added a demoniac aspect to his appearance there. He was so high and so industrious; he hung like a shadow against the sky.

Will watched fearfully, but he could not bear to turn his eyes away. He did not for an instant relax his scrutiny of the man perched atop the pile above him there, so saw at last the end of it.

The end came quietly. The black figure in the smoke lurched, in a sodden fashion, toward one side. The figure made no sound, but it lurched to one side, and it seemed to shrink in stature, to lose a quarter of its height. For a moment the figure, thus dwarfed, hung there in the smoke. Then its arms lifted, almost slowly, as though they were heavy, and at the same time it slipped downward. This descent became more swift. The figure twisted. Then it disappeared.

It dropped down out of sight in a pit of fire, in the heart of the sawdust pile. A burst of sparks and embers rose, and a gout of smoke belched upward, and little flames licked around the fresh edges of the hole into which the figure had fallen. The smoke reached to smother these flames, as though jealous of anything that seemed to live. It was quick to choke them down again. They died. The sparks ceased to rise, the smoke grew thicker. It was for a while bright with crimson from some source below, but this illumination faded and the smoke turned gray once more.

Belter found himself on his hands and knees, and he heard a hoarse cry and knew the voice that cried out for his own. It frightened him. He got to his feet and backed away, pushing himself backward with outstretched hands as though to ward off an attacker. At a safe distance from the sawdust pile, he turned and ran. He ran through the birches, through the shallows of the brook, through the alders and up the farther side. His pounding feet found solid footing on the muddy road and he fled blindly through the night down the valley. The man fled as though he were pursued.

XIII

SALADINE, going down the valley, found his horse and drove to Eben Braid's and telephoned Sheriff Sohier and some others; and then he started back for Baal's place again. Jim Ingram met him at the foot of the road that led to Baal's, and with his own team, Jim followed Saladine. Half a mile below Baal's farm they heard someone running toward them; and Saladine stopped, and Belter came sobbing with exhaustion to the wheel of the buggy to tell what had chanced. In a dozen swift sentences, Saladine and Ingram had all that Belter knew.

They would go on, but Belter refused to return with them. Belter, it appeared, had a sufficient tale to tell; the man for once was satisfied. But they went on, and in some haste. There might be even now a service to be done. They stopped their horses by the barn and called Andy from the kitchen and plunged across the brook.

Even in the darkness, a glance convinced them there. Yet they stayed for a while, talking together in hushed voices, as though they might be overheard; and the woman came to them. Her skirts were wet where she had waded through the brook, and the boy clung at her side. It was Saladine who told her. Afterward she left them quietly and went back to her place again.

Andy and Ingram watched through the night beside the sawdust pile, but Saladine sat with Mrs. Baal in her kitchen. Oscar slept for weariness. The night was long.

There was courage in the woman. Saladine approved her. He thought once or twice of telling her what Win Dobbs had said to Belter, but he did not do so. That could wait, it seemed to him, for Dobbs' own telling. There would yet be bright years for her and for the boy, since Baal was gone.

Toward dawn the sheriff came.

A day or two later, Saladine drove to Madison. It had not yet occurred to Belter to make this excursion. The curious man had too many present tales to tell, so Saladine took that journey. Win Dobbs came back with him and they went together to the lonely farm. Saladine made himself busy with his horse while the crippled cobbler hobbled up the steps to the kitchen door, but Saladine knew without turning to look that the woman waited there.

In the store, in the village, talk ran for weeks on the affair. Will Belter made the most of it, and in triumphant tone; he liked to point out that these others had been ready to believe that Varey was safely gone. But for his own inquiries, he reminded them, the matter might have been forgotten, and they perversely denied this, in hot and scornful argument. Only Andy and Saladine and one or two others took no part in these discussions save that of listeners.

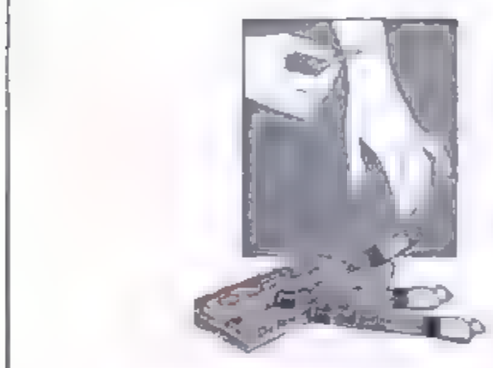
But as it happened, it was left for Andy to say a word that may well be set as the end of the matter. He and Chet McAusland were in talk one day together when no others were around, and Andy had spoken of Varey, as he was apt to do.

Chet said stoutly, "Say, a shame for him, wan't it?"

Andy considered this, answered almost diffidently, "Well, you know, I kind of liked that Varey." And he added gravely: "Saladine was up to Madison the other day to see her. They've got a good farm, and the boy's fine, and all. I wouldn't wonder, if Varey knew the way it come, but he'd be satisfied."

(THE END)

Foiling the Gray Specter of Infection



1 *Sterilize wound with Bauer & Black Iodine or Mercurochrome Swab.*

2 *When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze.*

3 *Bind in place with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage.*

4 *Fasten the dressing with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.*

The four Bauer & Black First Aid products shown on this page are accepted and used by America's leading physicians, hospitals and First Aid stations as the right dressing for cuts, bruises and minor wounds.

They are prepared and packaged for quick, safe and efficient service in any emergency.

The Bauer & Black iodine or mercurochrome swab, for instance, brings the antiseptic to the wound in just the right strength your physician approves. In the air-tight vacuum tube, it cannot evaporate or lose any of its efficacy; a possibility always present when the antiseptic is kept around the house for long intervals, in frequently opened bottles.

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Whatever you paint, look for

for that name spells enduring,

WHATEVER reasons you have to paint—they may be the severely practical reasons of simple protection, or they may be a desire for new color, new beauty in the home—use du Pont paints, made by the makers of Duco. For in the ample line of du Pont paint products you will find just the right paint, or varnish, enamel or stain (and, of course, Duco), to do the job—and to do it a little better than you ever expected it could be done before.

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WHENEVER you plan to paint, look for the du Pont dealer. You will know him because on his store you will find the du Pont sign displayed. The du Pont dealer will show you just which du Pont finishing product is best suited to meet your painting needs.

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Your FULLER MAN makes these suggestions for your Christmas Gift list.

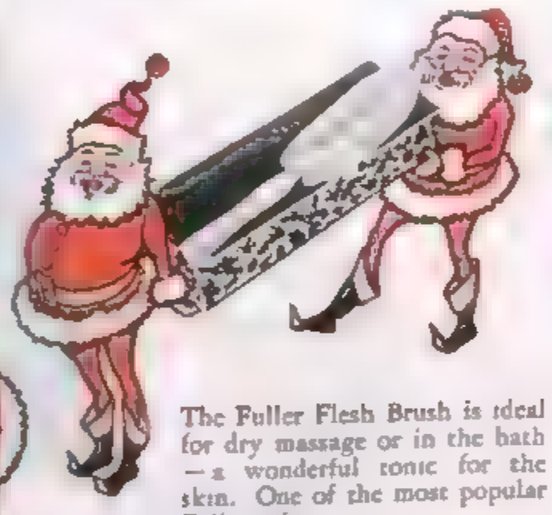
Your Fuller Man will be glad to come to you with the complete Fuller Christmas line even in advance of his next regular call if you desire. Simply phone The Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city, or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn., who will send you new booklet, free, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home" (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

There are thirty-five others he can show you and numberless combinations to provide suitable and welcome gifts for everyone

Everyone needs a pocket comb. Ivory Fullerex with shell Fullerex back and case pleases men. Dainty ivory Fullerex with matching sheath delights the women-folk.

The Fuller Shower Brush gives all the luxurious comfort of a shower bath without the expense of extra plumbing. A welcome gift in any home.

"Little Lady's" Set of smaller comb, brush and mirror. Makes little girls feel deliciously grown up and inspires them to take pride in personal neatness.



The Fuller Flesh Brush is ideal for dry massage or in the bath—a wonderful tonic for the skin. One of the most popular Fuller gifts.

Please the boys on your list with an Outing Set of comb, brush and shiny trench mirror. A boy's greatest treasure—for one of his many pockets.

Six-piece Personal Set of ivory Fullerex—comb, and brushes for hair, hands, nails, bath and clothes. A gift to enhance the feminine dressing table and the owner's charm.

Bridge table number disks of ivory Fullerex numbered 1 to 6
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The six-piece Personal Set of shell Fullerex appeals to the man of the house. A truly masculine set for the well-groomed man.

The creamy white Fullerex Brush and Comb Set has a tray which holds comb conveniently upright beside the brush.

If you have friends or relatives who welcome gifts of the practical sort, your Fuller Man will show you his wide variety of brushes for the household cleaning closet.

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller. Look for both!

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THE MAD SPOT

Continued from Page 27

"Well," I sneers in the dressing room afterward, "I suppose the Chimp reminded you of your grandmother."

"No," says Oweny, very serious, "he didn't. But I got to thinking how tough it must be for a fellow to be as ugly as he is, and I just didn't have the heart to punch him any more, with him not able to defend himself."

I went out into the night to cool off. I'm all for good nature myself. But there are times when it's a curse—and this was one of them. We big business men have our problems—and this was mine: To make Oweny good and mad. I had to find his mad spot. All sorts of things make guys mad. Sometimes you have to hunt round, but once you put your finger on the mad spot, look out! I once knew a fellow—a great singer; opera and all that—who had the best disposition in the world. You could kid him about his voice and not get a flicker out of him. You could poke fun at his figure and his face, and no comeback You could even tell him he didn't have a sense of humor, and he'd agree with you Well, one night I was in his flat and he was making spaghetti some trick special way he had, and one of the gang made a crack that the spaghetti wasn't seasoned right, and with that my tenor friend turns into a wild man of Borneo, bellows and goes native. Honest, it took six of us to hold him He tried to drown the fellow who knocked his cooking in the spaghetti vat.

So, as I figured it, all I had to do was locate Oweny Padden's boiling point. I had a hunch. I matched him with Gabby Buxbaum. You've heard of the lady with the serpent's tongue. Well, she was a cooing dove compared with Gabby. He was a clever fighter, hard and fast, and the champ goat getter in the ring game. His specialty was kidding the other guy till he was blind with rage. Then Gabby picked him to pieces.

When they stepped into the ring Gabby swaggers over to our corner, and my kid gets up to shake hands with him.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Buxbaum," Oweny says. Gabby doesn't take Oweny's hand. Instead he gives Oweny a nasty, scornful look, and says, "You'll be less pleased in a minute, rube, when I begin to knock the alfalfa out of you." With that he turns on his heel. Oweny grins.

"He ain't very polite,"

is all Oweny says.

They got at it. Oweny has height and reach on Gabby and hits faster and snappier. Toward the end of the first, while they're clinching, I hear Gabby hissing, "I'll murder you, you dash dash dash dash son of a so-and-so."

While I'm fanning Oweny, I say to him, "Hear what he called you? A son of a so-and-so!"

Oweny looks at me in that funny serious way of his and says, "But, Mr Cooney, he's mistaken. I'm nothing of the sort. Honest I ain't."

"Are you going to stand for him calling you names like that?" I growl.

"Oh, it's just a lot of words," says my priceless pearl. "I'm sure he doesn't really mean it"

I'd seen to it that the word had been spread around that Oweny fancied himself as a zither twanger. I knew Gabby would pounce on that. He did. As he jabbed Oweny, Gabby would say, "Try this on your zither, you blankety-blank boob." Or, "Call yourself a zither player, do you? I've got a mongrel pup that can play one better."

And so on, with trimmings. I don't mind. I know that if Oweny will only flare up, they'll have to send Gabby to a jig-saw-puzzle works to be put together.

"Well," I says to Oweny between rounds, "you heard what he says about your zither playing."

"He's right, Mr. Cooney," says Oweny. "I'm the worst zither player in the world."

"You could be a lot worse," I yelps, "and still be a better zither player than you are a fighter."

He doesn't even wince.

"I hope to improve," he says.

The fight goes on. Gabby says a roomful. There isn't an insult he doesn't use. He talks dirty about the Irish, till the Macs and O's at the ringside look as if they might swarm over the ropes, but Oweny just grins.

"I'm Irish," he says, between rounds, "but I know we're not perfect."

Can you bend that? Well, they give the decision to Oweny, but the crowd gives him three hearty sneers. Fight fans are bloodthirsty babies, always craving to see somebody carried out stiff. They couldn't see why Oweny didn't open up and slaughter Mr. Buxbaum.

What do you think Oweny's alibi was this time? He was sorry for Gabby because he figured a man with such a mean tongue couldn't have any friends!

The newspaper boys begin to razz Oweny. They advise me to try to cure him of good nature by feeding him on a diet of tiger stew and roasted rattlesnakes. I sit up nights trying to figure out some way to inject a dash of viciousness into Oweny's make-up. Then fate gives me a break.

On a farm near Billy Wald's place is a girl—a farmer's daughter, Vangie Dorr, a sweet little corn-fed blonde, nice as yam pie and as pleasant to look at as a certified check. I introduce her to Oweny. They take one good long look into each other's blue lamps, and Kid Cupid chalks up another win. A few days later I spot them sitting in a hammock on her father's porch. She's singing, and he's trying to keep up on the zither. Then I knew it was the real thing. She's a mighty fine kid, but she's no singer, not being able to carry a tune if she had it in a paper bag, and when it comes to zither playing Oweny can turn out more sour notes than a gang of counterfeiters. Yet they sit there, looking at each other with soft goofy expressions on their young pans. I'm as tickled as they are. Now I have something to work with. I figure that the man hasn't been born who can cop the duke from an old fighter like Kayo Jealousy

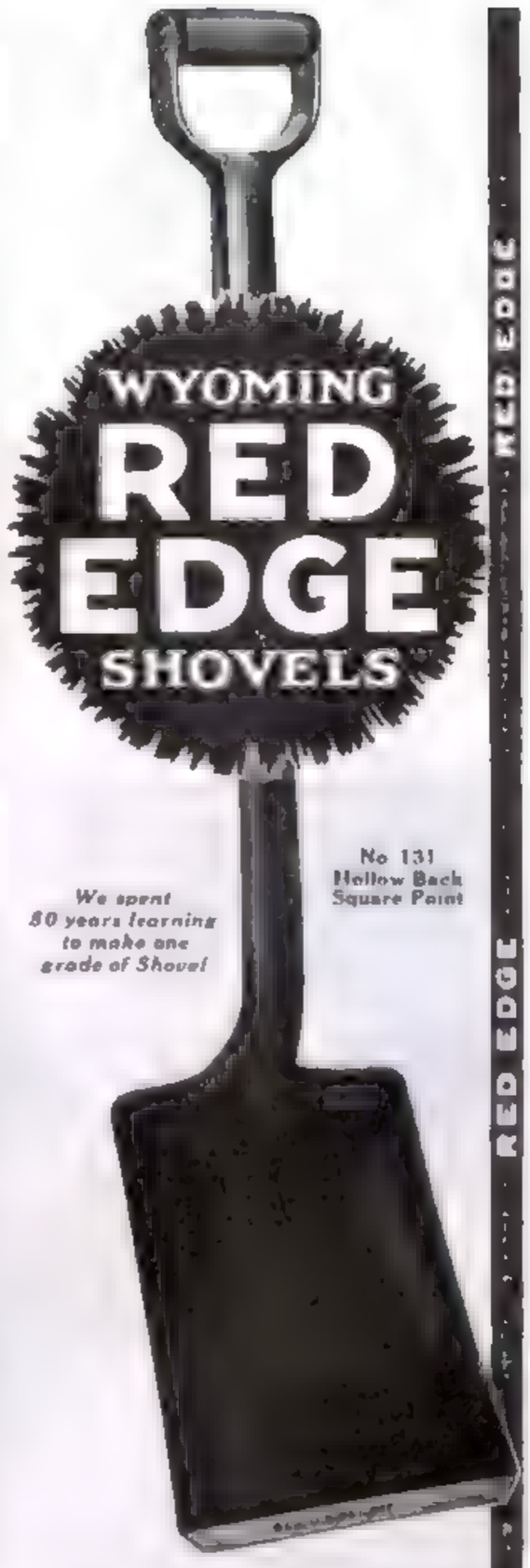
So I match Oweny with Sheik Vacelli. The Sheik had earned his monniker. He was a handsome Wop, with slick black hair and a smile like a dentist's ad, and, being a pug, a good physique; and the cuties fell for him like pippins in a cyclone. He was no shy petunia himself either. He had what all women, whether they're duchesses or dish bathers, most admire in a man—the good, old-fashioned, cave-man aggressiveness. He was training over at Mount Green, not ten miles from our camp.

Well, I played my cards. I know it sounds sort of callous, but they're plenty of janes in the world, and only one heavyweight championship, and, remember, I was desperate. Here I was with a title and a million dangling near my nose and not able to grab 'em because my boy just couldn't be prodded into getting mad and putting some venom into his shots.

So it sort of happened one day that I was taking Vangie and her ma out for a ride and we ran out of gas at Mount Green, and I suggested Vangie might like to get a peep at the boy who is going to battle her Oweny. There is the Sheik, looking like a movie poster in his purple silk tights, skipping rope. I say, "How's tricks, Sheik," and he drops the rope and says, "Fine, Tim; introduce me to the little lady." He shakes hands with Vangie and

(Continued on Page 110)

He Shakes Hands With Vangie, and the Next Thing I Know He's Saying, "So You Live Only Nine Miles From Here. Well, Well, Now Ain't That Grand!"



This Outfit Saves $624 a year on Shovels

WHEN telling a good Red Edge story, we like to give names and addresses. But in this case we promised not to. A company decided to test out our claims that a Red Edge does more work and better work and lives longer than any other shovel you care to name.

First, they ran an elimination contest among a number of other brands, the winner to take Red Edge on for the championship. Although the winner of the preliminary contest cost considerably less per dozen than Red Edge, this was the decision of the officials—

Red Edge lifted 34.7 per cent more tons per shovel than the "challenger" and saved the Company $52 a month on its shovel bill.

So far as this company is concerned, Red Edge is undisputed champion of the world. Whatever you use shovels for and however few or many—it will pay you to stage a contest between "the best shovel you ever used" and Red Edge.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
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New ZIPPERS

ADD A CHARMING TOUCH OF COLOR to the autumn costume!

In pleasing harmony with autumn coats, are these tweed Lo-Zippers, in Tan or Gray. The cloth is all-wool—the patterns are woven exclusively for Goodrich. Ecru net lining protects delicately shaded shoes or hosiery.

* * *

New this year is the Lo-N-Hi—a lighter, more glovelike Zipper, with a top which can be worn "high" or folded down to make a neat, ankle-hugging cuff, revealing the harmonized rayon lining. Colors: Beige, Black, Gray.

* * *

Listen in every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and connected stations.

THIS season, Zippers assume a new leading rôle in the well-planned wardrobe.

Colorful, yes—and so trim, so glovelike, so flattering to the shapely foot and ankle—that the first autumn rains will find the well-dressed woman welcoming the chance to appear in them.

These slim, encasing Zippers make protection of health a pleasure.

And their economy is instantly seen, when you compare their price with the value of the costly footwear which they guard from autumn dampness and winter snow.

Naturally, women who pride themselves upon the correctness of their ensemble will find a new delight in Zippers—the opportunity to harmonize different Zipper shades with their costume colors.

Beige, Tan, Sand, Black, Gray, Mottled Gray, Mottled Brown—these are the colors which Zippers give you, in Tweeds or Jerseys.

How can you be sure of getting genuine Zippers?

The question assumes new importance, with the smart tailoring, the authentic styles and colors which the true Zippers possess.

Yet the answer is simple.

Find the name! In an instant, you can glance

The gleaming vertical line of the HOOKLESS FASTENER on all Zippers sets off the foot's slenderness. This Mottled Brown Zipper with light fleece lining, is seen also in Mottled Gray, Sand and Black.

at the flap. None but the genuine has the word "Zipper" there. And none but the genuine can give you the smooth-sliding, sure-action HOOKLESS FASTENER, which Zippers have brought to fame.

Over fifty thousand department and footwear stores can now show you the correct new colors of genuine Zippers—and to those who send the coupon, we will mail a complimentary copy of the 16-page "Goodrich Zipper Color Harmony Guide."

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Est. 1870*
Akron, O. *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont

Stripes on the cuffs of these Tan or Gray Lo-Zippers lend a dash of smartness to the foot which wears them so gracefully. They come just far enough up the ankle to enhance its pleasing lines.

CAUTION! All are not Zippers that close with a sliding fastener. Look for and find the name ZIPPER on the flap—and be sure of authentic Goodrich style, as well as the HOOKLESS FASTENER which cannot rust, stick, or loosen.

ZIPPERS

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Send me complimentary copy of Hazel H. Adler's GOODRICH ZIPPER COLOR HARMONY GUIDE, containing the Taylor Color Harmony Chart, which shows the authentic color combinations of Zippers, shoes, hose, dresses and accessories.

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His spirit rose with the song and entered into an unseen world of beauty and delight

The songs of his faithful feathered friend cheered him in his darkness

HE was a composer of music. When they told him that he would be blind for life he tried to stiffen his courage with the thought of the great masters of music and poetry who had done their greatest work in darkness.

He was a composer of music

But in vain. All the things that used to inspire him to create were gone forever—the shining beauty of the world, the answering light in the eyes of loved ones. Only dear, familiar voices were left and they were sad because they suffered with him.

"I am afraid that my spirit has gone blind, too," he thought, bitterly, one day. As though to refute his unspoken thought, his pet canary burst into a rapturous song. The golden melody rose in an exultant crescendo, filling the air with vibrant waves of pure joy. Instantly, his spirit rose with the song and entered into an unseen world of beauty and delight.

There the eyes of his spirit were opened and he felt the happy assurance that he would yet write the greatest music of his career.

'Buy a Hendryx Home for Your Feathered Guest

When you bring a feathered guest into your home to cheer and inspire you, be sure to provide him with a charming Hendryx home. New designs in smart colorings add a decorative note of distinction to sun room or boudoir.

His pet canary sang rapturously

You may see the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest bird store, florist, seed or hardware store, and in most department or house furnishing stores.

Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Come here, here, here!" called the Littlest Bird. "Why so anxious?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "I just heard that man say that his sister is ill and he wants a bird to cheer her up. I'd love to sing to her."

No. 6020—In brass or Duco finishes such as Chinese Red and Black, Forest Green and Gold, Bermuda and Gold, Spanish Grey, Pea Green and Black—stands to match. Be sure the Hendryx name is on the cage you buy.

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Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 107)

gives her the maple-sugar eye, and the next thing I know he's saying, "So you live only nine miles from here. Well, well, now ain't that grand! You know, girlie, I got a new roadster that can get over there in nine minutes flat ——"

Poor Oweny. He didn't know whether it was Christmas or raining. Him and his zither and his cow-belt manners didn't exactly shine against the Sheik and his roadster and his long practice in handing out the line of hooey girls like to hear. Vangie was a sensible girl—but she was a girl, and twenty.

Just before the fight I sprang it on Oweny.

"Oweny," I says, as I'm lacing on his gloves, "ain't it nice about the Sheik and Vangie? It looks like wedding bells."

Oweny blinks and looks wide-eyed and perplexed. "But she promised to marry me," he says. "I don't think Vangie would go back on her word."

"Boy," I says, "words don't mean nothing to women. Any woman figures she has a right to change her mind, if a man comes along she likes better than the first one."

It was rough stuff, but I had to do it.

Oweny gulps. Then, after a while, he says, "Well, I feel pretty bad. I certainly do care about Vangie, but I guess mebbe you're right. She knows what she wants, and the Sheik is a lot handsomer and smarter than I am."

I wanted to swoon. "Mebbe," I says, "he won't be so handsome when you finish with him."

Oweny says nothing. Just looks sad.

"Listen," I says. "If I was stuck on a girl, and a professional Romeo like that blew in and cut me out, I'd carve him up into shrimp salad."

"Well," says Oweny, "I dunno. I suppose if he's a better man than me when it comes to love-making, that's my hard luck."

They hop to it. Oweny makes the Sheik look like he was handcuffed. He plays with the lady-killer, tapping him around the body.

"Sock him on the nose!" I yell. "Shoot that right to his jaw! It's glass!"

They go eight rounds. Mostly tango with a Charleston here and there. Oweny simply will not bore in. At that, he wins by a mile.

Afterward I'm almost too weak to be sore. "Well," I says, "can you give me one good reason why you shouldn't be shot?"

He stares at me. "Me? Shot?" he says. "Have I done something?"

"No!" I scream. "Not a thing. Lemme see—did you go into that ring to teach that smirking tramp to play button, button, or was it squat tag? Oweny, why, in the name of heaven, didn't you knock him loose from his complexion?"

"Aw, Mr. Cooney," says Oweny, "I couldn't. You see I thought if he's really going to marry Vangie, I didn't want to mark him up none. I like her too much to ruin her husband."

That was almost the pay-off for me. I decided to ship Oweny back to his onions. Then Spike Gilhooley slips on a cork and sprains his Adam's apple, and Tex offers me a chance to substitute Oweny for Spike in a ten-round go with Jigger Kritz for serious dough. Kritz was good. Experienced and crafty he was, and the logical contender for the championship. Oweny wasn't ready for such a good man, but I thought I might as well toss the big good-natured chunk of Edam to the lions, so I signed on the dotted. It was to be a tune-up bout for Kritz, for he was due to meet the champion in the fall, and as the champ had been living high, fast and easy, it looked like Jigger was a sure shot for the title. Nobody liked Jigger much. He was an ornery cuss, with a vinegar look on his face always.

I says to Oweny before the fight, "Listen here, big boy. I'm giving you a grand chance. You're meeting Jigger in a no-decision bout in Jersey. Now he knows too much for you to outpoint him. Your one chance is to sail in and sock him down. If you do that you'll be right in line for a match with the champ."

He doesn't seem to be listening to me. "Mr. Cooney," he says, "it's all right between me and Vangie. She didn't like the Sheik so much, after all. He's gone to the Coast and he never even said good-by. So Vangie and I are going to get married soon as I get a little more money."

"Oweny," I says, "if you belt over Jigger you'll make more dollars than there are corncobs in Nebraska. You'll be able to buy Vangie a baby-blue limousine for every day in the week."

"We'd only need one," says Oweny.

"Let me tell you about Jigger," I go on. "He's a bad actor. He makes a regular practice of robbing poor boxes so he can use the money to buy kerosene to burn down orphan asylums with. That's the kind of a human hyena you're going to fight."

"Poor fellow," says Oweny. "He probably won't never go to heaven if he's as mean as that."

I went out and drank a gallon of varnish.

You didn't see the fight? Too bad. Anyhow, for eight rounds Jigger stepped round Oweny and shot him full of holes. Jigger was too smart for my boy. Oweny tried some, but he was floundering and missing and was pretty well cut up. Still he kept smiling.

Between the eighth and the ninth I said to Oweny, "For pity's sake, wake up and slug. Tear into him. He's got the fight won on points."

"I'd like to oblige you, Mr. Cooney," says Oweny, "but I'm thinking of retiring from the fight business after tonight, so why spoil his chances of winning the championship? They say he's got his heart set on it and has been working toward it for ten years. It don't mean nothing to me."

I couldn't think up an answer to that. The ninth was like the rest—Oweny boxing away and putting no heft or sting in his punches, and Jigger slipping or blocking them and clicking off points on my boy's chin and ribs.

I didn't say a thing between the ninth and tenth. What could I say? I'd said everything and tried everything, and Oweny just couldn't be steamed up to forget his sweet nature a minute and turn vicious.

Jigger knows he has the fight in the burlap, so he begins to fool with Oweny and to kid him.

"Well, good-natured guy," says Jigger, "I guess all you got is a smile."

You see Jigger is sore because the fans pan him for being such a sour ball. He keeps it up.

"You can't fool me," says Jigger as they clinch. "You grin like that to get a drag with the fans. You want 'em to think you're good-natured, when really you ain't nothing of the sort."

"Huh?" says Oweny.

"Yeah," says Jigger, dancing around, "I'm wise to you. That good-natured stuff you pull is the bunk. Underneath you ain't one bit good-natured ——"

What else Jigger was going to say, I don't know. All I know is that just then he got a sock in the teeth that made him blackbottom across the ring. I thought I was having a hop dream. There was my Oweny plunging after him, his teeth bared in a snarl, his eyes flashing and his fists lashing out like drunk pistons. The round had only a minute and a half to go. Oweny did about an hour's fighting in a few seconds. He smashed Jigger all over the ring, and finally dropped him with a terrific right hook. Jigger took a nine count and hauled himself up with cobwebs in his eyes. I held my breath. I expected Oweny to hold back. Well, Oweny, snorting fire, leaped at Jigger, flailing away like a fury. Oweny missed six hay-makers but landed the seventh somewhere—it didn't matter. It was so hard it would have knocked out Jigger if it had hit his brother. As soon as

(Continued on Page 114)

the ten seconds were droned off, Oweny picked Jigger up and carried him to his corner. Oweny's eyes were full of tears.

"Gee whillikers," he kept saying. "Gee whillikers, I'm sorry. I hope he ain't hurt bad."

Then he turns to me and says, "Honest, Mr. Cooney, I'm sorry I forgot myself, but he didn't have no right to say I wasn't good-natured."

I could have got Oweny a match with the champ. He wouldn't take it.

"No, sir, Mr. Cooney," he said. "I'm through. I guess you can't win fights unless you fly off the handle, the way I did with Jigger, and it's a terrible feeling and I don't want to have it ever again. I'm ashamed of myself, but he shouldn't have said what he said. I'm marrying Vangie tomorrow, and we're going out to Nebraska. I got thirty-four thousand dollars in savings banks and I know a nice little farm that I can buy for sixteen."

There was no budging him. So there he is now.

They say he's got the most prosperous farm in the state and any number of kids. Can you bend it? A world's champion hoeing onions! Ain't life silly? . . . Pssst! Pssst! Two more—dark.

THE BLOOD FEUD

(Continued from Page 21)

"Salaam, sahib!" Ganesh Lall stood before them, teeth chattering, mud-caked and soaked to the skin.

"I did not bother your sentries, sahib," he murmured apologetically. "It was quickest this way, and I did not want undue firing to give the alarm. There is need for haste. In a half hour to our lines comes a divisional commander with his chief of staff—truly a *burra* sahib—to inspect our trenches, for a deluge hath descended upon us and well-nigh flooded us out. Our trenches are a quaking bog, and though the mighty ones may get up, they will not find it so easy to get back—if you are prompt. A swift raid—in and out like ghosts—and they are yours. My brothers shiver in the mud like dogs upon a mountain top. I fear, too, they have mud in the breeches of their rifles and will be unable to shoot."

"Where is your battalion headquarters?" asked Von Strolich.

Ganesh Lall chafed a bare ankle with his muddy foot.

"Here, sahib, is a machine-gun emplacement; there, the communication trench leading back"—and rapidly the Gurkha described the disposition of the opposing position. It checked accurately with what the Pomeranians already knew. He concluded:

"You will not need to bombard before you come, sahib. Our sentries cannot see, nor can they hear, for the cold and the rain." He halted and his eyes shone avidly in the gloom. "And now, sahib, I, Ganesh Lall, who have served you faithfully and whom poverty hath for a bedfellow ——"

Money chinked in the dark, and Ganesh Lall sprang like a cat upon the parapet. They could not hear the sound of his going.

Dietz broke into expostulation. "Surely, Herr Captain, you are not going to act on such a wild ——"

"Tut-tut! Don't be a fool, Paul! Cannot you see the man is genuine? I tell you, I know these people. And think what he said—a divisional general and his chief of staff! That should please the high command. Orders *Pour le Mérite* have been awarded for less."

"So has *requiescat in pace*," returned Dietz soberly. "What are you going to do?"

"Send a small party out to test the enemy sentries. If they report favorably we will raid. Make haste now! Fifty men! Have them detailed by the sergeant major, with the necessary N.C.O.'s. You will command, with Müller and Dieboldt to help. I am going to get in touch with battalion. The major will be elated. Get the party assembled and I'll issue final instructions."

With squelching boots and whispered admonitions the raiding party gathered in the rain under the fire-trench parapet, while two narrow lanes were cut in their wire to allow them egress. Silently, on the word of command, they filed through, moving blobs against the pouring blackness of the night, the rain pouring in rivulets from their humped backs. With bayonets fixed and mud-smeared against the reflection of a chance light, they moved forward beyond the ken of Von Strolich's anxious eyes, and dissolved into the curtain of dark.

An occasional enemy flare sputtered heavenward, outlining the scene in ghastly, shimmering radiance, then died. At such times the raiders stood like stone. They were veterans of the trenches and knew how to proceed.

Twenty yards from the Gurkha wire Dietz again sent scouts forward to the British listening posts. They reported all quiet, and the raiders crept on, wire cutters in the lead. Dietz, his finger on the trigger of his automatic, his thumb on the safety catch, tried to ignore the beating of his heart. As they grew closer, however, and no alarm was given, his misgiving began to give way to a grudging admission that perhaps Von Strolich was right. The never-ceasing hiss of the rain drowned the lesser slips and splashes, and they approached a darker ground belt that was the enemy wire. Then a man stumbled over a trip cord and fell heavily.

Instantly the ground was flooded with a startling greenish-white illumination that picked out the raiders like a theatrical spotlight. Strung on the trip cord were a half dozen automatic sulphuric-acid and chlorate-of-potash flares. A single crimson artillery rocket sighed skyward and the British batteries cut loose. Mud flew under the impact of a hurricane of high-explosive shells as they dropped a curtain of death behind the raiders, and from in front the spitting snouts of waiting machine guns traversed them with lead. They could neither go forward nor retreat. They were trapped.

Dietz, shouting in a vain effort to rally his men, who were being swept away by the hail of bullets like smoke wreaths before a gale, went down with a piece of shrapnel in the spine. Müller had been killed in the first burst, and Dieboldt, lost in the dreadful confusion and badly hit, was drowning in a shell hole. The remnant of the raiders, under a sergeant, did the only thing brave men could do. They charged the Gurkha trench. But the parapet was lined with pantherlike figures, silent, terrible, with parchment faces, who leaped to meet them, swinging their deadly kukris.

Stunned by the catastrophe and forced to take cover from the avalanche of shell-fire that flattened the parapet and turned the fire trench into an unspeakable morass, Von Strolich somehow managed to shoot off the signal for retaliation fire to his batteries, and the German guns in turn pounded the Gurkha trenches, while the tribesmen, shivering and half drowned, but grimly content, lay in safety in the shell holes fifty yards to the rear of their pulverized front line and jeered. The artillery fire died away. The machine guns ceased to chatter. Only the rain and the dripping weeds and the rising wind that bit like a lance.

Toward dawn a lone survivor of the raid tumbled into the travesty of the Pomeranian front line, babbling an incoherent story of a brown devil who had pressed something into his fist and pushed him out of the mêlée in the direction of his own lines. Von Strolich, thinking of nothing but his butchered raiders and of Dietz's still, clay-spattered face turned to the streaming sky,

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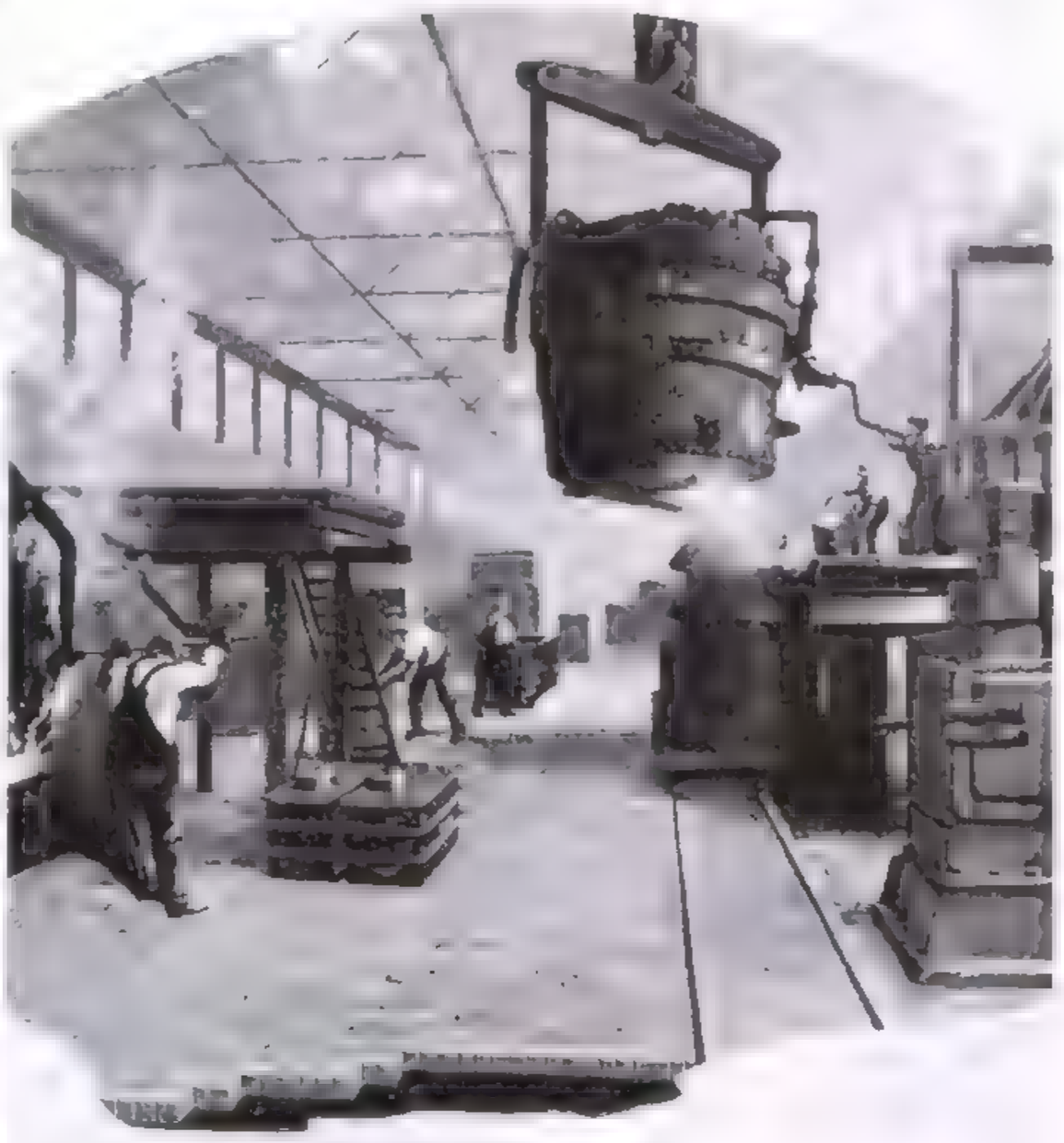

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stared dully down at the survivor's muddy palm. It contained two gold coins. The blood feud was on.

With the approach of winter the trenches were bogged, but an occasional day of sunlight and high wind cheered the deadlocked fighters and relieved the drab monotony of trench life. Such a day marked the return to the line of the Pomeranian Guards. With casualties replaced and confidence restored, Von Strolich marched in at the head of his company; and as the band played the battalion to the communication trench leading to the front line and the veterans got under cover until dark, his heart was light, and he hoped, audibly, that the Pomeranians would find themselves opposite Ganesh Lall and his Gurkhas. He no longer held illusions as to the part the tribesman had played in the debacle, and he was keen to even the score. After nightfall the relief was completed and the battalion settled down to the old familiar routine.

In mid-afternoon of the first day a stentorian bellow in an English county voice came from the enemy lines:

"Hi, there, Fritz! Are you 'ungry? 'Ere's some iron rations for yer then!" and a small hard object hurtled across the wire and landed with a thump on the bottom of the Pomeranian trench. The garrison scattered and dropped, waiting breathless for the explosion. It did not come. One by one the guardsmen raised themselves. An under-officer stumped around a corner of the traverse and was told what had occurred. He waited a minute longer, then entered the bay and picked up the missile. It was a sealed container bearing a colored label and the words Fray Bentos—a harmless tin of British bully beef.

"It is all right," he reassured. "This is but a joke of the English swine. They thought to frighten us, or to make friends, perhaps. Here! We too shall have our little jest," and procuring a ring of liver sausage, he sent it sailing like a quoit into the British trench.

"*Merci*, Fritz," the same deep voice responded. "We'll send you more tomorrer."

That night Von Strolich heard about the incident and strafed his men for fraternizing. But on the morrow, at the same hour, two more tins soared across and were pounced upon. It was a pleasant change of diet, and thanks were returned. On the third day, and the fourth, when the expected tin dropped into the trench, an increasing number of the Pomeranians scrambled for possession.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, when the welcome gift arrived, a half-score of joking, scuffling guardsmen threw themselves upon it like a Rugby scrimmage. It burst—filled with shrapnel and high explosive—and the Pomeranian trench was a shambles.

Whistles were blown frantically for the stretcher bearers, but before they reached the scene another tin struck the parapet and rolled to the trench mat. It was not sealed and it did not explode; and when it was opened by an ordnance officer whose unpleasant job it was to investigate such things, it was found to contain rubble to give it weight, and two more gold coins. The Gurkhas were back in the line.

Von Strolich was jumpy and irritable, and as he paced headquarters dugout, his nerves, screwed tense as wires, caused him to start at every sound. The chaffing of his fellow officers drew only surly monosyllables, and presently they shrugged and left him alone. He was cracking, and they knew it. His stolid, methodical mind, sound and well-informed in the conventional ways of war, could not compass the thing that had come upon him. The vicious enmity apparent whenever they found themselves opposing the Gurkhas had more than the suggestion of a personal quarrel. The return of the coins carried a message unmistakable. It told him, beyond quibble, that the little tribesmen had it in for him individually, and the coins remaining unpaid were a constant and deadly threat.

Such tactics, he felt, had no place on the Western Front. Life in the trenches was muddy horror enough, without the injection of such savagery. He did not understand it, and so did not know how to meet it. Bombardment did no good. The Gurkhas simply climbed out of their trenches, took cover in scattered shell holes and let the German guns hammer away. They suffered few casualties and derived infinite amusement from the game. A raid in force was useless. The tribesmen had the ears and smelling power of jungle animals and in addition, the ground between the lines was wholly theirs. They patrolled at night like leopards, as quiet and as deadly, and regardless of weather, and kept the Pomeranians in a constant state of nerves. Outposts had been butchered revoltingly and without sound. Sentries had been dragged over the very parapet and dawn had shown them, hanging like limp scare-crows, in their own wire. None knew at what hour the little brown men would descend in swift and murderous foray. Tonight it was raining again, and Von Strolich looked forward to a little respite for himself and his weary men. But he could not be sure—that was the nerve-racking part of it—and he was wrapped in a profound depression which nothing could shake.

Buckling on his waterproof cape, he left the dugout. The rain and wind smote him and, after the foggy atmosphere of the dugout, chilled him through. He sought out the unappreciative company sergeant major and with him toured his front, checking up the sentries. They visited the outposts and listening posts, crawling on hands and knees through the mud and the wet, stinking weeds. Sump holes were flooded and there was a foot of water in the trenches. He had working parties out, revetting, filling sandbags, strengthening weak points in the parapet, reënforcing machine-gun emplacements and enfilading points, keying up his men, keeping his mind busy and stifling fear. Still not satisfied, he dragged the disgusted sergeant major out to the wire in front of their position and had it strung with improvised alarms; but these clattered and belled in every gust of wind and bedeviled the sentries, so he had them pulled in again, and was forced to rely upon alert senses alone to warn of danger. Something of his mood was communicated in intangible fashion to his men, and there were lifted eyebrows in the dark when he had passed, and muttered comment of a kind that presaged demoralization of discipline in sudden emergency. At last the working parties retired, with sump holes clear and drainage restored. He had an extra supply of hand grenades moved up into the front line, and when that was reported done, felt better.

At two in the morning the rain ceased. A half hour later an excited runner reported to Von Strolich, who had gone to his dugout to snatch a few minutes of uneasy sleep, that every sign of enemy activity along the company front had stopped. There was no noise, no firing, no flares going up. Drunk with fatigue he stumbled from his bunk, stomach quivering with nervous anticipation.

"Tell the sergeant major to redouble his vigilance," he ordered wearily. "Have a flare sent up every two minutes."

Sick with apprehension he trudged through the muck to the front line. His junior officers were at their posts, uneasy and expectantly watchful. He dispatched a message to battalion, outlining the situation to the commanding officer and asking that necessary arrangements be made for artillery support in case of attack. Far to the right and the left, off their own frontage, were the usual laissez-faire half-hearted hostilities which settle upon the trenches in the early morning hours. But in front, as the runner had said, was dark and utter stillness. The plop of his own flares made him start, and he took a position in a sniper's post from which he could watch the ground in front. Its hideousness showed in the pallid calcium light as plainly as in the glare of noon. But beyond an occasional scavenging rat, it held no living thing

For thirty minutes he remained motionless. Then he climbed down and addressed a near-by officer.

"There is nothing," he muttered. "I do not understand ——"

The other held up his hand sharply. "Listen!"

Their ears caught a gentle pattering which increased to a quick, terrifying crescendo, and Von Strolich screamed instant warning. It was the sound of hundreds of bare feet slapping toward them across the mud.

Madly he blew his whistle and the German front line burst into life. Rifle fire crackled along the length of the front. Bombers hurled their grenades at random toward the enemy line and the air was filled with their peculiar pinging bursts. Flares streamed up on every side, crisscrossing in graceful arcs of white fire, and the grim faces of the machine gunners poured sweat as the belts jerked round. Von Strolich sent up the S O S. In thirty seconds the German batteries responded, raking the ground between the lines and sending never-ceasing fountains of earth skyward along the enemy front and support trenches. As a defensive display it was perfect. Nothing could live through that hail of death. The uproar started panic all along the line, and the flanks for a mile or more, both German and British, joined in the show.

It was an hour before the last reluctant detonation died away and Von Strolich, hearing only the sullen mutter of distant guns, rubbed his hands jubilantly. Not one of the enemy had reached his wire. That would teach the yellow dogs a lesson. He leaned once more upon the parapet listening. Then, as he stepped back upon the trench mat, from the Gurkha trench came peal after peal of loud sardonic laughter. In a wave of bitterness, the Pomeranian understood, and he ground his teeth and stamped his heel into the earth. He had been tricked again. The Gurkhas had not tried to come across. They had simply patted their wet parapet with the palms of their hands.

An hour later they repeated the performance, and in spite of the fact that they knew they had been played with before, Von Strolich's ragged-nerved sentries blazed away again. Once more the alarm spread to the flanks and caused the useless expenditure of thousands of rounds of ammunition, tailed off by the Gurkhas' ironic laughter. To sweeten Von Strolich's temper, too, came a note from brigade, forwarded by his colonel, entreating him not to be a fool. Resentful and desperate, he ordered his men to disregard it if it occurred again.

Sleep now was out of the question, and he prowled about the trenches in mental torment until nearly dawn. The battalion was to be relieved that night, and earnestly he prayed that they would be ordered to another part of the front. He had had enough.

Stand-to—that hour when the opposing forces manned their trenches in strength against the favorite time of attack, came just before daybreak, and the Pomeranian trenches were crowded with men. Von Strolich and his officers moved slowly along the company front, inspecting the troops and making certain that everything was in good order. All showed the effect of the strain of the night.

Suddenly their ears again were assailed by that disturbing patter on the mud. Now, however, the men were under better control. They were not going to be fooled again.

"Don't fire!" Von Strolich shouted.

The sound increased in volume, beating upon their eardrums, but the men in the trench stood tense, without movement. Let the fools play. They would not bite this time.

The sentry's scream of warning ended in a hacking grunt, and his body tumbled back into the trench. The Gurkhas were upon them, streaming in a yellow horde over the parapet, into the crowded trench. The narrow trench rang with shouts, blows, the groans of the fallen, the clash of steel, the impotent crack of pistols. There was no space for bayonet or rifle work; the tribesmen were on them too quickly; and the luckless Pomeranians were as men unarmed. Cramped and unable to use their superior weight against the chunky little men from the Himalayas, they fought desperately for a few minutes with fist and boot and teeth, but against that unblinking savagery their blood turned to water and they gave, broke and ran. The Gurkhas pursued them. No flesh could stand against the fury of their attack.

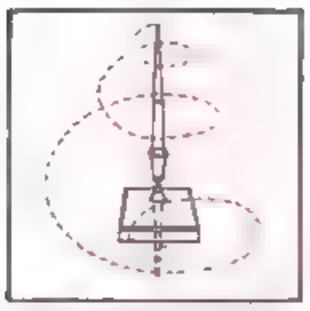
Von Strolich, with his back to the trench wall, fought white-lipped for his life. He was not a coward, and when his emptied automatic failed to respond, he used the butt.

There was a great roaring in his brain. He warded off a glancing blow and sent an assailant into writhing agony with a terrific kick in the stomach. But they were too many for him. They climbed on and over him like gigantic cats, hindering the kill by their very violence to get at him. Scarlet specks danced before his bulging eyes and he warded off the murderous sweep of a heavy blade at the cost of his left arm. He was near his end, and for one sickening moment he knew it. Then, as he roused himself for a last despairing effort, a leaping shape blotted out the rising sun, bounded across the parados and into the trench.

It was the wolf of the Himalayas, Jugundra Sur. Close behind him was Ganesh Lall. The latter knocked aside the hand of Jugundra Sur as the hillman slashed downward in a mighty sweep.

"Nay! This man is mine," he screamed, and launched himself at the Pomeranian's throat. In a tangled heap they went to the bottom of the trench. Von Strolich threw off the Gurkha and half rose to his knees. He never saw it coming, that flash of bright descending steel.

A quarter of an hour later, burdened with loot, the Gurkhas trotted contentedly back to their own trenches and prosaically took cover against the inevitable artillery counterblow. And when the Pomeranian supports crept cautiously forward up the now deserted trenches, to reinvest their front line, they came upon the body of Edmund Eric von Strolich of the Guards. Upon his breast in regular order, like the insignia of a decoration, lay two pieces of shining gold.



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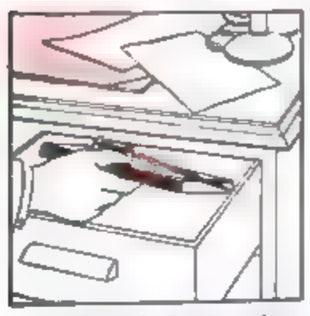

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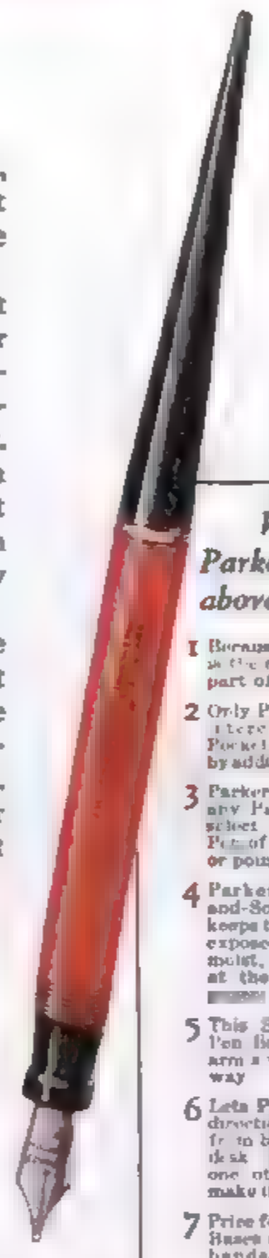

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How a New Blade Looks BEFORE Being Stropped with KRISS-KROSS. (Actual Unretouched Microscope Photograph Taken in the Laboratories of the University of Minnesota. Magnified 250 times.)

The Same Blade AFTER Being Treated 11 Seconds with KRISS-KROSS Stropper. (How the Cutting Edge Looks After Being Stropped. Microscope Photograph Taken at the University of Minnesota. Magnified 250 times.)

IN the first photograph above, the tell-tale eye of the microscopic camera has revealed the edge of an ordinary razor blade before stropping. The actual cutting edge is not straight and smooth as one would imagine, but is composed of hundreds of tiny teeth. These teeth are invisible to the naked eye but reveal their presence all too painfully when they are twisted or turned back out of line. They pull and "chew" the face and beard, leaving the skin smarting and sore after shaving. Even new blades which have not been stropped often have teeth badly out of line.

But notice what a tremendous difference the KRISS-KROSS Stropper has accomplished at the right! See how it has smoothed out the uneven teeth with scientific exactness! Notice how this 11-second process has apparently had the effect of filling in "holes" in the cutting edge. Is it any wonder that a blade treated like this zips through the toughest crop of whiskers with lightning speed and leaves the face cool and smooth as velvet after shaving!

KROSS Stropper

Makes Blades Keener Than New..*Indefinitely*

Remarkable New Invention Revolutionizes Shaving . . . Puts New Life Into Old Blades . . . Keeps Them Amazingly Sharp for Weeks and Even *Months* . . . See Coupon for Special Introductory Offer, Effective Now!

HERE is another triumph of American inventive genius—and one which has already brought undreamed-of shaving luxury and comfort to nearly one million men! Just imagine what it means to get one hundred to two hundred or more 100% keen shaves from a single, ordinary razor blade—the kind that formerly lasted a scant week at best. And just imagine what it means to have all the expense and bother of remembering to buy new blades banished!

KRISS-KROSS is so extraordinary that it is hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper or blade *rejuvenator!* Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day. No longer do you find that your blades "die" after five or six shaves. KRISS-KROSS "brings 'em to life" a surprising way, week after week and month after month—and endows them with a keenness that they seldom possess when *brand-new!* Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it almost beyond belief in 11 seconds with KRISS-KROSS! No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

Magic Diagonal Stroke

Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity *yourself*, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous *diagonal stroke*—same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of reproducing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain!

But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from *heavy* to *light*. It's almost human the way it makes the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that your blade is ready—*ready with the keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

Fits All Blades

KRISS-KROSS produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any razor blade so astonishingly that it has attracted the attention of cutlery experts all over the country. Men who have tested this revolutionary device are reporting shaving records that almost challenge belief. Their numbers include users of over 40 brands of safety razors, for KRISS-KROSS is made to fit any kind of blade on the market except Durham.* So no matter what type of safety razor you prefer, KRISS-KROSS Stropper will solve your blade problem for all time and assure you of keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever.

Novel 3-Way Adjustable Razor *GIVEN*

[illegible] to introduce KRISS-KROSS Stropper. Limited offer. Find out [illegible]

*Those who prefer a razor of the old-fashioned style will be delighted by the KRISS-KROSS razor adjusted to straight position as shown above at the right.

Send for Generous Offer Today!

Right now, to introduce KRISS-KROSS Stropper, we are offering a remarkable new kind of razor *without extra charge*. Built on an entirely new principle and almost as surprising as the stropper itself. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are sold only through authorized representatives—or direct from the factory—and are even more remarkable than I can tell you here. See for yourself how uncanny and ingenious they really are! Clip the coupon for full details and special offer! Send it today!

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. S-392, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mail This Coupon Today!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. S-392, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me details and illustrated description of KRISS-KROSS Stropper together with your special limited offer concerning the KRISS-KROSS razor which is now being given without extra charge.

Name

Address

City State

Unique Opportunity To Make Big Money

New Shaving Device Proves the Most Talked-of Invention in America! Representatives and Spare-Time Workers Everywhere Say That It Simply Sells Itself on Sight! All They Do Is Turn the Crank to Demonstrate! Eager Shavers Do the Rest. Generous Commissions—Investigate At Once!

ALTHOUGH still comparatively new, KRISS-KROSS is achieving national and *international* fame with astonishing rapidity. Agents and spare-time workers as well as shavers are keenly enthusiastic over it—and no wonder, for it offers really *excellent* money to men who become authorized representatives. The fact that it is never sold in stores creates a real opportunity so that demonstrators find themselves making $30 a day and more with almost clock-like regularity. Part-time workers, office and factory men, too, are finding KRISS-KROSS a [illegible] extra money. Many [illegible] $5 [illegible] day earned by just showing KRISS-KROSS to [illegible] employed.

Right now there is an urgent need for additional representatives in all localities to meet the overwhelming demand caused by national advertising—an example of which appears on this page. Our unique selling plan makes everything extremely simple—even for men without the slightest experience. We give you every conceivable help. At the expense of $5,000.00 we have prepared a brand-new demonstration manual which tells you exactly what to do and say when showing KRISS-KROSS. It is so complete that it has enabled new men to go right out and make worth-while profits the very first day. Emil Ham of California actually cleared $50 a day his first 4 days through its help, although he had never sold or demonstrated any article in his life before. Yet his experience is not out of the ordinary, as you will see by reading the following letters from other prosperous KRISS-KROSS representatives.

$114 in One Day

"While selling KRISS-KROSS I have made as much as $114 in one day, and paid all expenses on a vacation trip up into the Rocky Mountains. I took my wife and two little girls with me. I paid my car expenses, and hotel expenses [illegible] and returned with $175 in the pocket [illegible] New with [illegible] KRISS-KROSS Stropper and all its late improvements, I think that any man, even without previous sales experience, should be able to make $15 to $25 a day if he will only show it to men who shave." J. R. Tillotson, Nebr.

$200 in Seven Days

"I have taken orders for KRISS-KROSS Strippers totaling over $200 profit in 7 days this month while working at my regular job. $200 profit in spare time certainly speaks well for KRISS-KROSS." J. C. Kellogg, Kans.

$66 in One Day

"I gave KRISS-KROSS my whole day—8 hours—and made $66 profit. Received 5 of my orders from motorists while waiting at a filling station to get gas." H. R. King, Mass.

$20 First Day

"I have no trouble at all demonstrating KRISS-KROSS. They nearly all took it right out of my hands. I made $20 my first day." R. S. Hopkins, Mich.

$133 in Spare Time

I always had the feeling that I could not sell a $5 bill for $4. Your wonderful offer drove me into action! In less than two weeks I [illegible] made $133.40 while working on a regular job every day. Tom Williams, Ariz.

NOTE: All the above examples of KRISS-KROSS [illegible] are not exceptional. They are given at any time.

When men everywhere are making money like this so easily, it is certainly worth while for you to investigate. Why not start getting your share of KRISS-KROSS profits without delay? Get details and liberal commission offer at once. Check the bottom line of the coupon at the left. Mail it today.

Be an Authorized KRISS KROSS *Representative!*

[Look for this label in the raincoat you buy]

Rain or Shine

a Duro Gloss Coat is Always Smart

Just as colorful, just as stylish, as any fair-weather coat—and *really rainproof!* It's a *Duro Gloss* Raincoat. Smart, no end! Slip into it whenever weather threatens. It will keep you dry, no matter if it *pours!*

For every whim and every purse, there is a *Duro Gloss* Raincoat, styled and tailored by leading raincoat manufacturers of the country. Though prices vary—from swagger slickers to more elaborately trimmed models—the quality of the fabric remains the same. *Duro Gloss* Raincoats are always *rainproof*.

Cheery, lustrous colors are yours to choose from—tantalizing wistaria, rich mulberry, reds, blues and greens—or softer grays and black.

For men, women and children, the right colors and correct tailoring at whatever price your style taste demands. Softly clinging in appealing lines, *Duro Gloss* Raincoats drape as only a worthy fabric can.

To see them is to want them—and most good stores carry *Duro Gloss* Raincoats in wide variety.

* * *

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Now... Duro Gloss Sportswear!

In Duro Gloss Sports Fabric, the leading makers of Sportswear have found to a new degree the color, durability and weatherproof qualities demanded in these smart and practical garments for outdoor wear. Most good stores have *Duro Gloss* Sportswear in a wide variety of models—half and three-quarter length sports coats, lumber jacks, sheepskin-lined coats and many others—each identified for your protection by the green-and-black *Duro Gloss* Sports Fabric label.

Duro Gloss

RAINCOATS AND SPORTS COATS

SOME FLIES LIKE VINEGAR

(Continued from Page 11)

desk from your subscribers. What kind of beauty article especially interests farm girls?"

"Freckle cream," said Annabelle, her antagonism yielding reluctantly to his pleasant businesslike manner. "The farm girl wants to know how to rid her skin of freckles and sunburn. She'd like to be white as the driven snow"—Annabelle smiled at him engagingly—"every day, in every way, paler and paler. Every mail brings me a dozen inquiries for bleaching creams and freckle lotions."

"Ah!" Mr. Delohery considered this, his blue eyes intent and fixed steadily upon Annabelle.

"Do you recommend any special cream or powder or freckle lotion to your readers?" he asked softly.

Mr. Welch moved somewhat nervously, but Annabelle didn't look at him. She knew the answer to this question. "Mr. Hamel does not allow me to use any trade names in the paper," she said. "But in answering questions where a stamped envelope is sent to me for a personal reply, I use my own judgment."

"Which is?" he asked, and smiled as though to apologize for his persistence.

"It depends," said Annabelle, and then she began to be interested, thinking about her letters. She forgot about the skinned lizards, crossed her knees and let one foot fly right out in plain sight of all the world. "You see, if the note paper is cheap and the letter written with a stubby pencil and without much evidence of schooling, or if the writer frankly admits a lack of money, I give her a homemade recipe for cucumber cream or buttermilk treatment. But to most of those who write to me I give the names of standard beauty preparations that can be purchased at any drug store. It's really what they want. I always recommend Carnation powder, and often your cold cream and vanishing cream. But I tell my readers to use Best's Complexion Soap and I advise A. & B. Bleaching Cream and Freckle Remover. Sometimes I tell one reader one thing and another something different."

Annabelle doubted that she had made the expected response. Her native honesty had compelled her to tell him frankly what her answers to questions generally were, but her knowledge of the publishing business made her feel unsafe. But didn't he really want to know? He was traveling around at considerable expense and trouble, surely to find out the truth. Ought she to have told him his products were the best and the ones she always recommended? But they weren't always—not in her honest opinion.

"Don't you like our soap, Miss Mopps?" asked Mr. Delohery in a pained voice, and Mr. Welch began to frown terrifically, his long black hair falling down upon his eyeglasses. So her answer had been wrong!

Annabelle thought of the page proofs drying unattended on Fatty's desk, of Mr. Hamel in New York, trusting his editorial force to get out the paper; of Tom Saunders downstairs, lying in wait for any excuse to balk her; and of the moving hands of the clock. She felt indignation. She was not an advertising woman. It wasn't up to her to get Carnation for the paper. If all Mr. Delohery wanted was praise, why didn't he stay in New York and compose his own answers? Mr. Welch knew it was make-up day as well as she did. But it was always that way ——

"No, I don't like your soap," she said scrappily, and she told him why: "It burns. Even with soft water, it makes my face burn and feel stiff for a few moments. I know you claim in your advertisements that that's a sign it really cleans, but it's hard to believe it. I don't like a soap that burns and leaves my skin dry. I want to feel cool and refreshed after washing. And I won't tell my girls to use a soap I don't like to use myself. Some folks may think a beauty column funny, but I take mine seriously."

"But of course," he said slowly.

The battle-worn lizard had ceased waving to and fro and quivered for attack. Mr. Delohery had not taken his earnest blue eyes from Ann since she began to talk. Oh, why, thought the lady editor, did he have to be so handsome? Women probably pursued him on sight wherever he went. And he was an intent sort of person, as well. But how unseemly, when he was so big and straight, for him to be in the beauty business! He ought to be selling swords or airplanes! She felt an impudent desire to ask him if he would risk his own complexion with their soap.

"I'm interested in what you say," he commented at last, his voice a bit cool. "You see, I'm a chemist, and that soap is my own formula. It's true that it moves slowly. We can't get it going like our other products. Really there is nothing in the soap to harm the skin of an infant. The smarting you feel is simply an antiseptic agent, and really very stimulating. But what you say about liking to feel cool and refreshed —— It's a funny thing I've never heard about this before, though I've talked to a good many beauty columnists."

Of course he had to be the chemist who had formulated the soap! And he was threatening her! Off with her head! Praise our soap or we won't advertise in your paper!

She leaned on the edge of Mr. Welch's desk and rested her cheek upon her hand, forgetting entirely the sheep-dipping article upon her white forearm. She looked at Mr. Delohery squarely.

"Perhaps they were just trying to get your advertising," she commented. "We'd like to have it, too, but I'll not recommend your soap unless you can take the smarting out of it, or your bleaching cream unless it will remove freckles without causing the face to peel. . . . Now I really must go back to my own job. I'll get a bunch of letters together for you. Can I mail them to you in New York?"

"Why—thanks," he said, getting up as she did. "I'll get them before I leave and save you the trouble." She shook hands with him like a boy. "I'll remember what you said about the soap. I'll hold you to that, perhaps," he said, and then Annabelle flushed, for she had left an inky thumbprint on his hand.

"I'm afraid you'll need some kind of ink remover right away," she said in confusion, and he laughed and looked at his hand delightedly.

"Why was I such a pussy cat?" Annabelle asked herself, back alone in her own office. "Meow, meow! Here, kitty, kitty, kitty! I know how hard Mr. Welch works to get business. I could have flattered the Carnation Beauty Company into an order if I weren't such a dog-gone contrary young mule. I certainly could have strained myself about the soap. His own pet! He'll never forgive us. Just because he's all clean and handsome and I all tired and grimy ——"

She fell upon the proofs savagely. Fatty was still away, the sun shining benignly upon his empty desk. She cast a glance of love and loyalty toward Mr. Hamel's desk. Good scout! Good boss! He wouldn't let anybody fire her because she had failed to propitiate a space buyer! He wouldn't let anybody pick on his help, the darling, disreputable old stovepipe!

With tremendous effort she pulled her thoughts from fascinated contemplation of the image of Mr. Delohery—his height, his politeness, his fairness, his blue eyes in their black lashes, his fastidious immaculateness. Where had she read that the finest male type was blond? Bold, blond viking? At least, Annabelle —— But get to work, you hussy!

For an hour and a half she succeeded in holding her attention exclusively to the task in hand, forgetting even her weariness. She found Tom Saunders in the composing room, smoking a filthy pipe, leaning against the stone in conspicuous idleness. He told her that it was too late to make corrections and stood puffing at his pipe. Annabelle could have smacked him. And then, without warning, there arose within her some new and unaccustomed instinct for guile. She had a fleeting impression of Mr. Delohery, a notion as to what kind of lady he might admire, a sense of the damage her impertinence, usually accepted with such good nature by the men about the plant, might have done to the paper's contracts. And here, ready to her hand, was an ancient feminine wisdom about men which she had never realized before.

"Tom," she said gently, sweetly, in dovelike tones—"Tom, Mr. Hamel's gone, and Fatty's gone, and I've got to get the paper out. Won't you do this for me? They kept me up there in the front office. You know how inconsiderate the advertising department is." Not bad, that, taking sides with him against the front office. "I saw Mr. Welch changing ads again, after all his fussing about. I know how hard it is for you. And it's late as can be. But, Tom, you're such a good compositor—you're so quick and clever, I know you can get this done, though another printer mightn't. Please, Tom, won't you just finish this awful day up nicely for me? Ple-e-ease?"

Tom Saunders blinked and stared at her, grew quite red beneath the ink. He had the startled expression of a mule that is all braced to resist the halter and finds the lead strap gone and his enemy holding out an apple. Tom looked more disillusioned than he usually did, if possible.

"Don't try to come any of that stuff over on me," he muttered, but he took the pages and set to work with skill and speed upon the stone.

Annabelle stayed with him. By the time the truck left at five to take the forms to the foundry, everything was done. She went up the stairs slowly and found Fatty smoking at his desk.

"Say, Ann," he greeted her, "I'm sure sorry I was gone so long. I didn't have an idea the afternoon was spinning away. I met this fellow Dale that's made a young fortune in pure-bred Angus cattle, down on his farm in Sugar County, and I saw a chance to get a story for the paper."

"Yes—around the pool table," thought Annabelle scornfully, and was surprised at herself. Heretofore she had always believed Fatty's alibis. But she sat down at her desk without comment.

"Take a letter for me, will you, Ann?" asked Fatty, and Annabelle turned and gave him what is known as a dirty look.

"Write your own letter," she said tartly. "I'll take Mr. Hamel's dictation, but why should I take yours? You can typewrite as well as I."

"Oh, well," said Fatty with incurable good nature, "it can wait."

He came over to her. How untidy he was, Annabelle thought—a cruel comparison in her mind. He must be thirty pounds overweight, and his summer suit was shapeless, his tie unruly. He was young and his dark hair was thick and always rumpled by eager hands. His brown eyes were fine, his big nose and wide mouth animated at times with strength and fire. But that day his whole personality seemed blurred and overlaid with carelessness.

And she had once been thrilled by him! To talk to him, to listen to him, to learn from him had seemed the most splendid thing in the world to her, and she had not realized how much her opinion had altered until today. He just managed to hold on to his job by the skin of his teeth, when he should have been doing wonderful things with the equipment he had—an eager fertile brain, a charming ingenuous friendliness, a natural sense of logic which carried

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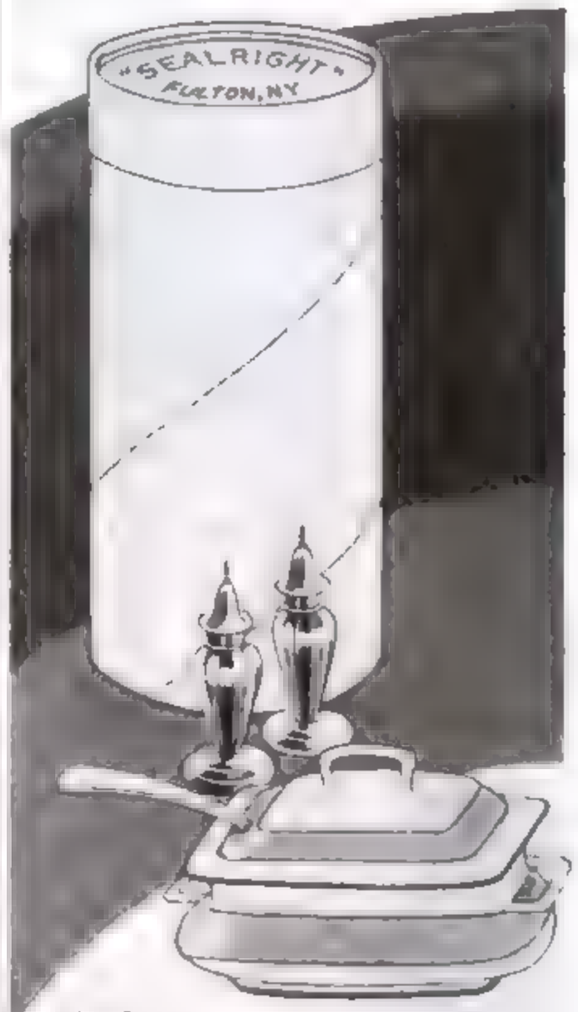

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—to Buy Oysters

OYSTERS in a Sealright Paper Container are easy and safe to carry. The luscious "juice" can't spill or ooze out. But, best of all, the delicious oyster flavor is kept inside the container without any chance of exposure to air or dirt. Sealrights protect your clothing and linen against leaking and guard the contents against all exposure.

Sealrights differ from all other paper containers. Their patented, inner-sealed, double bottom and snug-fitting cover make them 100% leak-proof and practically air-tight. Oysters, pickles, sauerkraut, salads, cottage cheese and all moist and liquid foods packed in Sealrights retain their freshness longer and taste better because Sealrights keep the flavor in and air, dirt and odors out. That's why progressive dealers everywhere use Sealrights.

A quart is ALWAYS a quart in a Sealright—a full quart when filled at your dealer's and a full quart when opened later at home. Delivered to your dealer with covers on tight and inside untouched by human hands, Sealrights are absolutely sanitary. For safety's sake, ask your dealer to use Sealrights.

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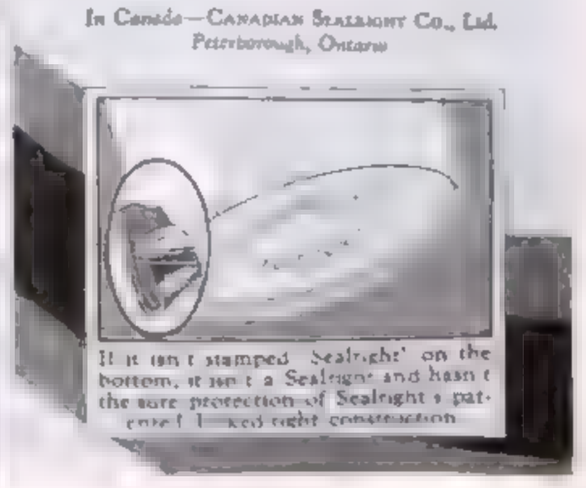

If it isn't stamped 'Sealright' on the bottom, it isn't a Sealright and hasn't the sure protection of Sealright's patented leak-tight construction

ARVIN

HEATER

KEEPS YOU WARM IN YOUR CAR

Smart folks don't stay shut in when winter comes along. They drive where they please and when they please, in warmth and comfort. Their cars are Arvin-heated—and *yours* should be, too. If you can't go to Bermuda, the next best thing is to invest a few dollars in an Arvin Heater—and drive in luxurious comfort on every cold day to come.

THE LOW COST FOR ALL CARS

Arvin Heaters are made in several types There is an Arvin for *your* car—for *all* cars—priced as low as—

$1.75 to $9.00 for . . . . . FORD
$6.50 for . . . . . CHEVROLET
$6.00 to $9.00 for . . . . . DODGE
$6.00 to $9.00 for . . . . . HUDSON
$7.50 to $15.00 for . . . . . ESSEX
$5.00 to $7.50 for . ALL OTHER CARS
Slightly higher Far West and Canada

Most all accessory and car dealers sell Arvin Heaters. Get yours today.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO
Also makers of Indianapolis and DeLuxe Tire Pumps, Automobile Jacks and Dan Patch Coaster Wagons for Children
INDIANAPOLIS

him straight to the point at issue without interference of prejudice of any kind. Thinking of these things in the swift, kaleidoscopic way she had at times, Annabelle was furious with him.

He thought she liked him, and he imposed on that liking! She had gone to the bat for him too many times. It was partly her fault that he was degenerating into a loafer that could walk out of the office on make-up day

She uncovered her typewriter, ignoring him, as he lingered there. She spread out her letters to pick out the ones that needed answering first. She could finish a few in an hour and be home in time to prepare her father's supper by seven.

"Want to go to a show tonight?" asked Fatty, trying to make up with her.

Annabelle put a sheet of letter paper in the machine and pushed the roller across with a small bang. She framed her lips for a smart reply and paused. A queer thing was happening to her. Just as, in the composing room, she had thought of Mr. Delohery and had spoken softly to astonished old Tom Saunders, so now she felt this new compulsion, so foreign to her own stern code of manners.

For of all things that Annabelle despised, a womanly woman was the first. She hated coyness, loathed coquetries, despised a flattering female. It simply crushed her, she admitted, to see some smart, capable, hard-working woman looking up at some lazy dumb-bell of a man who couldn't begin to match her performance and hear her murmur compliments. It went clean against the grain with Annabelle that a man should accept praise as his due, no matter how trifling he was. If ever she told a man he was smarter than she, it would be because he really was—and then she'd suppress the admission.

So Annabelle normally. Yet now she found herself looking at Fatty with an air distinctly propitiating.

"You ought to have been here, Joe." Could this plaintive voice be hers? "Mr. Welch dragged me into his office to meet some advertising man—and I ruined everything. You can read proof so much more quickly than I, and get all the errors too. You can really do the work better. It would have been some comfort to me, while I was spilling the beans in the front office, if I had known you were back here looking after things. But I was nervous."

Fatty stared at her in utter amazement. "I never heard you use that word 'nervous' before," he said, and then: "What's got into you?"

"His name was Delohery." Annabelle was unconscious of how direct an answer she was giving. "He's from the Carnation Beauty Corporation, and although we have their tooth-paste copy all the time, I never mentioned it. I just talked about the things I didn't like."

"Delohery!" Fatty forgot his amazement for a moment. "He's no ordinary space buyer or statistics getter, Ann. He's a vice president, in charge of publicity. He's old Carnation's sister's son. He's the whole advertising works. Plum has the account, nominally, but Delohery has the say."

"Oh, Fatty! It gets worse and worse! How could I know? He didn't look like a vice president. He looked like a clean little boy the cat had just finished washing—and I gave him some of my sass!"

"Don't fool yourself about that boy," said Fatty. "He's a relation to the main works, but that doesn't stop him from being all there. He's an important little boy ——"

Fatty stopped abruptly and swallowed the word on the tip of his tongue as a gentle voice inquired, "Can I find Miss Mopps here?" It was the vice president in charge of publicity himself!

Fatty withdrew softly, with but a murmured good night. For all his bulk, Annabelle thought he always moved deftly, quietly. She was greeting Mr. Delohery as she listened for Fatty's light step retreating down the stairs.

"I thought I'd pick up those letters," explained her caller

"I haven't had a moment in which to get them ready. If you'll sit down I'll do it now."

"I'm afraid I'm crowding your regular work," he apologized; but he took Mr Hamel's visitors' chair and sat down beside her desk, all in the sweet June evening. She was wondering, in some alarm, if he had heard her remark about the cat

"I could hardly find you," he said. "I left, and then came back alone." His tone was natural. She liked him because he had got rid of Mr. Welch. She noticed as he put down his straw hat that his hand was clean again.

"Yes, they hide the editors away," she answered easily enough, astonished to find he was really handsomer every moment She began to go through the letters on her desk, picking out the ones she thought might interest him.

And then they were talking. His good looks and her weariness were forgotten as they talked about her correspondence, just as she forgot her quarrels with Fatty when there was new and interesting work to do Annabelle was oblivious of her new rôle of perfect lady for the moment. It came to her that Mr. Delohery really wanted to learn something about the farm market She showed him all sorts of letters. She showed him the appeal in them as she felt it. Earnestly she demonstrated that the beauty column did matter in a farm paper; the heart column mattered. She showed him a new phase of women—how humble, how uncertain some were; how they longed to know if they might be loved; how they longed for beauty. And with considerable force and conviction she made him feel that the education of the country women in the arts of beauty and refinement was of supreme importance—even a national problem. She felt, as though upon her own young shoulders, the handicaps that most of them carried—long hours of the most fatiguing work, lack of money, lack of praise, lack of rest and leisure.

But, oh, if only they had praise they could manage without the rest! It was what all successful beauty propaganda should do—praise and reassure. It was what she was always trying to do in her leads—praise and encourage women. They needed it so! Like children! It was why they asked advice. Most of them knew quite well what to do, but they wanted to be told that they were doing wisely and unselfishly. They wanted a confidante, discussion of their problems. Their egos, crushed by work and by indifference, needed reassuring

His attention was more than grave and sympathetic. It was eager, concentrated. He listened as though he had never heard any of these things before—not from this viewpoint—not in this way.

"Mr. Hamel understands," she said at last. "It's one reason he's such a good editor. He thinks all small human things are important. He has enough imagination to know that it matters as much to a girl whether her hands are pretty as whether her hens lay eggs. And Mr. Harris feels it too. His service department is run on the same principle—every inquiry matters. Of course he teases me and puts foolish questions in my letter box, but we all know what Mr. Hamel says is a maxim for farm papers—that every personal letter means a life subscriber, and in the course of a year we write a great many in this little office.

"But it isn't just because it matters to the circulation department that I put so much into my mail. It's because Mr. Welch makes us all have a feeling about the paper—a feeling of publication, a feeling of service. He wants advertising so that the paper will be more valuable. I couldn't neglect one inquiry, no matter how trivial; and the tone of intimacy, of understanding and coöperation, of course, gets into the paper."

"Yes," he said softly, staring at her, as though he were listening to some other voice that was speaking for her and through

her. "I think I understand—I feel it too. It's really wonderful—what you are doing here."

She had grown diffident. They were silent a moment, and Annabelle realized that the long summer day was ended, the office full of dusk. Her small pert face glimmered at him in the twilight. He sat in silence, as though reluctant to break the charm of the moment.

"My," she exclaimed self-consciously, "it's growing late! And I still haven't the letters ready for you! Some of them must be copied. Can't I send them to you?"

She got up and turned on the light and they blinked at each other. The office clock showed almost seven. The press had stopped with the fluttering down of the last copy of the old issue. Distantly the men were working on it, getting it ready for the new paper. She could hear the staccato of a stencil machine in the circulation rooms, but these noises only accented the stillness of the offices.

"I'm coming back this way next week," he said unexpectedly. "I'll stop and get the file then and we'll talk about all this some more."

"I'll catalogue the letters for you before then."

"You aren't going to work any more tonight, are you?" he asked, taking his hat and standing there uncertainly.

"No, I'll have to run along and get my father's supper now."

"Your home is here?"

His gentle voice disturbed her. She widened her gray eyes at him. She felt again the insidious temptation to practice feminine wiles, but struck down the impulse pridefully. He was only talking about business. He didn't even know, most likely, how grave and sympathetic he looked. He was being polite—that was all. Doubtless he was used to having every woman he met coo over him.

"Certainly," she answered shortly. She thought of her father's shabby house, of her father waiting for her to make his supper, and realized for the first time that he would wait for hours, and go to bed hungry before it would occur to him to go into the kitchen and prepare a meal for himself or her. She thought of the kind of house the vice president of the Carnation Beauty Corporation probably lived in and pride lifted its banner in her heart.

"My father and I live together," she said, not coldly, but with a good deal of young dignity. "I keep house for him, outside of working hours. I'm late tonight. He'll be waiting for me."

"May I drive you home? My car's downstairs."

"Thank you," she said stiffly, "but I have to go to market."

He said good night to her with punctilious courtesy, and after he was gone she covered her typewriter, pulled on her little straw hat and turned out the light in the office and followed him down the half-lighted stairway.

His car was drawing away from the curb as she reached the sidewalk. It was a closed two-seater, with a trunk on behind, low slung, powerful, shiningly clean, like its owner. Annabelle realized that not a market in town was open at this hour and that Mr. Delohery probably knew it. She had refused his courtesy with unnecessary rudeness, and she sighed a little. At home, her innocent old father thought her not well, she was so gentle and submissive.

Mr. Hamel did not fail her. He was hardly back from New York and out of his coat, the dummy in his hands, when Mr. Welch came in. Mr. Welch was voluble and excited, his long black hair on end, his glasses quivering on his big thin nose, hands flinging about in violent gestures. He sat down by Mr. Hamel's desk and talked to him for a long time.

"He excites himself deliberately," Annabelle thought. "It helps him to accomplish things that are naturally difficult for him." Mr. Hamel did not say a word, but sat looking calmly at the dummy, turning the pasted pages over in his hands, while Mr. Welch talked. Annabelle couldn't help but hear some of it—about loyalty and accounts and disappointment and impertinence. She tried to catch that, and felt that her ears were sticking out like a young donkey's.

"These youngsters have got out a mighty good paper," Mr. Hamel said at last, and Mr. Welch departed, muttering to himself. After he had gone Annabelle realized that Mr. Hamel had not said a word in answer to Mr. Welch, and that he did not intend saying anything to her. She wondered what old Black Locks would think of that long talk she had had with Mr. Delohery in her own office. Mr. Hamel gave her some dictation, and, moved with repentance, she took Fatty's letters as well.

"Really, we need a stenographer in here," Mr. Hamel said, leaning on her desk, looking at her mail. "I think I'll ask Mr. Welch to let us have another girl in here—to help you. He ought to know how you've built up this reader correspondence."

Annabelle twinkled at him. This was Mr. Hamel's answer to Mr. Welch, for every addition to the pay roll caused the publisher the keenest anguish.

"I could keep a girl busy," she admitted; and then she told him of Mr. Delohery's visit to their sanctum and of the long and satisfying talk they had had. Mr. Delohery understood, she said.

"Good girl," said Mr. Hamel. "But keep it to yourself. If they find out that he's coming to see you they'll have you in the front office with a wreath of roses on your brow."

Annabelle blushed to remember an ink smudge on a certain clean square hand, and how far she had been from a wreath of roses when last she talked to Mr. Delohery. Mr. Hamel stood regarding her. He was a big, kindly old man, with deep wisdom in his eyes.

Fatty came over to her desk a little later and stood there uncertainly. "Say, Ann"—he spoke as though no longer sure as to how to talk to her—"I wouldn't have blamed you for making a holler because I walked out on you yesterday. I'll not do that again."

"It's all right," said Annabelle gently, and Fatty's look was startled and disconcerted. He stared at her, and she went on, deliberately thinking it up, her voice both plaintive and admiring at once: "I knew, of course, you would have been here if you could. You always work so hard." And then, with great innocence: "Did you tell Mr. Hamel about the Angus story? He'd be so pleased. I know you must have worked hard yesterday. Is the story finished, or do you have to go out again?"

Fatty looked at his watch. He said to her: "That bird sure stuck around here last night. I was coming back after supper, and saw him just leaving in his car. Too bad he didn't give you a lift."

"Why, Fatty, he wouldn't think of asking me!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty belligerently, and Annabelle shrugged her shoulders and sighed wistfully. Fatty frowned at her, then got his notebook and camera, borrowed all her sharpened pencils and set out for an afternoon of hard work, the most profitable he had spent in weeks.

Annabelle was amazed at how effective her new innocence and complaisance were. She practiced on her father, to his delight and mystification. She discovered she could hardly exaggerate her softness, her admiration, her pleading sufficiently. A trowel wasn't good enough—she could use a scoop shovel and get away with it. Mr. Welch succumbed to her without a struggle. Ink and the linotype operator ate out of her hand. Tom Saunders, resisting and suspicious, but impotent, allowed her actually to impose on him. But she was still forthright with Mr. Hamel.

"I couldn't flatter a man I really respected," she told herself fiercely, and felt an unreasonable resentment at Fatty that

(Continued on Page 122

See how easily and quickly the Old English Waxer-Polisher applies the thin, hard, transparent wax-film, then polishes to surpassing beauty! Complete $5 to outfit now yours for only $3.90. See special offer below.

It's the *film* of Old English Wax

that beautifies and protects floors against wear

SO simple! Merely glide the Old English Waxer-Polisher over the floor, as pictured above. Easy as using a carpet-sweeper. It goes everywhere—under furniture, under radiators, right up to the baseboard. A child can do it. Nothing to get out of order. Requires no care. Lasts a lifetime.

See it apply the protecting film of wax! Then see it polish to a rich, lustrous glow.

Old floors, new floors, wood or linoleum, waxed, varnished, shellaced or painted floors—all are quickly given this marvelous wax film protection against scratches and dirt. Never again the need of a complete costly refinishing!

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Act quick on money-saving offer below.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing and department stores

$5.10 waxing outfit for only $3.90

1 Old English Waxer Polisher...	$3.90
1 Can Old English Paste Wax ...	.45
1 Can Old English Liquid Wax ..	.75
1 Valuable Book on Floor Care ..	Free
	$5.10
Special Price	$3.90
YOU SAVE	$1.20

For prices west of Denver and in Canada see coupon at right

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Name

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PASTE, LIQUID, POWDERED WAX FOR FLOORS, LINOLEUM, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, DANCING

It's what

Plus SERVICE— *Plus* PROTECTION

Willard Threaded-Rubber Insulation actually triples the safety of your investment in an *oversize* battery because:

1 When this very different insulation is used, it is possible to build a Charged bone dry battery which we do not have to fill until the day it is installed in your car. You receive a strictly fresh battery with all of the useful life in its plates.

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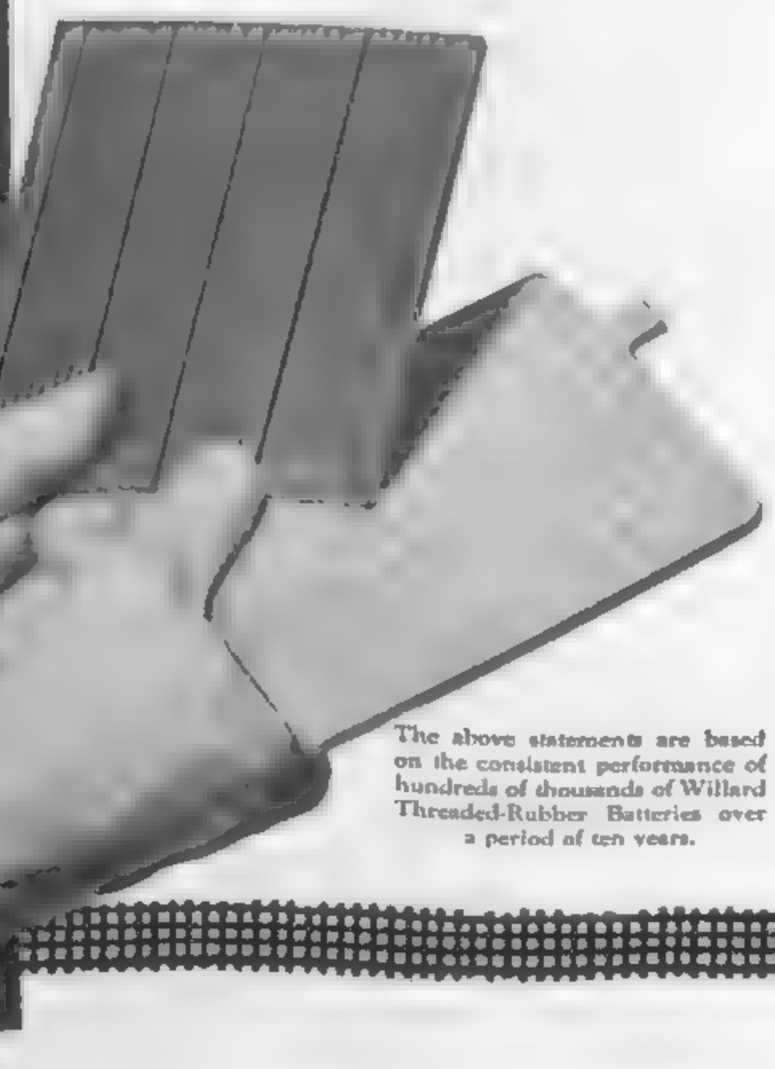
3 And—if at any time this very different insulation *should* fail to give uninterrupted service for the entire life of the plates, we will reinsulate your Willard Threaded-Rubber Battery without charge.



The above statements are based on the consistent performance of hundreds of thousands of Willard Threaded-Rubber Batteries over a period of ten years.

The Willard

Willard OVERSIZE *does for you that* COUNTS

OVERSIZE gives you a great big margin of extra battery life for a very small margin of extra cost.

This applies to *all* Willards—the wood-insulated ones as well as the Thread-Rubber type.

And, while you're buying plus service, why not include plus protection for every dollar you have invested in those bigger and longer-lived battery plates?

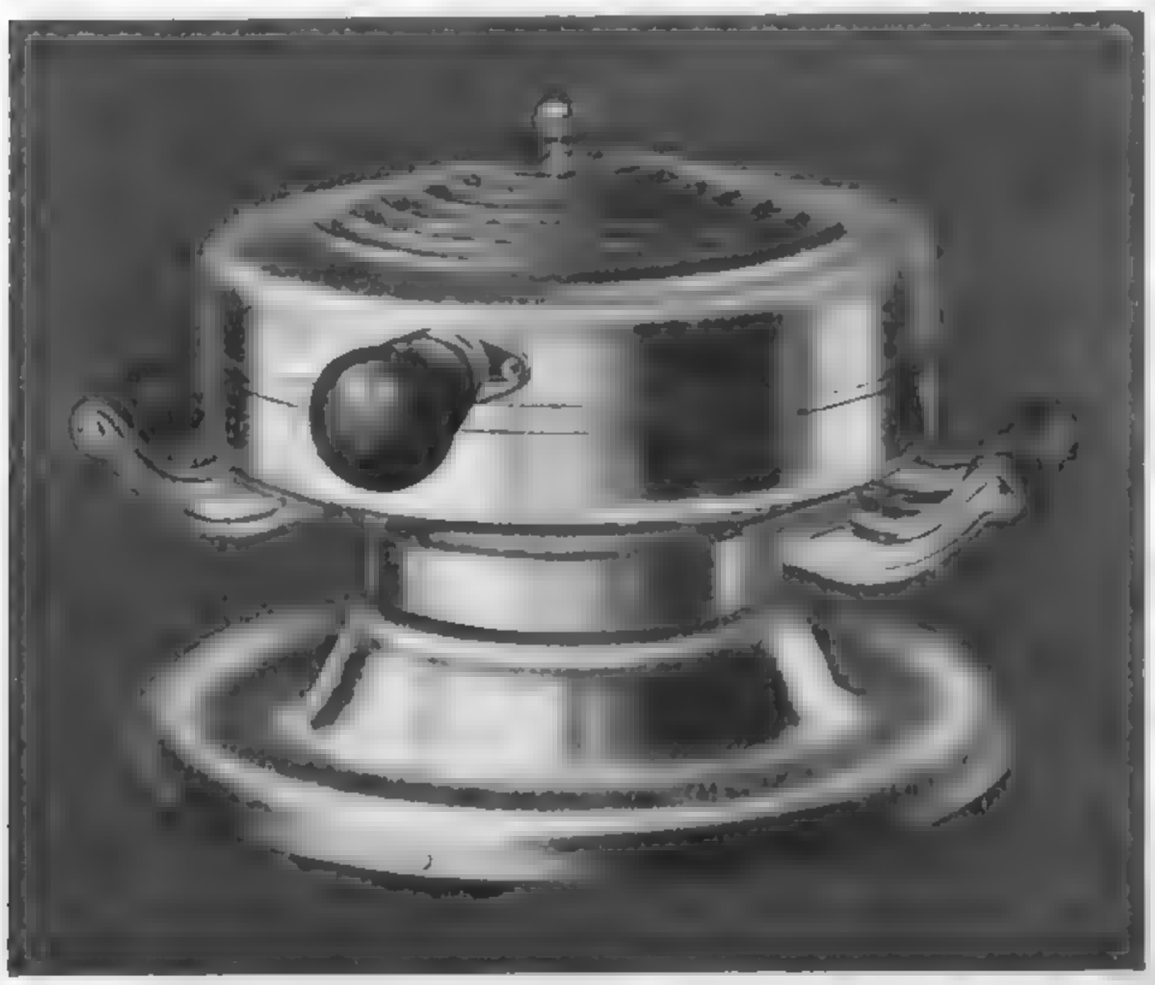
You know where all of us stand on Thread-Rubber-Insulated Willards. New insulation is at our expense if it is needed during the life of the plates.

And this isn't all—the page at the left tells you of other advantages that save you money.

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards for All Cars, for Farm Light, and for Radio, Too.

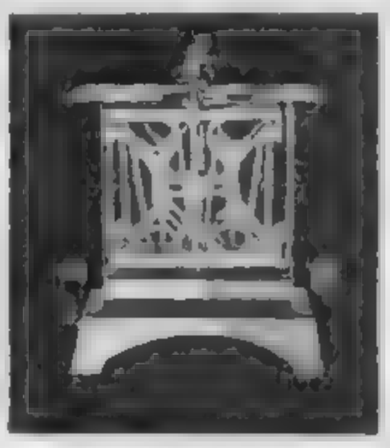
Battery men

For the *Perfect* breakfast

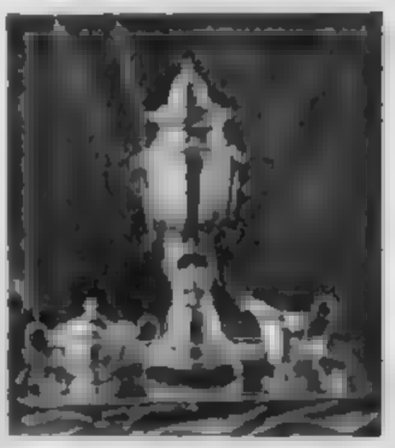


AN extra large waffle iron for those who want a lot of large waffles and want them quickly. A big, family size, durable waffle iron, extra large aluminum grids, 7¼ inches inside diameter. Long life assured.

Beautifully nickeled . . $10.00
Other models at $9.00 and $3.95



EVERY MORNING, millions eat delicious toast made on STAR-Rite Toasters. Now in its sixth successful year. The most popular toaster at its price. The patented reversible features easy to operate. Takes but little room and saves you burnt fingers. Toasts two slices of bread at once, quickly and easily. It, too, is an ornament to your table and a necessary adjunct to the modern idea of perfect breakfasts, cooked and served at the table. No toaster will give you better service or longer life at any price. $4.50.
(In Canada $5.75)



AND COFFEE should be made at the table, too. The Ambassador nine-cup percolator set, finished in gleaming nickel, silver plated inside. Even using cold water percolates almost instantly. Of severely classic, Grecian loving cup design, its rare beauty will adorn your table. Has carved black Bakelite handles and feet. An automatic thermostat with push button control on the base is a guarantee against burn-outs. $27.50 for nine-cup urn, tray, creamer and sugar set.
(In Canada $34.00)

STAR-Rite
ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.
Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Makers of Never-Leak Automotive Gaskets

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn.
Please send me STAR Rite folder.

Name
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 119)

he didn't see through her—anybody as smart as Fatty! She was really a little unhappy about her new adroitness. The old scrappy, take-it-or-leave-it Annabelle had been a nicer person, she believed.

As the time drew near for Mr. Delohery's return trip Annabelle found herself dolling up for the office. Make-up day came again, and Annabelle rose early and put the unaccustomed curling iron to her straight brown hair. She donned a new yellow linen dress, white silk stockings and new white kid pumps. When she was dressed she rouged and powdered carefully—and then looked at herself with secret contempt.

"Never mind, Miss Scrappy," she replied to the disdainful eyes in the mirror. "Vinegar never catches flies."

Mr. Hamel told her quite frankly that she put his old eyes out, and Fatty rushed about with a dust cloth, trying to make things tidy enough for such daintiness. They made her feel foolish, but happy too. But in the crush of work her apparel was soon forgotten. The day at the office was long and hard and hot. Countless trips to the composing room, on the cement stairs, were ruinous to new white slippers. The linen dress crumpled quickly in the heat. Annabelle worked with a whole-heartedness that did not allow her to remember to avoid ink and wrinkles. But it didn't matter, for Mr. Delohery didn't come that day.

When she went home, tired and bedraggled, the shoes ruined, the dress a rag, she felt an odd sense of let-down and humiliation. In the morning she wet and combed out the straggly curl and went to work in her everyday office clothes, her hair still damp upon her cheeks when she got there.

"Where's the chrysanthemum?" asked Fatty, staring at her sleek head; and then he went on: "I couldn't get up the nerve to talk right out freshlike to you yesterday, but what I want to know is this: Why don't you doll up like that for us once in a while? Don't you think we'd appreciate it as well as the Carnation Beauty Corporation? Tell me, have you washed your ears with beauty soap this morning? I went home and cried in my pillow, to think of all the work you had—for nothing."

Annabelle, with great self-restraint, made no reply. There was a hang-over of make-up, but time in which to do it pleasantly. Fatty had the Angus story in the paper, and at the last moment they had needed another full page, and he had produced a story about a rural school in the north part of the state that was almost fiction. It was a good story.

"Fatty, you can write, darn your lazy hide!" scolded Mr. Hamel. Annabelle stole a glance at Fatty. He seemed thinner to her—just in a week. His eyes were very bright and clear—dark eyes that had under their sardonic look a hint of longing, of the humility that goes with gifts.

She praised his story: "I wish I could write like that. I know you're going to be a famous man some day."

Fatty pretended to be hurt.

"Isn't there a thing wrong with it?" he begged her. "Have you no fault to find? I think this is cruel of you, Annabelle. Haven't I used a though for an if, or a double negative, or an improper contrary-to-fact verb? Ann, Ann, you break my heart! No fault to find!"

"I like it," said Annabelle softly, and Fatty wept into his cuff.

But going home from a party late that night, Annabelle passed the plant and saw a light in the editorial offices and heard, far away, like fairy hammers, the tapping of Fatty's typewriter, and she smiled to herself. But she lay awake later.

What a shame that cajolery worked! Even Fatty, with his fine mind, responded to flattery like a child. It was true that he could write, that he was talented. She hadn't said a thing she didn't mean. But even so, no amount of scrapping had ever kept him writing after office hours. Maybe praise was the best way. Maybe that was why women used it—an effective weapon. She felt her whole rigid code dissolving.

"But, no! I could never care for a man I could manage—with flattery," she whispered, and wondered why tears slid from her eyes. "I'd want him to be a man on his own account."

Mr. Delohery walked into the office the next morning when she was cutting margins from the pink left-over. The long ribbons of paper lay coiled about her, like the nest about a young robin. She swept them into a wastebasket with a quick, graceful movement. She was fresh and tidy this morning, her feet like small black piano keys, in patent-leather pumps, and she wore white stockings and a white plaited skirt and a little black satin jacket she had made for herself, out of which her throat rose smooth as cream. Mr. Delohery shook hands cordially. Annabelle was glad she hadn't rouged, for she felt her face burn rosy with color, and she imagined how dreadful it would be to have him say to her, "Ah, I see you are wearing our red Carnation rouge this morning!"

The thought made her laugh, and Mr. Delohery seemed to share her sense of excitement. He sat down by her desk with an air of having come to stay, smiling at her with his grave courtesy. She could not imagine him ever acting the fool, as Fatty did continually.

She had the letters ready for him, and he read them all again. She ignored Mr. Welch and Mr. Hamel, who made signs to her behind Mr. Delohery's back. She went to luncheon with the vice president in charge of publicity, and with Mr. Welch, and was demurely silent throughout the meal. Mr. Delohery stayed with her all afternoon and asked her to go to supper with him. She sent Fatty with a message to her father and learned afterward that the two had eaten together at a sandwich place. After a movie she went with Mr. Delohery and danced until midnight.

"I've been thinking about that freckle lotion," she told him between dances, keeping up the myth that this was a business engagement. "If you are going to run the same ad for everybody, of course you won't be interested. But for farm papers, if you could get across this idea—the double advantage of the vitality and health the sun gives and the beauty of a sheltered-life appearance. Of course, nobody wants to be a sheltered woman any more. But a girl who picks strawberries in the hot sun, and who milks, and cares for chickens and works in the garden imagines that she'd like to look like one. The appearance of delicacy, with the reality of vigor —— Do you get my idea?"

"That's a good phrase," he said, and looked at her with admiring respect. She could hardly manage to forget tonight how attractive he was in a dark blue summer-weight suit that brought out his blond vitality. He was not only immaculate but orderly. She felt that he would never ditch a person on a hot afternoon, with the paper to make up. He had a good mind. She could feel it following hers, seizing her ideas eagerly. But not leading! Ah, no, Annabelle, not leading!

They talked without stopping. And somehow her pleasure in the evening was subtly increased when she saw Fatty among the stags. He gazed after her longingly and seemed to have emerged entirely from the blur of his carelessness into sharp relief. Annabelle waved to him kindly, and then smiled more charmingly and more confidingly at Mr. Delohery.

For days after Mr. Delohery had gone back East, Annabelle thought about him. Each time she put a letterhead in her typewriter she saw on its clean surface, for just a moment, like a mirage on the desert, the clear and chiseled cast of his features. She saw his grave attention, his understanding. None of the men around the paper ever listened to her. They talked incessantly, being so engrossed in their own ideas that they didn't even know other people were having any.

(Continued on Page 125)

Selz SHOES

Settle it for the winter

Select this custom designed all-weather business shoe, in tan or black, and this Selz formal oxford, worn with dress clothes or dinner jacket. These two will do it - for a very conservative sum. Be assured of their appearance and style - it's right; the basis of Selz style is comfort. Be assured of their practical making - we've been shoemakers for the past fifty-six years.

Selz shoes are worn by millions of men - such large volume explains their low cost. $6 to $10

Some models with Goodyear Rubber Heels

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
Chicago Pittsburgh

THE STAND BY
Model B-553
TAN OR
BLACK IMPORTED ODEN CALF
OVERLAY PATTERN
HEAVY SINGLE SOLE ROLLED EDGE
STITCHED AROUND HEEL
We'll send you our Style Book

THE MAURICE
Model B-
SELZ PATENT COLT
PLAIN TOE
VELOUR FINISH SOLE
ROUND CORNER DANCING HEEL
We'll tell you where to get them

The average reading time of this advertisement is only 35 seconds Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets

The Game is Over . . . Football isn't half as dangerous as skidding home

"HOLD 'EM. Hold 'em. Hold 'em." The team holds. The final gun is fired. . . . In the moist Autumn twilight you find your car. So do thousands of others.

You bump your way to the road and head for home. . . . So do thousands of others.

Slow going. Skiddy roads. Impatient honking horns. Everyone's impatient. You see an opening and scoot for it. . . . So do several others. You skid—you put on your brakes but keep skidding ahead. There's the real danger of a football game. It's skidding home in the rain.

Put on WEED Chains when it rains and be sure of your grip on the road.

Be Prepared for Winter

Snow and sleet in the northern states, and rains in the south and Pacific Coast are due. Don't wait for the first bad storm to buy your WEED Chains. Get them now and be prepared for winter driving.

Wet Rubber Slips • WEED CHAINS *Grip*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn. *In Canada:* Dominion Chain Company, *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ontario

(Continued from Page 122)

But Annabelle turned down the roller sharply. The vision of Mr. Delohery disappeared and she began to peck away:

Dear Subscriber: If you will use the following exercise it will reduce your double chin ——

Definitely now she curbed her natural combativeness and practiced the guileful ways of the perfect lady. Fatty told her outright that she wasn't a nice person any more, and she didn't even make a face at him.

"Where's your self-respect?" he demanded. "Cat got your tongue?"

Annabelle looked at him in gentle reproach and Fatty groaned aloud and sank into his chair in heartbroken dejection.

Before the hot weather was over they began work on the big fall books. They had a conference and planned the winter's work. Annabelle had a girl to help her now, and they settled down for the hard work of the year. Letters came from the East now and then—charming letters, Mr. Delohery's part in a charming correspondence. Annabelle found herself allowing these letters to lie about conspicuously. But she read miles of proof and Fatty read it all after her. She plied Fatty with gentle praise, admired him with her eyes, gave him soft answers.

Fatty was really getting thin. He had something on his mind. He worked all day and many nights. He asked for work! He did not take Annabelle to so many dances, nor to the movies, as he once had. He seemed to care for nothing but the paper. Mr. Hamel scolded and harangued at him and taught him his profession. Once or twice Fatty went out to pinch-hit on advertising accounts, and came back, looking keen and grim, with the order. His new winter suit was a smaller size than his old one. He was good-looking, Annabelle admitted, in an unconventional, vital sort of way. He seemed so alive. But she found in her heart some deep resentment at him, that he responded to her flattery.

Annabelle had laurels of her own to consider. Just after the New Year a letter came to Mr. Welch from the Carnation Beauty Corporation which caused a flutter in the office. Mr. Delohery wanted the paper to send Annabelle to New York, at his firm's expense. He wanted her to bring her letter file and make, to the New York staff, the talk she had made to him about beauty and about the rural market. Mr. Welch insisted on giving her a bonus of two hundred dollars, which, she understood, was for extra clothes. She was doubtful about accepting it, but Mr. Hamel told her to do so.

"Nothing like new duds for a lady's morale. The paper can well afford it," he commented. "For they've the full schedule for Carnation for the whole twelve months. Did you know Plum has reserved space for a new soap Carnation is putting out in the spring? If you didn't get the business for the paper, who did?—I'd like to know."

It was fun to go. The whole office force, from Miss Sims to Tom Saunders, admired her new suit, her new shoes, her new bag, her new haircut. Fatty bought her magazines to read on the train, Mr. Hamel gave her a good-luck penny he had carried for years. Mr. Welch took her to the train in his own car and bought her a box of candy.

Her trip was a success—but for a reason she had not anticipated. She had felt, as she knew Fatty did, that Mr. Delohery simply wanted to see her and to show her a good time in New York. She had spent most of the two hundred dollars for a dancing dress. The tenor of his letters had become increasingly intimate.

But when she stood by Mr. Delohery's desk and looked out over the collection of friendly but somewhat skeptical faces, she knew that the vice president had brought her here because she had something he wanted them to know. She discarded the speech she had planned entirely. For it came to her, in a moment almost of panic, that the new, hard-studied rôle of palaverer was not of any real use to anybody. She longed for the dusty office of her paper, with Mr. Hamel fouling the air with pipe smoke. She longed for Tom and the chance to renew the old and honest battle of the stone. She longed to make faces at Ink and quarrel with Fatty. She felt her paper as she had never felt it before, every subscriber, every advertiser, the blood and bones of it, and the editorial sanctum, its heart and mind. The paper had an actual identity of its own that made them all serve it honestly. Her true nature asserted itself. The old Annabelle, scrappy, hard-working, honest to the point of leaning over backward, took possession of her. It was because she had once told Mr. Delohery the truth that she was here, instead of some other farm-paper editor, not because she had grown skilled in pleasantry. Everyone—especially, perhaps, every advertiser—wanted admiration. But only the truth was valuable to business.

She began to talk in her quick young voice. Her swift inner experience lent an excitement of color to her voice and to her cheeks. She was vivid, convincing, sincere. They listened to her as Mr. Delohery had listened, with surprise, respect and increasing admiration. Ideas, angles, phrases and viewpoints are the meat and drink of the advertising man. She gave them all. Afterward the men crowded about her, arguing with her, as individuals, asking questions, contending for talk. The firm gave her a beautiful gift; cut-glass cold-cream jars filled with their own product and a sterling-silver powder box for her dressing table and a compact ornamented with a real amethyst. And Mr. Delohery gave her a sample package of the new soap, wrapped in white-and-carnation paper, and told her he would pay her a hundred dollars if it burned her skin.

The long glorious day was over at last. She was to dine and go to the theater with Mr. Delohery, and afterward dance at a night club. Dressing in her hotel room, she wished Fatty could have heard all that had been said; wished somehow to see him again and renew their old, honest warfare. She had several things to tell him. And in the meanwhile it was a shame he could not see her in this rose-and-silver dress. He did not know, nor she either, that she could be so pretty.

"I certainly had a good time out West last summer," Mr. Delohery told her at dinner. "I got a lot of good ideas and learned the field, and I played golf everywhere and went to a lot of dances. I'm going to make the trip every year or two. It was a regular holiday, and—not a cent out of my own pocket!" Annabelle stared at him. Out having a good time on the firm's money! The phrase, coined in her thoughts, had a familiar sound—led her back to some analogy.

The play was excellent but too long. Mr. Delohery danced well, but Annabelle decided critically that he really did not put as much originality into the steps as Fatty did. He was more conventional, not so notionate. For all his bulk, Fatty was a dancer with finesse. Annabelle wondered what Fatty would think of this crazy night club. Taking her to her hotel, in the wee hours, Mr. Delohery told her what had evidently been on his mind for some hours: "I've thought of nothing but you since that day you came into Mr. Welch's office last summer. You'd a mind. I hadn't met a woman in all my life who was interested in beauty as you were—for others, for humble folk, and not just for money. I've been raised on talk about beauty, but you gave me a new ideal. When you put that thumb mark on my hand, you put your mark upon me, Annabelle. I would have liked to treasure that little thumb print. I can still see it."

"But I was so untidy and quarrelsome!" protested Annebelle.

"That was it," he said with deep satisfaction—"somebody unself-conscious, somebody honest and unafraid, somebody who didn't mind being untidy when it was her job that made her so. I've thought at times since that you were trying to please

VESTA

"The Signature of Sincerity"

Radio "B" Socket Power with Automatic Relay

The latest development in "B" Socket Power—by Vesta—delivers constant and uniform current for the "B" circuit—with perfect control over entire voltage in both amplifier and detector circuits

This *variable control* has a range of adjustment for all sets—from the smallest to the largest.

Equipped with Automatic Relay, which *automatically disconnects* the "B" when receiving set is turned off and automatically connects the "A" unit or Trickle Charger

The Vesta "B" contains rectifier cells—*no tubes*—the cells being efficient for one to two years—and may be replaced by hand in a few seconds—at a cost of only $3.50.

See this wonderful "B" unit at your Vesta dealer's and learn of the better radio results obtained.

Complete Radio Efficiency

What do you most desire in radio power—for economy—for results—for convenience? *Whatever it is Vesta has it!*

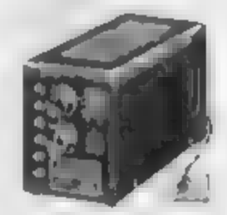
All the latest developments—in combinations adaptable for every radio purpose—bearing the Vesta name, the "Signature of Sincerity" for 30 years.

Included in these units are the *famous Balkite, Vertrex or Westinghouse rectifiers*—each recognized as the standard in their distinct types.

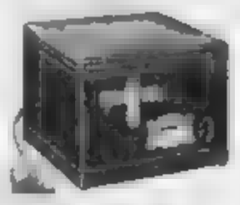
Vesta dealers are everywhere. Make the Vesta dealer your headquarters for radio supplies and advice on radio matters.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 Indiana Ave., • CHICAGO, ILL.

Vesta "B" Socket Power Unit
[illegible] with crystal enamel with Bakelite panel



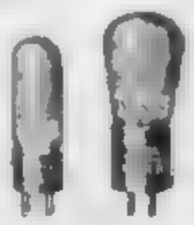
Vesta Complete "A" "B" Socket Power
[illegible] drometer, 'B' Westinghouse rectifier Automatic Relay, HIGH and LOW charging rates.



Vesta Vertrex Trickle Charger
HIGH and [illegible] charging rates Supplied with or with[out] [illegible] enamel case

Vesta "A" Socket Power Unit
Built in glass, everything visible. Built in [illegible] rectifiers. With or without Automatic Relay. HIGH or LOW charging rates

Vesta Quality Tubes
There an Vesta tube [illegible] microphonic feature. They improve reception



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2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. S. E. P. 11-[illegible]

Please send your illustrated folders on [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

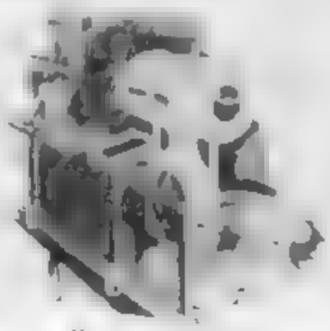
City [illegible]

ASK HIM WHY IT IS "THE GOLDEN WEST"

Eighteen years ago W. R. Crowley—in our organization we call him "Bill"—began his present work in Los Angeles, taking permanent rank among those who have made and are making commercial history on the coast.

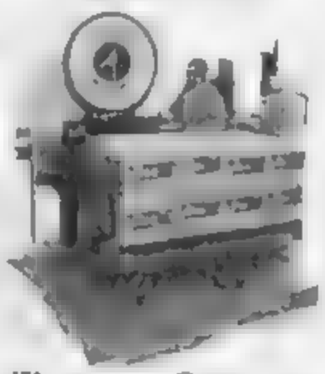
W. R. CROWLEY

That Mr. Crowley sold a Toledo Scale to the manager of a chain of retail markets on a certain day sixteen years ago is not significant in itself. That the *same* customer has since purchased 399 more scales from him—an average of one every two weeks for *sixteen years*—is a sermon on the practical reasons for using, and continuing to use, Toledo Scales.



RETAIL STORES

Not long ago Mr. Crowley made a survey of the weighing operations of a large wholesale grocery establishment in Los Angeles. He went into the greatest detail, recording the number of weighings in each department daily, and the time required for each; the maximum and minimum weights; the value of the goods handled, etc.



WHOLESALE GROCERIES

His trained eye was quick to note whether the scales were well or badly located for facility in handling stock, and of proper types and sizes for certain, definite purposes.

The directors were amazed by this thorough analysis of their weighing operations. For the first time the all-importance of weighing was conclusively demonstrated to them. They gave Bill Crowley a $6,000 order for a complete Toledo Automatic Weighing System, and with it their written expression of grateful satisfaction.

TIRE INDUSTRY

Problems both great and small are daily presented to Mr. Crowley—first by a confectioner, then by a manufacturer of tires, then a grocer (your grocer probably), then a produce company, a department store, a hides-and-tallow company, and so on—and are solved with standard models of Toledo Scales.

And in Los Angeles, as elsewhere, the traditionally progressive "Golden West" is responsive. Mr. Crowley is now branch manager, with eight successful salesmen, and Toledo Scales—modern automatic equipment—are being used with profit in all the city's varied lines of business.

The reason is that Mr. Crowley and his men have learned (as all Toledo salesmen are taught in our Division of Instruction) how to make a practical study of weighing, measuring or counting requirements. Whether you are a manufacturer or a merchant, and have need for one scale or twenty, a Toledo man will make such a study for you and submit recommendations. Write us.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO

CANADIAN TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NO SPRINGS — HONEST WEIGHT

me, but I'd like to think, if we could be married, that you'd always be straight with me. I know I'm not so quick as you are, but I get there. You're a sweet person, Annabelle Mopps. I'm fond of you—d'you think you could care?" He was actually faltering, uncertain of himself—pleading!

If only he hadn't intimated that she was cleverer than he!

"But it's true, and I knew it, really," she told herself. But he had understanding. How much that was! He could listen. He knew an idea when he met it. He knew how others felt. But how barren never to feel things for himself; not to be quick, not to hurt with creative impulses, not to feel the confusion and pain of life. He could never lie out of a bad situation with a yarn about Angus cows and then cinch it with a corking good story. He couldn't be idle one afternoon and atone for it by a year of feverish work. He lacked temperament, that essential magic of human relationships.

"I don't believe," she said timidly, "that I'd really suit you. . . . Please, don't try to kiss me—I don't like kissing." She wondered if Fatty considered the casual kisses she had given him at her father's front door as any kind of pledge—it was so easy and natural to kiss Fatty now and then. "Really, you don't know me. I'm awfully difficult. And I don't care that way. Marriage is for such a long time."

How strange, when she had been dreaming for months of such a conquest, that now all she felt was a terrible homesickness for the office!

He didn't want to accept it. He argued with her. They rode farther while he pleaded his cause. But the more he said the more remote she became, feeling at last that he was actually stupid to be so persistent. Had he no subtlety at all? Finally he left her at her hotel, his manner and tone still normal; but his white face and hurt eyes pierced her indifference and put her, illogically, in a fever to get back to her paper again.

She packed at once, studied her timetable and got a train out of New York at an unearthly hour in the morning. She went right from the home station to the office. Everybody shook hands with her and asked her questions and beamed upon her. At last she was at her own desk, and Mr. Hamel went down to resume his ancient and honorable conflict with the composing room. She was alone with Fatty. How right everything was! It filled her heart, and yet, down deep, something hurt—that had been hurting for a long time, she knew now.

Fatty came and took her hands and looked at them critically. Her heart beat faintly, smotheringly, in her breast. Fatty stooped and kissed her cheek. She felt the rich blood mounting under her skin.

"No diamonds?" he asked, separating her engagement finger from the others.

"No, Fatty."

"Nor any coming?"

"Not from New York."

Fatty put one of her hands up against his cheek. It was hard and smooth; she tingled at the touch of it; but something in her held back from him.

"I've had a raise," he said to her. "Plenty of jack now for two young folks with simple tastes, and plenty for somebody's nice old dad. We can fix up your house to suit your own taste, or we can start out new. But your father'd like to stay in his own house. I've talked it all over with him. Next year Mr. Hamel is going to be editor emeritus—writing stuff from a hotel porch in Florida, and I'm to take over the paper. . . . What's the matter, sweetheart? You're crying. Don't cry. Aren't you glad I've made good?"

Annabelle, however, could not restrain her tears. All her joy was gone. The deep pain filled her now.

"Oh, Fatty," she wailed, "why couldn't you have done it—for yourself? You're as bad as every other man, working and digging and responding to flattery. I wanted you different. Go on away—I don't like you I don't like you at all. You wouldn't have done all this for the old scrappy Ann, who loved you so."

"You've got the sweetest throat," he said, and kissed her and wiped away her tears. "It's nice to hear your normal tones again. I love you so, I was willing to take you, saccharin and all, but it sure is nice to know you haven't forgotten how to fight. Tell me, idjit, for whom do you think I've been working my head off, if not my old sparring partner?"

"For the new one—who flattered you," she wailed, still crying, but in his arms now.

"Her?" Fatty laughed, with a catch in his voice. "You don't think I worked for her! I could have spanked her, the hussy. The thing that bothered me was that I thought you were in love with Delohery. I couldn't reach you for the fluff."

He picked her up in his arms and sat down in her chair and cradled her, as though she were a child, his cheek pressed against hers.

"I'm all mixed up," she complained; but everything was right as rain with her now. "I don't understand it. I always thought I ought to change—you know—all that line about vinegar never catching flies."

Actually, he was rocking her. "Ann, you precious little dumb-bell, don't you know some flies like vinegar?"

She: "Huh! That Salesman Told Me That These Were Unbreakable Records!"

"I wouldn't drive a car without the Ross Steering Gear— *why should your wife?*"

WHY should *your* wife be forced to endure *any unnecessary* strain and fatigue in steering and handling her car? Surely, *every* woman deserves the greater steering ease that may be hers with a Ross-equipped car . . . Steering is the only continuous effort demanded of you by your car. Ross doubles your steering ability—gives *greater control* and *increased safety* . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car—have your wife drive it, too. Try the worst roads—heavy gravel, ruts and bumps, railroad tracks . . . *The wheel remains firm and steady in your hands and the car holds true in its course* . . . Road-shock—with its resultant fatigue—is almost entirely eliminated . . . And *parking*—here again Ross gives new and astonishing ease . . . The secret of these many advantages lies in the long lever arm and the cam with its variable pitch—exclusive with Ross . . . Already, thirty-nine automobile manufacturers use Ross as standard equipment . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car before you buy again. Mail coupon below for a roster of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks, and an interesting free booklet on steering.

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Please send me your free booklet on Ross Steering.

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Cam and Lever Steering Gears
EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Automatically controlled by switch on receiving set. "A" battery and trickle charger can be connected to this "B" Power Unit, in which case the automatic switch also starts and stops charger, if one is used. Plugs into A. C. light socket. Delivers up to 135 volts. Operates Atwater Kent Receivers or other make consuming not more than 40 milliamperes Brown crystalline finish. Including long-life rectifying tube (no filament to burn out) and 7-foot flexible cord.

Type R, for 60-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current, $50.

Type S, for 25-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current, $55.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

Plug in and forget it!

TWO years' research in the same laboratory which developed the famous Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receiver and Radio Speaker has produced this "B" Power Unit. It had to be trouble-proof before we would offer it to the public. It is.

It is absolutely automatic—controlled by the switch on your receiving set—nothing else to touch—no adjustments to make.

It brings "B" power from the nearest light-socket *steadily* even if the voltage, as it comes to your house circuit, varies slightly from time to time. Fluctuation is overcome by unusual Atwater Kent design.

It is *noiseless*—all you hear are the programs from the broadcasting stations—truer, finer, better than ever. It is *safe*—approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. It is *reliable*—it works and keeps on working—the Atwater Kent way.

And it consumes no more current than an ordinary electric light—only one-fourteenth as much as an ordinary flat-iron!

Where can you see it—try it? At an Atwater Kent dealer's. A good time is to-day.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	New York	KSD	St. Louis
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WGN	Chicago	WSB	Atlanta
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WGR	Buffalo	WMC	Memphis
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ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO., *A. Atwater Kent, President*, 4703 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 33)

We sat together for hours without speaking, pasting clippings or stamps. I watched him retreating more and more from me, growing silent, preferring to sit alone with a black cloud of melancholy on his face. His little daughter had always been able to rouse him from his lethargy, but gradually even her baby approaches drew from him only a faint smile. He began to have headaches so severe that he was completely prostrated, and after each one he was more depressed and nervous than ever.

Meanwhile we continued to receive threatening letters. One demanded that Caruso should deposit fifty thousand dollars in an appointed spot at a certain time. If the money was not there, he and his family would be killed. Under ordinary circumstances, Caruso paid no attention to threats against his life, but when they included Gloria and me, he grew frantic with anxiety. After all the alarms of the summer, I, too, was reduced to a state of unreasoning terror when I thought that any harm might come to the baby. But the innuendoes of dire misfortunes that might happen at any moment—the hideous anonymous letters suggesting unspeakable things—continued to come, and Enrico became more and more silent, miserable and sad.

Unless one has lived with a great artist one cannot realize how little happiness there is in the actual success and fame. It is purchased at too great a cost and arouses so much envy, hatred and uncharitableness, so much jealousy and plotting, it makes such demands on physical strength as well as on moral courage that one is truly sincere in preferring a life with less fame, more privacy and simple happiness. It takes a sense of humor to ride over the recurring annoyances of even the most uneventful life, but it requires an almost superhuman vitality of spirit to ignore or laugh at such incidents as filled our days at this time.

Enrico was in no condition to laugh his way through them. He was mysteriously attacked in the dark by forces he did not understand, for depression and nervousness are not enemies that can be fought in the open; they have to be edged out little by little, and for this slow battle are needed optimism, endurance and faith.

In Their New Home

Into the midst of this darkness came Fucito with his music, and Enrico began to practice for his new opera, Andrea Chenier, by Giordano, which was to be revived the following season at the Metropolitan. As in Italy, Caruso slowly emerged from the clouds, as if the music exorcised the devils of worry and doubt that harassed him.

We left East Hampton early in the fall. We had taken the apartment in the Hotel Vanderbilt which was designed for the use of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who lost his life on the Titanic. The apartment was everything that could be desired as a home, and Enrico set about arranging it and preparing places for his collections. There was an enormous drawing-room with a beautiful marble fireplace that gave a comfortable and homelike appearance to the room. There was a night and day nursery for Gloria, a studio and bedrooms and baths and an office. On a second floor were rooms for our servants. There was a great deal to be done in moving our furniture and getting settled.

Through it all Enrico continued to suffer from headaches to such an extent that the veins stood out on his forehead and he trembled as though in an ague. Nevertheless, he went on practicing and refused to cancel an extended tour of the West and South that he was scheduled to make before the opening of the opera season in New York. On September 27, 1920, he gave his first concert in Montreal and went from there to Toronto, Chicago, St. Paul and Denver, and as far South as Fort Worth and Houston. While he was in St. Paul, he was invited to attend a huge banquet for the benefit of the Community Chest of that city. I do not think Caruso understood what it was all about, but the management told him that his presence would do a great deal to help raise money for charity, so he accepted the invitation.

When he arrived he was given a tremendous ovation and led to a seat of honor beside the president of the committee. This gentleman whispered to him, as soon as the applause had subsided, that they were expecting him to make a speech.

"What *spich?*" asked Caruso nervously.

"Oh, just a few words about this worthy cause," said the chairman. Enrico was paralyzed, as he says in his letter to me written the following day: "You can imagine my face! I became first red, then white, then *jello* [yellow]." "After the lunch, which I don't eat, the President got up and said, after saluting everybody: 'Here, Mr. Caruso, will say a few words about our meeting.' More salutations, and I got up."

Caruso's Sense of Spirit

Meanwhile, however, Caruso had observed on the table near him a piece of paper full of typewritten notes. Thinking it might contain some information about the banquet, he gradually drew the paper close enough to read what was written on it. His letter continues:

—— and with a smile of satisfaction for myself because I find the way to get over this difficulty, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. President. Many thanks for the honor which you all are giving me with all your manifestations. But I am here in your city not to talk but to sing." At this moment I was afraid someone say, "Sing then," but nobody move. Then I said, "Do not expect a big spich. I will read a few words that I have here to save me from this surprise. Then I read as follows: "I believe in the Community Chest; I believe in the plan of giving once for all and enough for all; I believe in the work of the forty-eight social-service agencies and that they should be supported, for they are working for the good of all of us. I believe in helping my fellow men. Signed, Enrico Caruso." You don't imagine what a success! Nobody expected my presence of spirit and the sense of humor. So I went away happy, *but I don't know whose spich it was that I read.*

While on this Western tour Enrico wrote with pleasure of his successes. He seemed to catch fire from the adulation and praise of the public and in his letters he became more like his old confident self; but he referred continually to the pain in his head and to his nervousness: "Am in bed suffering since last night. All night the pain torture me and I thought to go crazy. It is now three days since I am suffering terribly and nothing is good to relieve me. Imagine with what spirit I will go to sing in two hours!" And again: "No breath, a ball in my stomach, all the nerves from the nose to the neck are affected on the top of the head. I feel as if there were continual lightning, my eyes are swolled and heavy. Oh, my God, what have I done, for certainly this is a penalty!"

Caruso was always superstitious, and now he was certain that an evil fate was pursuing him. He did pathetic things to avert the catastrophe that he felt threatened him. If he met a woman hunchback, the only way to avoid the misfortune that would certainly follow the encounter, was to keep on walking till he met a hunchbacked man. He never passed under a ladder or wore a new suit for the first time on a Friday. Neither would he depart or arrive on Friday. There is an old Neapolitan proverb that, freely translated, means "On Friday and Tuesday never start and never leave." In one of his letters while away on this trip, he recounts a series of small accidents that had occurred mysteriously during three days, and adds gravely, "I am sure that Mr. R who came to interview me yesterday

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the spreading ease of paint

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It produces a rich, lustrous surface that concedes nothing to the finest enamel in beauty—yet costs less and is more opaque (fewer coats required).

It has such freedom of flow and spread that anyone can apply it without leaving laps or brushmarks.

It gives a finish so smooth that dirt can't hold on. A damp cloth keeps it spotless.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums. Easy to tint any shade. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

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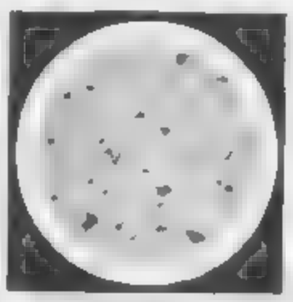

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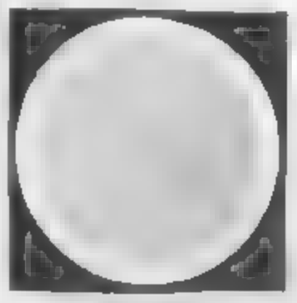

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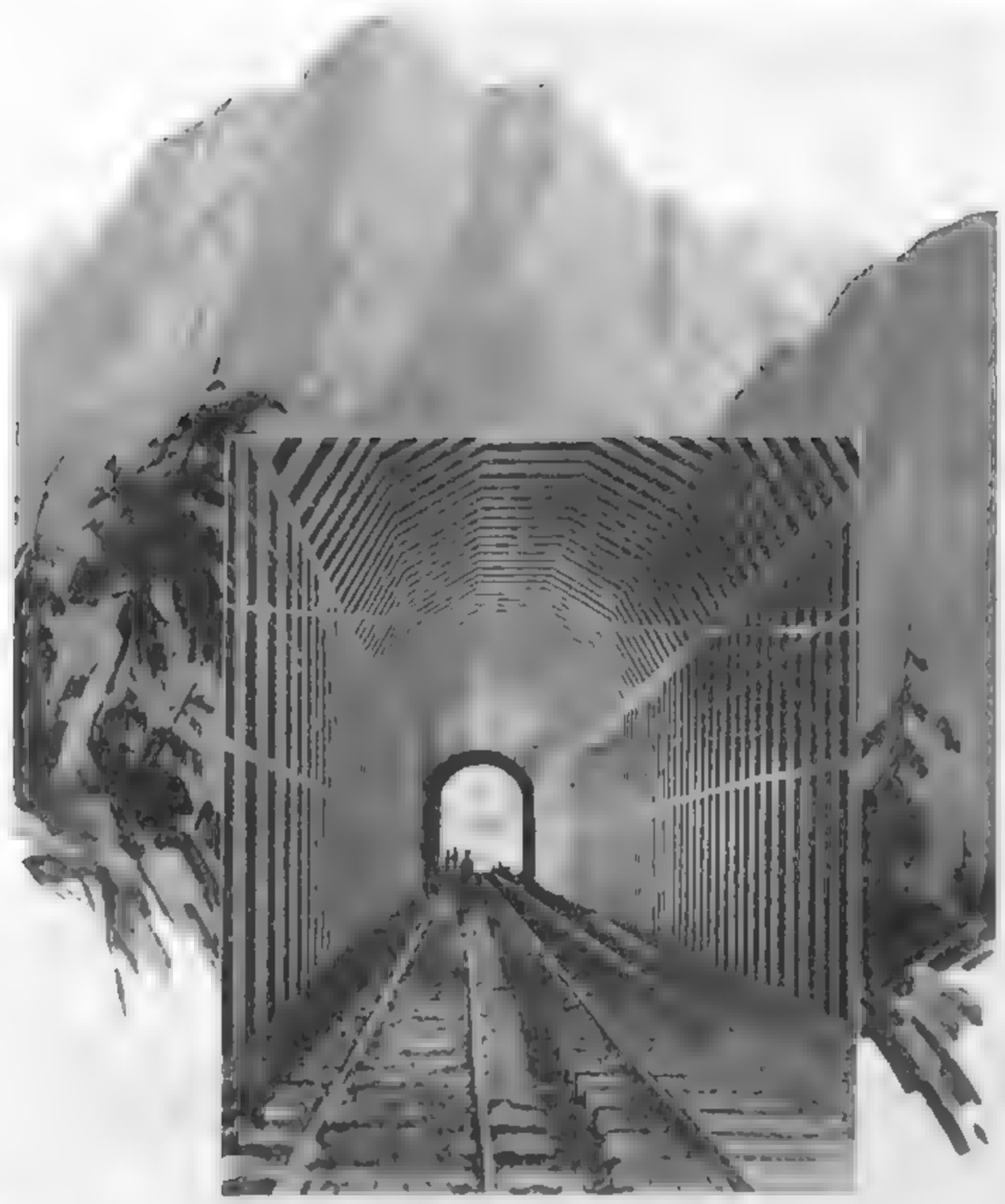

Building America's longest tunnel with durable Douglas Fir

UNDER the Cascade Range of mountains, the Great Northern Railway is driving the longest tunnel in America. The "hard rock" men, boring and clearing this great tunnel at record-breaking speed, depend upon structural timbers of durable Douglas Fir to brace the roof and sidewalls while the work proceeds. More than four million board feet of Douglas Fir will be used for this purpose—a use for which no other wood has sufficient strength, length, size and durability combined.

The world's most widely useful wood

You may not have a tunnel to build—maybe you are planning to build a home—but whatever you build you should know that Douglas Fir is used for more building purposes than any other softwood, and besides offering great strength, size and durability, Douglas Fir is noted for the closeness of its texture, its comparatively light weight and the beauty of its grain. It is widely used for framing, siding, exterior woodwork, gutters, window frames, sash, interior trim, panels, doors and flooring.

Douglas Fir is easy to obtain

Douglas Fir has rapidly attained nation-wide distribution—shipments to the Atlantic Seaboard, alone, having increased *forty-fold* since 1919. It may be obtained in any size and grade from your local lumber yard. Booklets describing the many uses of Douglas Fir, and the special uses of West Coast Hemlock, Sitka Spruce, and Western Red Cedar will be mailed upon request. *Address*, West Coast Lumber Bureau, 562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

Durable Douglas Fir
America's Permanent Lumber Supply

The forests of the West Coast will produce an endless succession of trees—a permanent supply of lumber—for here natural forest regrowth is so rapid that, in less than fifty years, more lumber is produced per acre than after century-long waits in other regions.

is a *Jettatore*—one who has the evil eye—because he say to me, 'I do not see how you keep so well and in such good condition for so long and in traveling so much.'"

The beginning of his mortal illness is foreshadowed in his allusion to starting his tour with a little cold. "I feel it in my chester [chest] and he will take a long time to go on." As though a vague presentiment of his death cast its shadow over him, he began to long for Italy: "I think that if I don't work any more we will go in my—our—country, and we will have a good time without to be nervous every minute. I am looking for this day and I hope God will let me arrive at such day and then my happiness will be at the height." Again he cries out like a man who is fast exhausting his strength: "I must stop to work and go back to my own country, otherwise I will go down like a fruit goes down from the tree."

When Caruso returned from his Western trip he was a sick man. Nevertheless, he refused to consent to a consultation of physicians to discover the cause of the headaches that were gradually wearing out his strength.

He made a determined effort to appear well and strong while he was on the stage, and I think no one realized that he suffered so much that it took all his courage and will power to conceal it from the public. To us, waiting anxiously behind the scenes, the strain was pitifully evident, for instead of laughing and welcoming his friends to his dressing room in his old hearty way, Caruso sat grave and silent; no one dared to joke with him or even, at times, to speak with him at all. The public, seeing him as the clown in Pagliacci or as the light-hearted, foolish Nemorino in Elisir d' Amore, did not suspect how quickly the laughs and jokes gave place to the look of pain and distress that in those days was so often on his face.

On December eleventh, while singing Elisir d' Amore in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he had a hemorrhage from the throat. He had been feeling ill all day and I fully expected his physician to forbid him to appear; but even had the doctor done so, I doubt if Caruso would have disappointed his public. When he saw the blood pouring from his throat he was beside himself with fear. He visualized it as the end of his career—the end of everything that meant life to him. But in spite of being completely overcome, he retained that sixth sense of the dramatic artist—the consciousness of the public eye—and insisted that I should go out front and take my seat as though nothing had happened.

A Neapolitan Christmas Eve

The hemorrhage continued during the first act, and although Zirato and Mario stood in the wings with towels and handkerchiefs, and, under cover of the clowning of Nemorino, Caruso could occasionally stanch the blood, the audience soon saw that something was wrong. His voice, in spite of his agitation, was as clear and silvery as a bell. But the people nearest the stage shouted to him to stop singing, while I, seated among them, tried to keep calm until the act was over and I could go behind the scenes. In spite of his efforts to control the hemorrhage, Caruso could not go on with the second act, and the curtain was rung down.

The next day he seemed to have entirely recovered and a few days later sang Forza del Destino as though he had never been ill in his life. As he did not complain of pain, we thought he really was better. On December sixteenth he sang Samson and Delilah, an opera which called for his greatest efforts. The following day he spoke of a pain in his side, but not wishing anyone to think he was ill, he went out in the sharp winter air and bought Christmas presents and a tree for Gloria. He walked with a little swagger and, meeting his friends, laughed and joked with them, assuring everyone he had only caught a little cold. Meanwhile his physician diagnosed the pain as intercostal neuralgia, and advised electric packs and baths. Zirato and I, watching closely, were trying to discover the connection between the hemorrhage, the pain in the side and the headaches.

Enrico had set his heart on having a real Neapolitan Christmas Eve supper after his performance of La Juive on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December. All sorts of curious dishes—mostly some form of pickled fish—had been ordered. About twenty friends were invited to come in after the opera and share the meal with him. As I was preparing a surprise and there were still some things to be done in connection with it, I did not go to the opera. In the huge fireplace I had arranged the crèche—the representation of the Nativity. The fireplace had been kept screened while I had been assembling the figures, and Enrico thought it was being repaired. It is a typical Italian custom to have the crèche at Christmastime, and I knew it would give Enrico a great deal of pleasure to see it on the first Christmas Eve in our new home.

A Brief Interlude

Enrico sang magnificently that night; the audience, rising to their feet to recall him again and again, had no idea that he suffered intense pain throughout the performance and that after each act restoratives were given him to enable him to continue. Neither did anyone dream it was the last appearance on the stage of Caruso. When he came home after the opera I was horrified at his color, which was a curious grayish green. But he did not complain; he laughed and talked with his guests. When the crèche was displayed he looked at it with tears in his eyes; then taking my hand, he thanked me for giving him a Christmas from Italy.

The next morning—Christmas Day—he busied himself preparing the gold coins which it was his custom to distribute as presents among the employes of the Metropolitan, while I addressed the envelopes according to his instructions. Gloria was to have her first Christmas tree that afternoon, to which only her cousins, Park and Betty Benjamin, Geoffrey Goddard and Marjorie, Richard and John Clark—little children of my brothers and sisters—were invited. Enrico wished to trim the tree himself and arrange the gifts he had selected for his small nieces and nephews, but when the time came he seemed too tired to undertake it and sat looking on while we worked.

Suddenly, with no warning, he was seized with pain so acute that Zirato ran in haste for the house physician of the Vanderbilt Hotel. Enrico meanwhile was screaming in agony. Friends flocked in from all sides with suggestions, but he continued to scream while the whole household gathered about him, terrified and helpless to relieve him. At length Mr. Luigi Caldarazzo, one of Enrico's oldest friends, came hastily to me and begged me to allow him to call in a diagnostician. In a short time Dr. Evan Evans arrived and immediately diagnosed the case as acute pleurisy. He gave Enrico morphine and had him put to bed; the screams gradually subsided to feeble moans.

No one slept that night; the hotel physician, Doctor Murray, remained in the apartment, watching the patient. The next morning the one who appeared in the best of health and spirits was Caruso himself. The rest of us, worn and weary-eyed, looked into his room in amazement to see him sitting up in bed, working busily on a clay figure he had been modeling before he was taken ill, while the two nurses stood on one side, not knowing how to treat a patient who paid no attention whatever to them but simply did as he pleased and laughed in their dismayed faces.

When Doctor Evans came in I hastened to tell him that Enrico was better and in no pain. But that was only a brief interlude. During the day Dr. Samuel Lambert and Dr. Antonio Stella were called in for a consultation: an aspirating needle was used and the fluid which filled the lungs was

(Continued on Page 133)

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Continued from Page 130

drawn off. After this he felt some relief, but the infection was so great that Dr. John Erdmann, who had joined the other physicians, decided to operate at once. All the impedimenta of a sick room were sent in and the library was turned into an operating room.

An incision was made in the chest and a drainage tube inserted. Already septic broncho-pneumonia had set in, and the doctors, while maintaining a splendid attitude of optimism and confidence, literally rolled up their sleeves and fought for the life of Caruso.

Meanwhile Torrance, at Enrico's request, had come to stay with me, and we were faced with a most difficult problem. In Italy it is the custom for visitors to gather around the sick bed of a friend to cheer or to condole with him. It was not an easy matter to explain to anxious Italian friends that the doctors would not allow anyone in the sick room, and that even I could go in only at long intervals. There was naturally a feeling among them that Enrico would recover more rapidly if he were cared for by Italian doctors. The knowledge that the famous Italian lung specialist, Doctor Stella, came every day to consult with the other physicians placated them somewhat, but we received many letters urging us to try Italian cures of various sorts, and recommending with all sincerity Italian physicians known to the writers. In the first dark hours crowds of people walked through the apartment. One day, however, a crazy man forced his way into the corridor and ran howling toward the studio. After that Zirato stationed Mr. Scholl at the entrance and no one was admitted unless he was a friend or came on business.

The newspapers published bulletins of Caruso's condition, and when the crisis of the illness approached, the churches offered prayers for his recovery. Telegrams, letters, cables poured in from all parts of the world, bringing messages of hope and sympathy, and begging for a word of news.

Zirato, as usual, did a thousand things at once. He saw reporters, attended to the banking and business, replied to all the telegrams and cables, patiently answered innumerable questions over the telephone and in person.

Sympathy From All the World

Among Enrico's treasures was a large bas-relief of a Madonna and Child that had been executed by the master of the marble Madonnas in the fifteenth century. He was very fond of it, and it was in front of this Madonna that Gloria had been christened. It hung in the center of a large wall in the great drawing-room at the Vanderbilt, and beneath it stood a *credenza*, on which were tall candlesticks, giving the group somewhat the appearance of an altar. While Caruso was ill a lamp burned day and night before the Madonna; many times during those sad days I have sat in front of it, waiting for news from the sick room or to hear the result of an operation. Hundreds of letters came daily containing holy pictures, relics and medals. These were all pinned around the Madonna, and soon she was surrounded on all sides by these offerings and by hundreds of good-luck charms from people of many varying religious beliefs—four-leaf clovers, sacred medals and vials of holy oil and water. There was a sprig of heather sent by an old shepherd from the moors of Scotland, a rosary from a Jewish girl, little cut-out paper figures from children all over the country who were sick themselves and had sent them for Caruso "to play with." Letters written to cheer him up contained messages to "your wife and your little kid, Miss Caruso," and one young woman wrote asking his advice about two stories she was writing, one called the Diamond Stick Pin and the other the Factory Girl's Adventure.

Only the miraculous skill of the doctors kept Caruso alive. He lay moaning, "*Madonna mia, mamma mia*," his voice a low wail of weakness. Several times he was so near death that I knelt beside his bed, my eyes fixed on his still face, only to see him breathe again and come wavering back to life. The priest from the Italian church gave him the last sacrament. It was feared that the end had come, but apparently he drew comfort and strength from the ministrations of the priest, for he sank into a deep, quiet sleep.

Days of dread and of hope followed days when it seemed a miracle that he should live at all, days when he smiled faintly. The fever subsided and I breathed again. Six weeks passed and still the battle went on. One day the fever returned—another consultation and another operation. The drainage was imperfect and it became necessary to cut out about four inches of the rib in order to insert new tubes. To prepare Caruso for the operation was a heartbreaking task. He wanted everything explained to him, and while trying not to alarm him, we always had to show him sufficient reason for any new treatment. But we had not dared to tell him that a piece of his rib had been removed; the public, too, was kept in ignorance of this fact, although naturally any medical man, reading of the progress of the illness, knew that this was part of a regular procedure in order to drain the lungs.

An Emblem From the King

After this operation he lay unconscious for some time, closer to death than to life. What fervent prayers were offered for his recovery! How many people came to ask after him only to go away with tears in their eyes! As I think of those black days, certain faces stand out as clearly in my memory as if they had been flashed on a screen—Scotti and Amato in the studio, unashamedly weeping; his accompanist sitting mournfully beside the closed piano; Zirato pale and nervous, finding it harder and harder to go on with the daily routine as his friend lay dying; Nina Morgana slipping in to comfort him and to hold my hand in wordless sympathy. I see my two brothers, so calmly American among the temperamental Italians, concealing their anxiety by attending briskly to outside matters connected with the illness and talking casually to me of everyone but Enrico; my sister Marjorie, coming in to make me laugh over some family joke, and before leaving insisting that I go with her to the nursery to see Gloria, where, in spite of the black cloud of grief that hangs over me, I join in the delighted welcome and chuckles of the merry little girl playing among her toys.

And Torrance, deep in a book, but always there to agree firmly with me that Enrico was going to get well, to reiterate this creed to which we clung—that we must not allow ourselves or anyone near Enrico to become discouraged, for he would surely recover.

His friends made a path to his door—his associates in opera, his old friend Mr. John Drew, saying, "Now, Dorothy, you must be brave"; Geraldine Farrar, Madame Tetrazzini, Rosa Ponselle, De Wolf Hopper, the directors of the Victor Company. Cards, flowers, telegrams, sympathy, kind wishes, hopes from thousands of the great public outside the door who somehow seemed to have come inside to share the burden with me. In the studio one morning I read messages from the Italian Chamber of Commerce, from the ballet of the Metropolitan, from the Latvia Young People's Association, from the little blonde in La Juive, from the elevator operator in the Boston Opera House, from the King of Italy, Big Bill Edwards, Senator Lodge, and an old colored woman who "hopes your husband will soon recover from his poor spell."

The poison began to seep through the system and Enrico had to undergo several small operations for secondary abscesses. After one of these he sank into a coma and we could not rouse him. Would he just drift off upon those "uncharted seas" without a word, without a glance? I sat watching him, helpless to penetrate that dark oblivion and bring him back.

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Zirato tiptoed into the room: "The Italian Ambassador is calling."

I replied dully, as I had done a hundred times a day, "I cannot see anyone."

Doctor Stella, who had followed Zirato, put up his hand: "Wait. Let us try. Who knows?" They ushered in Ambassador Ricci and explained the situation. I rose and moved away. It seemed so long-drawn-out, so pitiful this escape from life! The Ambassador looked very spruce; he had a bright carnation in his buttonhole. I remembered that Enrico, too, used to wear a flower in the lapel of his coat, and how gay and happy he looked.

The Ambassador bent over the bed. "Caruso," he said quietly, his lips close to Enrico's ear, "Enrico Caruso, you must live for your country and for your king." I drew a little nearer, impressed, even in the midst of the dull ache of sorrow, with the formality of the words. There was a slight flicker of life in Caruso's eyes; he moaned and began to speak so softly that we bent close to the bed to hear him:

"*Voglio morire—soglio morire in Italia—in mio paese!*" "I want to die—I want to die in Italy—in my own country!" The Ambassador quickly took the flower from his buttonhole.

"Caruso," he repeated in a loud voice, "listen to me! This is an emblem from your king, who wants you to get well." Enrico opened his eyes as the Ambassador slipped the carnation between his limp fingers. He looked down at the flower, and then, with tears rolling down his cheeks, raised it slowly to his lips.

The Ambassador sat down beside the bed and began casually to talk as though he and Caruso were continuing an interrupted conversation: "Mr. Caruso, I think the first time I heard you sing was some twenty-two years ago in Genoa. If I remember correctly you sang Lucia for the first time."

Caruso's eyes glowed as though a light had been set behind them. "It was Pescatori di Perle [the Pearl Fishers]," he whispered.

That was the turning point in his illness. From that time he began to improve; very slowly at first, but after a blood transfusion took place the change was more rapid. With renewed strength came that prerogative of every invalid—ill humor. No one but Zirato could prepare his food to please him, so, in addition to all the other duties, the poor secretary had to add that of chef to his repertoire.

A World of Advice

One day he was well enough for Gloria to see him. After making sure that the hollow-eyed wasted man lying in bed supported by pillows was her father, she sang Three Blind Mice to him, which to the untrained ear might have sounded like "mi-mi-mi," but was entirely satisfactory to her proud parents, who saw in their small daughter the makings of a prima donna; and as I had given her on that day a little bell, she repeated with much pride her first Italian word, "*Campanello.*"

There were still troubles ahead, for the infection had extended through the diaphragm, causing a recurrence of abscesses. Before each one developed there was a rise in temperature until the invalid was relieved by an operation. These setbacks to his recovery came as a great discouragement to Enrico. It grew more and more difficult to manage him. Before each operation we would sit in the studio waiting anxiously to hear that he was out of danger, but as soon as the news came that all was well, we would be almost hysterical with joy. Anyone not knowing the circumstances, seeing us drinking Enrico's health, might have thought us hard-hearted and selfish.

During this time I began to help Zirato with the letters that continued to pour in upon us, and in spite of the cloud of worry that never left me, I could not help being amused at some of the suggestions for Enrico's treatment contained in these communications. I was advised to go over the pain with a gold ring, to bind his lungs with adhesive plaster, to try violet rays, oil of eucalyptus, oil of pine needles, and fly plasters—these were inclosed in the letter—change of climate, wax in the ears, onions under his toes and compresses of horseradish and castor oil anywhere at all. If no cure was suggested, the writer would assure me that he was praying for Caruso's life. Such letters—coming from all over the world, from persons in diverse occupations and in such different stations in life—were very touching. Boys and girls in Italian schools, a prisoner in the Tombs, a letter carrier in Minnesota, nuns of the Sacred Heart, a Salvation Army lassie in California—all echoed the same cry, the belief to which I clung desperately throughout Enrico's illness: "He will get well."

Untimely Congratulations

Visitors continued to come—anxiously if the daily bulletin was bad, with smiles if an improvement was reported. Mr. Otto Kahn made frequent visits, softly entering, real distress showing through his courtly manner; a little bootblack crept up to the door to leave a bunch of faded pansies; Geraldine Farrar, with tears in her eyes, came to ask after her dear friend and associate; a poor Irish working woman brought a holy picture "for the poor soul, God rest him." It was a study in human nature, and after living through it I can never doubt the love and sympathy of mankind. After a while we showed a few of the daily letters to Enrico. There were some that amused him and it did our hearts good to see him smile. One woman wrote: "I am a Protestant, but I have a heart," which we quoted on all occasions for days after, until it was supplanted by another message—"I cannot sing, but I love to whistle"—which Enrico received with a shout of laughter.

At last came the day when he was lifted out of bed and into a wheel chair. Zirato pushed him carefully around the apartment, and whenever the chair tipped a little Enrico cursed loudly and horribly, which, dreadful to admit, was music to our ears, because we had listened so long to his voice when it was lifeless and weak. Presently he resolutely refused to ride any longer in the chair.

"I'd rather take three steps myself than be wheeled like an invalid!" he shouted angrily. So he began to walk slowly, creeping with bowed shoulders like an old man. With his recovery his thoughts returned to his public, and he began to ask what was going on in the world, who had been to see him, who had written, and so on. It was as though he were opening the door a trifle and peeping through it. But if the public were to have a glimpse of him, they must not see a sick man or imagine that he had lost his voice. That was nonsense! As soon as he grew stronger he would sing as well as ever, for he knew that nothing had happened to impair the lungs or the throat. So, straightening himself with an effort, he walked about the apartment, looking very tall and thin and not at all like the Caruso known to the audience of the Metropolitan Opera House.

He talked constantly of going back to Italy. That was the place for him to get well! Let him have a summer of rest in the sunshine of Tuscany; it would be better than all the tonics he was urged to take! But he had been so near death that he was like a man who has been snatched from a terrible catastrophe; the doctors hesitated and asked him to be patient, but that virtue was not in him. He began to fret, refused to eat and lost weight. Anxiously we asked him if he were in pain.

"No, no," he replied impatiently, "but I want to go to Italy. Let me go home to Italy." And I heard in that appeal, far off, like the echo of a bad dream, "I want to die in my own country. I want to die in Italy."

At last the situation reached a point when it became actually safer to give in to his keen desire than to try to persuade him to be happy in America. People have said to me, "Don't you think that Caruso would have lived if he had stayed in America?" If medical skill could have saved him I think he would have lived, but in the meantime I believe he would have died of a broken heart. If this sounds too romantic, I will say instead he would have died of frustrated hopes. We were afraid that he would sink again into that melancholy depression which, at one phase of his sickness, was as dangerous as the disease itself.

There had been no music in the house during the illness. One day Enrico walked to the studio and stood beside the piano. "What's all this?" asked Caruso, pointing to piles of music lying about. It was the music sent him during his illness—songs by young composers. Fucito, who was in the studio, opened the piano and began playing the accompaniment of a song by John Densmore. "That's pretty," said Enrico, and he began to hum softly. Fucito went on to other songs; Caruso continued to hum and to whistle.

Outside the door the entire household gathered, the dark faces of the Italian servants smiling with pleasure at the sound of the beloved *commendatore's* voice. But as he called to me, "Listen, Doro; this is nice, isn't it?" I turned away to the window to hide the tears that were running down my cheeks.

After the doctor's consent had been given for the return to Italy we made a visit to the X-ray laboratory to have a final picture taken of Enrico's lungs.

When the plates were completed the young physician, who had had no previous connection with the case, remarked pleasantly, "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Caruso, on the way the incision in your chest is healing. I would never think that four inches had been taken out. Already the sides of the rib have nearly joined."

I turned aghast to Enrico. We had forgotten to warn the doctor that he knew nothing of this operation on his lung. Caruso stood pale and trembling for a moment, then he turned wildly to me: "Doro, they did not take out a rib?"

In Sunny Italy Again

I put my arms around him and tried to keep my voice steady and encouraging: "No, no! Only a little piece of bone, dear. You heard what the doctor said. It is growing together again."

But the harm had been done. No one could fool Caruso about anything connected with the control or mechanism of the voice. He knew that cutting out the piece of rib was like cutting a hole in a bellows. It might be patched up or repaired, but his lungs would only be as strong as that weak spot. The very knowledge that it existed could not fail to have a disastrous effect on his mind. He turned away and sighed deeply, as a man sighs who is mortally wounded.

When we returned to the apartment he went into the studio and carefully put away every sheet of music. Then, with the dramatic instinct that was almost second nature, he closed the piano and turned away.

Leaving Enrico's son in the summer camp of the Culver Military Academy, we sailed for Italy early in the summer of 1921. We did not go to Signa, but settled in Sorrento, at the Hotel Vittoria, where, true to his prophecy, Enrico began to improve rapidly, growing brown in the sunshine, taking sea baths and gaining steadily in weight. Every day there was new evidence of his returning strength. Much of the time he played on the sand with Gloria, who toddled after him like a small brown shadow. She scarcely ever left him, going with him into the water, riding on his shoulders, screaming and laughing with joy that she had so willing and devoted a playmate. And he could not bear to have her far from his side; it was almost as though he knew how short the time would be that he could hold her in his arms.

After he reached Italy, Enrico was quieter and less nervous and irritable than he had been for some time past. He had

(Continued on Page 139)

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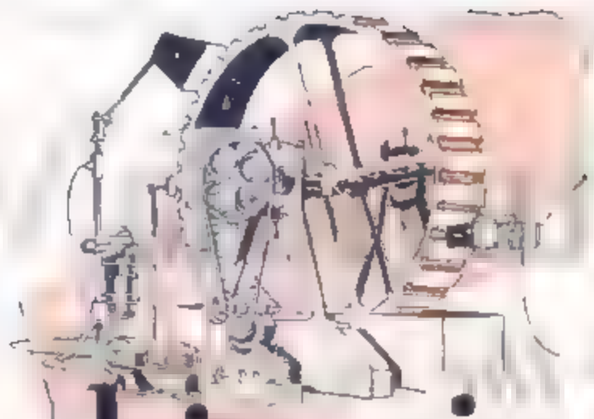

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Continued from Page 134

the wistful expression of a person who has suffered great pain, even when surrounded by old friends who flocked from all over Italy to see him. Many of these people were in humble walks of life—restaurant keepers, shopkeepers, farmers—but he received them with the same pleasure and sincerity with which he welcomed his more fashionable friends. He made no apology for introducing an old fisherman to a titled gentleman whose family tree extended into the fourteenth century; with the same simplicity he included them all in his friendship.

His one desire at this time was to appear strong and entirely well. He dressed with his usual immaculate care, and going to the restaurant every day, entered the dining room with the bravado of his earlier days. He began to take walks around Sorrento, and once again started to buy linens and antiques.

One day some Italian friends suggested a trip to Capri. To go there from Sorrento meant a long tiresome journey which, it seemed to me, would involve too great an effort for his strength. I tried to discourage him from going, but this appeared to him the looked-for opportunity to prove to his friends that he was no longer an invalid; he insisted on making the trip. By the time we arrived in Capri he was completely exhausted, but he used all his will power and determination to conceal it. His friends had ordered a huge meal of hot meats and spaghetti, of which he ate heartily, still bent on proving that he was as well as anyone. When he returned home he collapsed and I put him to bed, but he would not stay there; he insisted on getting up and sitting by the window to watch a display of fireworks. I noticed that his face was flushed, but thinking it was the reflection of the red lights outside the windows, I did not treat this symptom seriously. When I felt his hand, it was hot, and then I soon discovered, to my consternation, that he had already a high temperature.

The next morning he was better; the fever had gone and he went about as usual. But I feared that another abscess was forming, for before leaving America the doctors had warned me that there was a possibility of such an occurrence. His friends told him, half in joke, that I was trying to keep him an invalid so as to have him all to myself; and hearing this, Enrico grew all the more determined to show the world that he was a strong, robust man.

Caruso and His Friends

A few days later another trip was spoken of—this time to Pompeii. The church in Pompeii was dedicated to the Madonna whom Caruso looked upon as his patron saint, and whose picture always hung in his room. At home he had wished to make a thank offering to this church for his complete recovery, and was only too delighted to combine this purpose with a pleasure trip. Finding that my arguments to dissuade him were useless, I drew one of the company aside and told him my fears of another abscess. He laughed at me, and pointing to Caruso, asked me if I thought he looked like a sick man. Then he added that in his opinion it did Enrico good to get away from the atmosphere of the sick room. Caruso himself put an end to the argument by getting annoyed with me. So it ended in his having his own way, and we started for Pompeii.

It was the last week in July. The roads were white with dust and blazing in the sunshine. At Pompeii we went first to the church and then, in the company of the director of the city, made a tour of the ruins. During the day the director presented a young friend who, he said, had a great ambition to sing and he begged Caruso to give him an audition. It was arranged that the young man should come to our apartment on the following day.

As the day went on and the sun grew hotter, Enrico became more tired; he looked so white and sick that I insisted on returning to the hotel. After a night's rest, however, he seemed refreshed, and at twelve o'clock he went to his studio to hear the young man, who was waiting to sing for him. Sitting on a veranda below the studio, I heard the boy's voice singing the first bars of M'appari, Caruso's famous aria from Martha. He stopped. There was a pause and all at once the music began again. I held my breath in astonishment. What a lovely voice—and then I leaped to my feet and rushed up the stairs. There was only one voice that could sing M'appari like that! I flung open the door of the studio and there, beside the piano, stood Caruso, his arms outstretched, a divine light of happiness in his face as the last note of the song died away.

When he saw me he shouted, "Doro, Doro, did you hear? I can sing! I can sing as well as ever! Better than ever! I can sing! Oh, my God, I can sing!"

I do not know what happened to the young tenor. Perhaps when he saw us weeping and laughing he discreetly disappeared. We thought of nothing then but the miracle. We could not believe it, and yet, there it was the same golden voice, as powerful and sweet as ever. We told each other over and over how foolish we had been to think his voice had been weakened or injured by his illness. He had sung as easily, as freely as in his best moments, and if he could sing like that now his voice would be even better after the summer. He began happily to make plans for the coming season, his eyes shining with eagerness and anticipation and a vivid glow of pleasure lighting up his face.

A Journey to the Grave

Once again we saw before our eyes the great stage of the Metropolitan Opera House; we heard the applause thundering through the house as he bowed before the audience. Alas! We could not know that the aria from Martha had been the swan song of Caruso, that in a few days his voice would be hushed forever.

As we were talking freely of all we had kept hidden, we heard a little sound that made us stop and listen. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat down the hall came stumbling little feet. We waited breathlessly while the door was pushed cautiously open and a little dark head appeared at the opening.

"Daddy!" shouted Gloria.

In a moment he had caught her in his arms, kissing her flushed little face and telling her in a mixture of English and Italian what a big girl she was to come and find him all by herself.

Then turning to me: "Do you remember, Doro, I was just waiting for the time when Gloria would come and find me?"

That night the fever returned. I knew that something would have to be done at once, but after the happiness of the day I did not know how to break the news to him that a doctor should be sent for. Giuseppe De Luca was staying in Sorrento, and that evening I slipped away and went to see him. Between us we made a little plot that he should come to call upon us and ask me about Enrico in his presence. I would admit that I was worried by the return of fever that came now and then, and De Luca would then suggest having a doctor in, if only to put my mind at rest.

We did it all as we planned. Enrico protested irritably that it would be twenty lire thrown away for nothing, but my point was gained and immediately I telegraphed for the famous Roman doctors, Giuseppe and Raffaele Bastianelli, to come to Sorrento. After their examination, they said there was undoubtedly an abscess close to the kidney and advised us to come to Rome so that X-ray pictures could be taken.

Two days later, with a temperature of 104 degrees, Caruso dressed for his last journey as carefully as though he were going for an afternoon's stroll along Fifth Avenue; he even managed to put his hat at its usual jaunty angle and swagger down the pier. There we took a small boat to the steamer that was to carry us to Naples, where we intended to stop overnight on the way to Rome.

By the time we reached the Hotel Vesuve in Naples the pain had returned in full force and we could not go farther on the journey. The two following days are fixed in my memory as days of confusion and horror. To operate or not to operate? Was there a chance to save his life? I moved through a fog of misery and horror; Nannie giving me hot milk and brandy; a sleepless night, and in the morning, someone telling me bluntly that Caruso could not live. I fought against the mortal weariness and grief that overwhelmed me. I wanted to be very calm and cold, for I had to decide what was best to be done. It seemed to me that an operation was the only means of saving his life. The surgeons had operated in New York—I must tell them to operate. I sprang up to burst in upon their consultation.

I opened the door just as one of the surgeons came out to me and said gently, "It is too late, Signora. We cannot operate. He will live only a short time."

I was not cold and calm, but angry and excited. They did not understand the case, that was the trouble. I knew better than the doctors. After that long battle for his life it could not be taken away from him like this. I went to sit beside Enrico, still thinking how stupid they all were, and wondering how I could make it clear that they must not delay any longer. A doctor stood at the head of the bed. Something in his face quelled my anger and made me kneel down close to Enrico.

"Doro, I can't seem to get my breath."

"You are all right, 'Rico. Everything is all right."

"Doro, don't let me die!" His eyes looked up at me full of appeal.

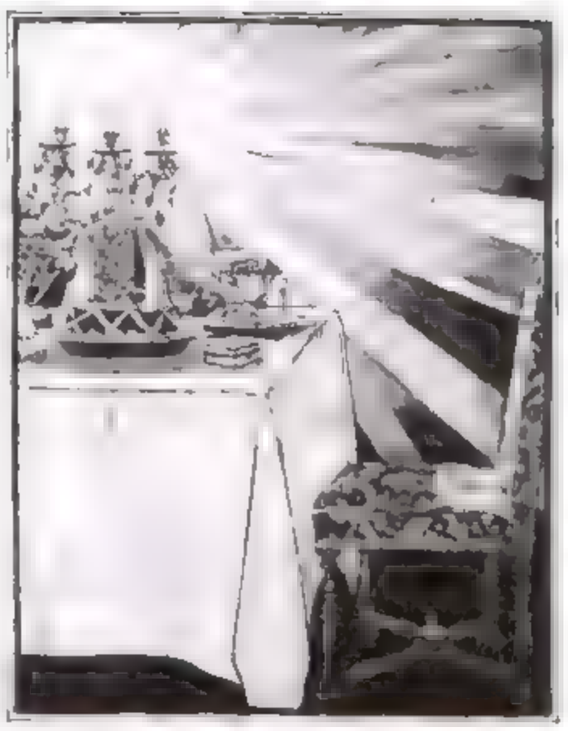
"He is not dying!" I cried to the doctor, who, in answer, laid the limp hand gently on the sheet and turned away.

When the Song Ended

Suddenly a piercing cry broke the stillness of the room—the wail of one lost in darkness. "Doro—Do-ro, Do-ro!" and he died.

The song is ended. The singer has gone on his way and we shall hear him no more. The road that he traveled is fairer for his music, the ears that listened to his songs are more attuned to melody. In simplicity, honesty, devotion to his art and in unflagging effort lay the secret of his success. He knew no short cut to perfection, no royal road to fame, no easy steps up the great ladder of life. In his art he kept alive the tradition of beauty, and when he died he was at the height of his triumph; he did not know the grief of departing glory nor the bitter taste of oblivion. God fastened wings to his shoulders and he flew fearlessly into the sun. So he would be remembered, and so let us think of him—singing jubilantly in some world beyond our dreams, in a land of cypress and olive groves and vineyards, a land of soft winds and warm sunshine, a land of enchantment, like his own Italy.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard



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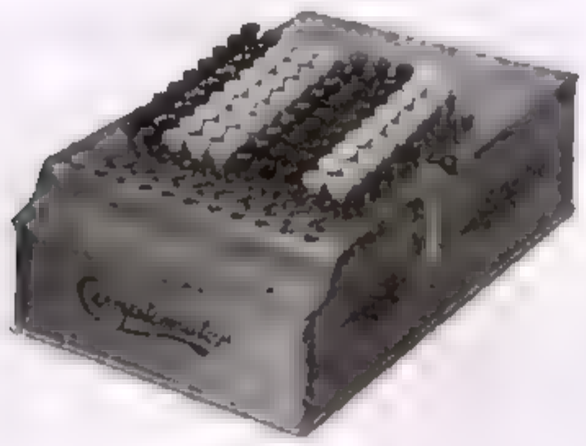

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LITTLE MISS CHAMELEON

(Continued from Page 9)

Halfway down the weedy drive they met Geoffrey, who joined them with great readiness.

III

IT WAS a rather silent little Shirley who made an attractive fourth party to the proceedings in the office of Messrs. Deed, Dunnett and Darne, the solicitors who were winding up Aunt Harriet Deane's estate.

If it had been old Mr. Acton Deed handling the matter, perhaps it might not have gone through so slickly, for old Mr. Deed was an arid person with a flow of dry and distasteful conversation consisting mainly of unimportant-sounding inquiries which somehow elicited answers that led to the queerest and most disgustingly disconcerting results. But many years of that style of functioning had driven old Mr. Acton Deed into the shelter of a big bath chair on Brighton front, and it was his son Roy—not so many years back a shining light in circles that seemed to call for illumination at the grand old University of Oxford—who was handling the late Aunt Harriet's dispositions.

And Roy was not a young man to create difficulties where none need exist. One glance from the dark and slanting eyes of Lady Mantis, a few languid words of explanation, shyly corroborated by Shirley, and the thing was settled. There was a purely mechanical reaction—by Roy—which required politely that I O U's should be passed to Shirley, and there were documents of a receiptish appearance produced for Shirley to sign. The child, quite rightly, did as Mr. Deed required her to do, and presently they all drove away in high spirits with Aunt Harriet's legacy between them—in thirds.

Shirley, with her hundred hidden hotly away somewhere over her heart, was closely figuring out the cost of a little hunter to ride, plus that of a big, brave black-and-white collie to go with them when she and Starlight—that was to be the hunter's novel name—went for a gallop all by themselves on the downs. She did not know just exactly what the little horse would cost her, but she knew, of course, that you cannot buy a really good English hunter for one hundred pounds.

But still one can get a horse that will give one a pleasant ride for seventy pounds, and a fair collie pup for five pounds, and a new riding suit for, say, twelve pounds; which would leave thirteen pounds for the frocks and the new frills. One must do the best one could.

And, after all, it was something to have helped Geoff out of a serious hole and to have saved Mantis from the most unscrupulous scoundrel in London. Shirley was glad of that, though somehow she couldn't smile much about it. So she just sat quietly in the dickey seat and watched Mantis and Geoff laughing and chatting.

At the entrance to the drive the engine of the car became afflicted with a dry, metallic, unlubricated species of cough, which developed into something quite ugly to listen to before Mantis stepped peremptorily on the brake pedal outside the door. Geoff undertook to cure that cough in rather less than no time, and while he and Mantis were peering at the fuming engine, Shirley, who knew nothing about cars and knew it, went quietly indoors, en route to her bedroom and the drawer where, under her ties and handkerchiefs, nestled the little flat cardboard box which was to be the receptacle of her ten ten-pound notes and her two valuable I O U's.

As she crossed the hall the door of the room which thirty years before had been a luxurious billiard room opened and her father came out talking in persuasive tones with a thin, dark person in town clothes, who bore a dispatch case in one hand, his hat in the other, and a slightly sardonic and completely incredulous smile on the gash he doubtless called his mouth.

Shirley feared and disliked the man at first sight. Her quick, clean, uncomplicated instincts—as simple and instant as those of a young deer—told her that this was yet another of those heralds or emissaries of the Big Smash or Blue Ruin which everybody for years past had been confidently prophesying must shortly take place at Deane Manor, with Squire Deane featuring airily in the star part.

Mantis and Geoffrey had long become accustomed to seeing these grim-looking sportsmen Mantis, indeed, had been known to interview one in her father's absence and temporarily shoo him off—but Shirley had not yet reached the stage when the idea of leaving Deane Manor did anything but send a chill vibration down her back or create a large, hollow feeling withinward.

She knew that daddy was one of the most plausible and irresistibly persuasive of the many English squires at present concentrating diligently on the problem of living rather better than they did before the World War on rather less than half the income and a little more than double the debts; and she quite realized that if any man could solve that problem, her tall, distinguished, really handsome, still young-looking daddy would be that man. But it always hurt her oddly to see him quite obviously exerting himself to placate these hard-eyed and furtively brazen men who, Shirley always felt, should be received in the servants' hall and there dealt with by old Burlap the butler.

True she had never known daddy to fail to charm them temporarily off the scene, but somehow she always felt humiliated that a man so kind and gay and gentle and easy and indulgent should need to bother with these creditors or money lenders or debt collectors or whatever they were. And she knew he hated it, too, though he had never shown it except on the day when that perfectly awful person who looked like a fat wolf with a lean face had stopped to lunch and had monopolized the conversation with a continuous flow of harsh-voiced, cockney-accented narrative about himself, staring all the time at Mantis as if she was something nice which he was saving to eat in one bite for his dessert. Shirley had sensed something between anger, disgust and misery lurking behind daddy's pleasant smile that day.

Now, as she went quickly across the hall, pretending she had not noticed the man with the black bag, daddy stopped her.

"Oh, there you are, baby—just a minute. Don't go. I want you," he said, and took his visitor back into the billiard room. Even as they went, Shirley could not help comparing his appearance in his well-cut riding clothes with that of the stranger.

Daddy was out again almost at once. He dropped into the big old carved-oak chair by the hall table and lit a cigar. For a second or two he seemed to think hard, then he slipped his arm round Shirley's waist as she stood by the chair.

"That man in there wants to take White Heather away and sell her, baby—all on account of a stupid little debt," he said. The slim little figure in the curve of his arm stiffened.

"But, daddy, he can't—he mustn't—why—why, Geoff said only yesterday that White Heather was bound to win the Newbury Cup, and that that was very lucky, as you would be ruined if she didn't."

"Yes, that's quite true, baby"—daddy had called her "baby" ever since she could remember; long before her mother died. "It would be fatal if she failed or were made to fail by men who would like to see me ruined so that they could swoop down on this house of ours, like vultures." He smiled. "After the race I will talk to some of those gentlemen," he said, in his gentle, easy voice. "But meantime that bounder has a sort of claim—White Heather is part

of the security I gave him for a trifling accommodation some time ago. I'm afraid he could do it. And that is where you might be able to help old daddy—you, baby! What do you think of that?"

His arm closed slightly, caressingly, on a very still little figure.

"You can, if you like, lend me that money your Aunt Harriet left you. Until the race is over—for about three weeks. What was it—three hundred, wasn't it? That would save old daddy quite a lot of awkwardness, baby. And in three weeks White Heather will bring it all home again, and lots more with it!"

Shirley said nothing at all to that, for she had heard just that phrase "White Heather"—or Victor, or Coolgardie, or Kilmeny; any one of a dozen different names—"will bring it all home again" so many, many times before. Whenever she had heard men talking at Deane Manor there nearly always had been a White Heather who would bring it all home again, but, somehow, rarely did so.

She produced her remaining treasure. "I am sorry, daddy, but I only have a hundred pounds left," she said in a low voice. "You see, Mantis was desperately in need of a hundred pounds, and Geoff was in a—a bit of a hole—so I lent them two hundred. They gave me these to prove it." Slowly she put the I O U's on the table, with the ten ten-pound notes remaining to her.

Daddy patted her shoulder. "That's a little sportsman!" he said, and eyed the I O U's. "It was businesslike of Mantis and Geoff to give you these, and I must be businesslike too." He found a pen and a bit of card which he transformed into an I O U for one hundred and twenty pounds with the air of one who loves I O U's.

"There, baby, take care of that and bring it to me in three weeks' time."

"Yes, daddy. I—I am very glad I was able to help everybody so," said Shirley, and turned away rather quickly.

The squire watched her run upstairs and his eyes were thoughtful. But that was only because he was wondering just what the devil he would do for some real money if White Heather failed. It never occurred to him that his baby ran to her room so quickly in order that there should be no chance of his seeing what had sprung to her big eyes. He would have been genuinely surprised and concerned if he had guessed that she was crying, for he had not the remotest idea that she had anything to cry about. It was his perfectly whole-hearted notion that a child like Shirley could have no possible use for a sum like three hundred pounds—a notion shared by Geoff and Mantis.

In a couple of years' time, yes, she would begin to need money spent on her and he would then see about that. But now she was too young for money—much too young. That about covered Shirley's closest relatives' ideas of her situation. And even if she was nearly nineteen—well, she only looked about sixteen, if that. They weren't consciously selfish—but few folk are.

IV

SHIRLEY only stopped in her bedroom long enough to snatch a handkerchief in a blindish sort of way. Then she hurried away to the most secret corner of the weedy orchard where nobody was ever likely to come and catch her crying. It was her fixed belief that she was going to "howl," as Geoff would express it, from now till teatime. Who wouldn't? To have to give up one's little hunter, one's big brave black-and-white collie, one's lovely silk things and all those frocks and stockings—Shirley could have wailed aloud. But, miraculously, and entirely without effort, the desire to cry and cry and cry died out in the few minutes it took her to do the distance between the house and the orchard.

She paused by the orchard gate, marveling without understanding. Was it something deep down within her that she had inherited from her dead mother which stirred from a profound sleep then, or was it something that her mother had never had, but which she shared with Geoff and Mantis and which had come from daddy? Something remotely predatory.

In all her life she never quite knew. Not even years later, when she was the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, who knew more than most folk, nor even later than that, when she became somebody much more important—as importance goes—than an honorable's relict. Whatever it might have been that awoke in her lovely spirit then, Shirley herself had not roused it. Daddy and Geoff and Mantis had done it.

She checked at the old orchard gate, staring ahead into the quiet and friendly green gloom she knew so well, and the pink that had tinged her pretty nose receded into her cheeks again. The brightness of her eyes was no longer liquid, but brilliant and sparkling. Shirley was angry and her brains were sitting up and taking notice.

"But it's not fair!" she said, and threw up her head, like a young race horse.

A ray of sunlight filtered itself carefully through the apple branches and rested on her shining hair. A man wandering through the kitchen garden away to the right, with the appearance of one who seeks something, saw her so and stopped, watching her with a kind of hunger in his eyes.

"But, really, it's—it's not sporting!" cried Shirley softly. "They've taken everything away from me, just because I was weak and silly enough to want to be kind to them. But they oughtn't to have asked me. They oughtn't to. They have all had more—much more than ever I've had. Mantis has had everything that I haven't. Horses and motors and clothes and love, for Pan still loves her, even if he has spent all his money on her. And Geoff—daddy has never denied Geoff anything—and he has a lovely free life and soon he will be an officer. Oh, Geoff and Mantis ought to be ashamed to take my little money that I needed so much. And daddy ——"

But here Shirley stopped. She loved him too well ever to want to think unkindly about him. "No! Daddy's different."

She wouldn't look things in the face as far as daddy was concerned. There is always somebody in the favored position of blind spot in every woman's field of vision.

"But I shall have to have some of my money that Aunt Harriet left me or I think I shall go mad!" said Shirley aloud. "I must! I can't stand having nothing at all any more! I must do something!"

She stared at the I O U's which she still held crushed in a hot little palm, and, flushed and anxious, she began to think. If they had left her so much as a ten-pound note to spend, probably she would not have bothered until the keen edge of her disappointment had worn off. But they had left her nothing; they had quite scientifically snaked the lot. And that had woke up the brand-new, hitherto unused self-starter in a set of brains which, once started, were destined to keep running for many a merry year to come.

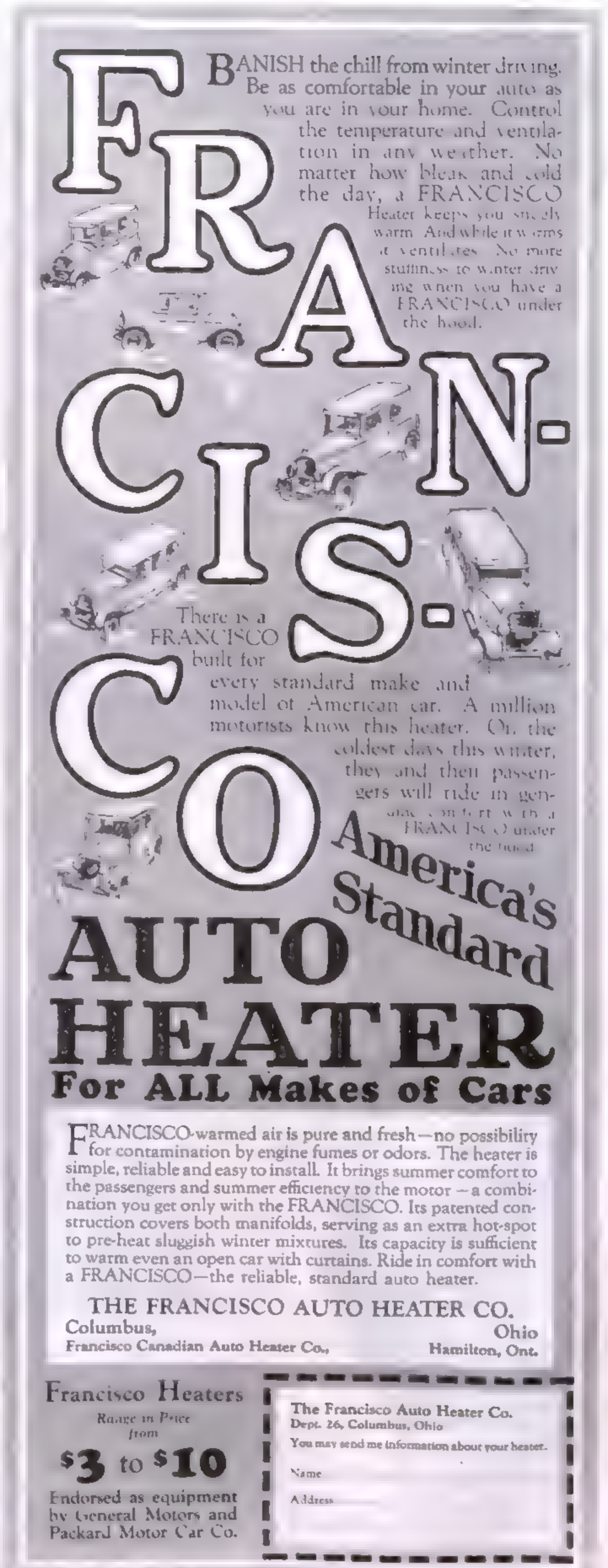
So Shirley stood at the orchard gate and did the first bit of real thinking she had ever done. And when presently she turned away toward the garden she had aged considerably. Not in appearance, for she had never looked lovelier, but in experience.

"I can see now that everybody in the world has to fight for themselves in some way or other," she told herself. "I ahouldn't even think that a rich girl could get on very well without having something or other to fight for The world just makes you fight it, I think."

She passed close by the hutchy home of the blue Beverens, but she only spared them a casual glance.

"Nice little things," she murmured, but that was partly force of habit and partly natural tenderness. Rabbits were a thing of the past for Shirley Deane. They were nice little things for nice little girls, but nothing much for a girl who was fighting the world.

Then she came face to face with the man who had been watching her from the garden. He was a smallish, good-looking person, with something of that neat, severe air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There is a FRANCISCO built for every standard make and model of American car. A million motorists know this heater. On the coldest days this winter, they and their passengers will ride in genuine comfort with a FRANCISCO under the hood
America's Standard
AUTO HEATER
For ALL Makes of Cars
FRANCISCO-warmed air is pure and fresh—no possibility for contamination by engine fumes or odors. The heater is simple, reliable and easy to install. It brings summer comfort to the passengers and summer efficiency to the motor—a combination you get only with the FRANCISCO. Its patented construction covers both manifolds, serving as an extra hot-spot to pre-heat sluggish winter mixtures. Its capacity is sufficient to warm even an open car with curtains. Ride in comfort with a FRANCISCO—the reliable, standard auto heater.
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Enjoy the luxury of "The Better Shave"

THE man who gives in to a pulling beard and gives up hope of an easy shave can use one shaving cream as well as another.

But if he still believes in shaving comfort, sooner or later he will try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and discover "the better shave." Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream is free from face irritants, softens the beard quickly, and whips into a plentiful lather, fragrant of Royal Fern. Works as well with hot or cold, hard or soft water. Prevents smart and after-shaving tenderness. Introduce yourself to "the better shave" today. Get a tube of Fougère Royale Shaving Cream at your druggist's—50c. Or let us send you a trial size, without charge. Use the coupon below.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is a boon to tender facts, soothing and restoring moisture to the skin. It is new but most good druggists have it—75c.*

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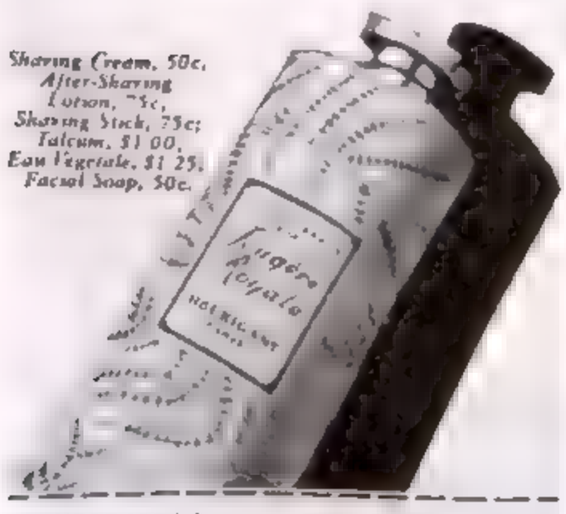

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. P-20
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

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which seems, sooner or later, to hall-mark those who have much to do with horses. His eyes were perhaps a shade hard for a man of about twenty-six, and they were certainly too close together.

"Why, Ralph!" exclaimed Shirley. "Whatever are you doing here all alone?"

Mr. Ralph Monson smiled. "Watching you, Shirley. I saw you go hurrying across the lawn and I thought you seemed upset, so I watched you in case there happened to be anything I could do."

"Upset?" said Shirley airily. "Oh, no. I was a little annoyed about something, that was all."

She moved forward to a seat under a big plum tree, leaving him to follow, or not, as he chose.

He chose to sit down beside her. "Annoyed? Can I do anything to put it right for you?"

Shirley shrugged. "I don't know. Why should you bother? Don't talk for a minute, please, Ralph. I want to think."

She knew, as did the rest of her family, that the neat Mr. Monson adored her. And perhaps that fact had a little influenced Mantis and Geoff and daddy when they had eased her of the weight and worry of her legacy. For Ralph was the only son of that very adept and tremendously wealthy money lender who recently and at great expense had got himself created the first Lord Saltern. But Shirley was far from being sure that she returned the adoration of the rather quiet, excessively cool and, people said, calculating Ralph.

It was said of him that he never asked directly for anything of importance that he wanted but that he invariably got it. He seemed always to be plentifully supplied with money. And recently he had been looking in at Deane Manor quite a good deal. It was understood that he and Wyndham Deane had a joint interest in a young and most promising two-year-old which would shortly appear on the course. During the past few weeks he had come to make himself pretty much at home with the Deanes, and though the process had been so gradual that she hardly noticed it, the time he spent with Shirley now was treble that which he had at first spared her. Oddly enough he was not particularly popular, though that did not seem to worry him. He sat silent, as requested, while Shirley thought.

Presently she sighed and turned to him. "Do you understand business matters very well, Ralph?" she asked.

He smiled. "Simple ones, yes, I think I do, Shirley," he said, his quick, rather cold eyes busily intent on her pretty, flushed face and shining eyes.

"Then would you please give me your advice about a business point?" she asked.

That was easy enough to promise. So he promised rather solemnly—solemnly enough to make it seem quite natural that he should take her hand with an air of one who desires to ratify a serious agreement. He forgot to release it, but Shirley did not seem to mind. She smiled, perhaps a little nervously, then began in a low, almost dreamy voice, to ask for the advice he had so affectionately promised.

v

WYNDHAM DEANE was not at all the man to refuse a small nonfinancial concession to one whom he had just successfully touched for a hundred pounds—least of all to his charming little daughter Shirley. Nor, to do them that much justice, was Mantis or Geoffrey, when the said concession cost them nothing.

So that Shirley's rather shyly uttered statement during lunch that she would just love to go to London for a week and stay with Aunt Flora—who had often asked her—was promptly met by an indulgent affirmative from her daddy and a really pleasant-sounding if casual and brief duet of approval from Lady Mantis and Brother Geoff

Twenty-four hours before, Shirley would hardly have been able to refrain from leaving her chair and giving daddy a hug, or Mantis and Geoff a kiss. But within the past three hours she had miraculously lost a good deal of that particular indication of youthfulness which once impelled her instantly to show great gratitude for even trifling favors. So she just smiled at them all, her eyes a little wider than usual, and lapsed into an unusually reflective silence.

She slipped away after lunch, first to send a telegram to Aunt Flora, then to pack her things, for Mantis had agreed to give her a lift back to town. It did not take the child long to pack the tiny suitcase with which she presently appeared—a case admirably adapted to hold the toothbrush, the sponge and the suit of pajamas which seemed to comprise the total amount of wearing and toilet apparel Shirley was taking for a week's visit to London.

Even Lady Mantis raised her brows slightly at sight of the bag which presently Shirley, all ready to start, chucked gayly into the back of the car.

"You aren't taking much in the way of clothes, are you?" she asked without much interest, her mind evidently busy with her own problems.

"Well, I haven't got much in the way of clothes, you see," laughed Shirley, with a gay carelessness rather amazing in a girl with such an utterly impoverished wardrobe.

"I will try to help you out, somehow," murmured Mantis.

"Oh, that's quite all right, Mantis darling. Nobody expects me to be very smart, yet," said Shirley. "I expect Aunt Flora will help to touch me up well enough."

Mantis looked at the sweet, pink-tinged face and the big laughing eyes of her little sister, sighed faintly, then shrugged.

Daddy strolled out from the hall. "All right?" he asked, smiling. "Ask your Aunt Flora for anything you want in the way of pocket money, and so on, baby. Tell her to keep a note of it and bring it back with you when you come home, so that I can send her a check."

"Yes, daddy: thank you ever so much," smiled Shirley, settling back into the comfortable seat next to Mantis.

The car nosed forward. For a moment daddy and Geoff watched it, then waved a reply to the rather shabby glove which Shirley was waving for au revoir, and turned back into the house.

"A great little sportsman, your sister," said the squire rather quietly.

"What, Shirley! Rather!" agreed Geoff perfunctorily.

Shirley's Aunt Flora was an extremely easy-going rather plump pagan of middle age, and like most pagans, she possessed a sense of humor and some shrewdness. She was not very fond of Mantis nor even of the big and handsome Geoff. Shirley was her favorite.

She, too, noticed the diminutive suitcase which Shirley bore in with her, and as soon as Mantis had driven off, she set Shirley in what she considered an advantageous position to attack the truly generous supply of cream buns, strawberries and cream, and cloyful things of that kind which she had provided for her little niece.

"Why, Shirley, you haven't brought much luggage with you for a stay in town, have you?"

"No," said Shirley. "Only some pajamas—old ones, too, auntie."

The easy-going aunt sighed an easy-going sigh and rang for a glass of light port. She accused tea of not suiting her very well. None of the Deane children had ever yet visited her without being sorely in need of something which could only be done without at Deane Manor where nobody cared much.

But Shirley came close to Aunt Flora, laughing. "You see, all my things are just no good at all—rags, really rags—and so it was no use to bring those. Particularly as the reason I've come up to town is to do some shopping."

She was very close to the easy-going lady, and her low, coaxing voice would have lured trout out on to the river bank.

"I I was hoping perhaps that you would not mind coming with me to choose a little evening frock and a few things somewhere this afternoon," she murmured.

Aunt Flora laughed comfortably and finished her glass of port. "What a fool you will make of some man or other one of these days, you little witch," she said. "Yes. As big a fool as you can make of your old Aunt Flora."

But Shirley would by no means have that. "No, no; never of you, never!" she cried, and they exchanged a kiss to prove it.

"Well, well, I'll come," said auntie.

So they went off to one of the lady traps in the West End. It was four o'clock when they left, and by six o'clock Shirley, apparently cool, but with eyes that blazed with excitement and cheeks as pink as apple blossom, had bought ninety pounds' worth of raiment and paid for it in cool, crisp bank notes. Aunt Flora was only rescued from total loss of speech and teetotal loss of memory by a glass of port in the restaurant.

"But it's only Aunt Harriet's legacy to me!" cried Shirley softly over a chocolate fudge.

"Yes, child, I know. I knew about the legacy to you—what astonished me was that you seem to have managed to keep it."

Shirley blushed. "But, auntie, it was mine—my very own."

"Yes, of course it was. I must be getting old and foolish, my dear."

She didn't add that for Shirley to have got that money past her daddy, sister and brother intact was about the most miraculous feat she had heard of for many a moon.

Shirley and her easy-going auntie thoroughly enjoyed themselves during the next few days, and when, on the fourth day of the girl's visit, they arrived home, tired but triumphant, there remained to Shirley out of thirty-two ten-pound notes the sum of two shillings and ninepence precisely. But she had a wardrobe worth a hundred and twenty pounds, including shoes; she possessed a first-rate five-year-old hunter that had cost her a hundred pounds and which, if it had been a hand higher and sufficiently bigger in proportion to be up to the weight of a man, would have been worth two hundred—Aunt Flora, who once had lived for horses, had taken care of her in that transaction—she owned a nine months' old black-and-white collie that already believed it owned Shirley; and she had fifty pounds tucked away in her own name in a quiet corner in Aunt Flora's bank.

Also she had set up a Deane record in that house by purchasing and giving—when they reached home—to Aunt Flora a present that had cost her precisely ten good pounds.

She unwrapped it herself in the comfortable easy-going drawing-room before they took their outdoor things off.

"There, auntie, and that's for you from me!"

Aunt Flora stared at the beautiful little cut-crystal rose bowl which Shirley proffered—stared for a long time in silence.

"You bought this for me, child, out of your little legacy?" she said, strangely unsmiling for one so easy-going. "Well! You are the first Deane that has ever bought me a present, though I seem to remember buying a few for Mantis and your brother."

She stared at the rose bowl, picked it up and handled it a good deal, remotely like one making quite sure that it was real and not an impediment of the vision. Then she looked at Shirley rather closely.

"This is a great surprise to me, my dear. Come here," she said. Shirley went to her and was enfolded. "You are a dear, good-natured little soul, Shirley Deane," declared Aunt Flora. "Genuine—that's it, child, you're genuine. Why, my dear, you needn't have done that for a rich old woman like me. Nobody else would."

"Well, then, I suppose I must be different from the ——" began Shirley. But she did not finish, for just then the door opened rather abruptly and admitted big brother

(Continued on Page 147)

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MODERN laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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You can win $10,000 by writing the best 300-word letter on "*Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing.*". . . Think of the fairyland of enjoyment and pleasure in $10,000! It may mean a new home; a car; college for the boy and girl; a trip around the world with a liberal balance left over . . . $1,000 a year extra spending money for ten years, or $600 a year continuous income at six per cent interest.

Certainly worth working for . . . and not hard to win! Because this is not a literary competition. Merely tell in your letter the best reasons for abolishing wash-day in your home . . . and tell it just as though you are talking it over with your neighbor. All that you need do is set down in an interesting and sincere manner the most common-sense advantages the modern laundry offers over the drudgery of home washing methods.

How to Begin

To win this splendid $10,000 prize, or to share in the many other awards in this $50,000 competition, start in a systematic way.

Jot down in a notebook every reason why you should send your washing to the laundry. Then rearrange your arguments in the order of their importance.

With this start, call for suggestions from your family, neighbors, friends. Best of all, visit one of the modern laundries in your city. *See for yourself* how carefully they sort your clothes; how different fabrics are washed in waters of different temperatures; how your clothes are rinsed in clean, soft water from nine to twelve times. Get all the facts so that you can intelligently determine the outstanding reasons why the laundry should do your washing. Then write your letter . . . just as naturally as you talk . . . and be sure to mail it before midnight of December 1, 1927.

What would You do with $10,000

HERE ARE THE NATIONAL PRIZES

Here are the National Prizes—well worth your putting a great deal of time and thought in your letter.

1st prize	$10,000 00
2nd prize	5,000 00
3rd prize	2,000 00
4th prize	1,250 00
5th prize	1,000 00
6th prize	700 00
7th prize	500 00
8th prize	400 00
9th prize	250 00
10th prize	100 00

HERE ARE THE STATE PRIZES

In addition to the National Prizes, the ten best essays in *each* of the forty-eight states and in Canada will win prizes as follows

1st prize	$ 225 00
2nd prize	125 00
3rd prize	100 00
4th prize	50 00
5th prize	35 00
6th prize	25 00
7th prize	20 00
8th prize	10 00
9th prize	5 00
10th prize	5 00

For full details of the 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "*Ask Me Another About The Laundry*" obtainable at laundries *everywhere*.

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Read These Rules Carefully—
They are Important!

1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."

2. Competition started October 1. Your letter must be mailed to $50,000 *Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana*, by midnight Dec. 1, 1927.

3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.

4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.

5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.

6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize-winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the ten national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of a tie for any state or national prize, each tying contestant will be paid full amount of prize.

should do my washing"

Delivered to you—this helpful book

TELEPHONE any laundry in your town and request a copy of the "*Ask Me Another*" booklet. It will be delivered to your door. Or better still, call for it in person, and while there make an inspection of the laundry's facilities. The book and the tour together will help you write a better letter—perhaps the very letter which will win the $10,000.00 Grand Prize.

How Smart They Are--

these new Hood Galoshes.

How trim and small your foot looks. Every beauty line of instep and ankle---how subtly emphasized.

Come cold and rain, snow or sleet, you're snug and warm. And only a single easy-to-reach snap to fasten --- just like a glove.

Colors and fabrics to blend with the modish ensemble; buckles and slide fastener models, too, for the more conservative. Your choice is wide in Hoods. At your dealer's.

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HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 142

Geoff, looking a little reddish and bothered. In his wake floated the Lady Mantis Richmond, smiling with her charming lips, but cursing with her eyes.

Geoff's greeting to Aunt Flora was foolishly perfunctory coming from one so hard up to one so soft down. He turned on Shirley like one bestung by hornets. He hesitated for a second, at the amazing difference between Shirley fresh from a good London hairdresser and arrayed in one of her new, little walking suits, and the shabby little Shirley he was accustomed to at Deane Manor. But only for a second. Then he demanded violently:

"What on earth made you sell that I O U of mine to that sharp-clawed Shylock, Monson, Shirley! Why, the chap's approached me about it already, and when I told him bluntly what I thought of it, he flew into a most insulting rage and began to point out how awkward he can make it for me at the clubs—particularly one I am desperately keen on getting into. My hat, Shirley, you've done no end of harm to me, and to Mantis too. Monson's reminded her, too, and he or his old governor knows how to put on the screw so well that they might make it seriously awkward for her. You'll have to make Monson return those I O U's and return him the money, Shirley—you really will. What on earth did you do it for?"

Shirley surveyed him coolly. She had flushed a little at the start of his outpouring, but had steadied herself. Never again would Shirley Deane be to big brother Geoff what sweet Alice was to the late Mr. Benjamin Bolt—the lady who blushed with delight when he spared her a glance and shuddered with fear at his frown or words to that effect.

That stuff was now and forever a thing of the past in the Deane family. Shirley with cool and costly silk next to her skin, with dainty shoes and wonderful stockings, with everything else that could add to any little lady's self-respect, found herself able to look into his angry eye and even to smile faintly while she was doing so.

"I did it because I couldn't see why I should not have some of my own money," said Shirley.

"But why lend it in the first place, dash it?" shouted Geoff.

"I lent you a hundred pounds before I knew that Mantis would borrow a hundred. And I lent Mantis a hundred because I knew that I would still have a hundred left. And then"—Shirley's voice faltered just half a beat—"then daddy needed that, and so I had nothing. Nothing out of my legacy from Aunt Harriet. And after all, it was my money!"

"But, you young turncoat, you could have mentioned it to me, or Mantis, and we could have let you have a tenner or so back to carry on with!" cried the generous Geoffrey

Aunt Flora abruptly finished the glass of port she was having for tea.

"That will do, you great overgrown greedy cadet—who are training to be an officer and a gentleman," she said with a snap in it. "Understand clearly that nobody at all is allowed to bully Shirley in this house. I may be easy-going, but I don't care to have cadets bawling about the place in this way. So if you can't behave yourself, leave the room till your temper is better and your manners are mended. Shirley was quite right. You drove her to it between you all, and it serves you right, you borrowers! You would never have paid her back and you know it, and Shirley knew it too. And" Aunt Flora beamed with pleasure—"and she acted quickly and cleverly. She's got more heart than you, my boy, or Mantis either, but luckily for her she's got more brains too. She used her heart of her own accord but between you all you forced her to use her brains, and"—Aunt Flora laughed with genuine joy, for she had stood much from Geoff and Mantis, and, sad to relate, daddy—"and you deserve what you have got."

"True, Flora; entirely true. I agree with every word you say!" It was daddy's voice from the doorway. "I am in town for the night and looked in on the way to the club to see how you and this child were getting on together," he continued in his pleasant voice, looking at Shirley with twinkling eyes.

"I see you have spent some of your money already, my dear, and you look very pretty indeed I am proud of you, Shirley. You deserve that pretty frock, and all the other things you've probably bought too! I'm not surprised that young Monson was willing to oblige you about buying those I O U's. Did you have to promise to marry him, child, to get him to do it?"

"Oh, no, daddy," said Shirley, "he wanted me to promise to marry him, but I told him I was much too young for that sort of thing yet. But I said I liked him very well already and I hoped that I should learn to like him even better some day. And he seemed satisfied about that."

"I see," said Wyndham Deane, then turned to Aunt Flora.

"But, after all, Flora, financial pressure can be a desperate business. No doubt Geoff and Mantis were in the same fix as myself, and in any case, Shirley would have done quite well for herself after White Heather wins tomorrow's event. She lent me a hundred, but I gave her an I O U for " he paused.

"By the way, Mantis, what was the figure of your I O U?"

"The figure, father? Why, one hundred pounds, naturally," she said icily.

"And yours, Geoff?"

Geoff reddened slightly. "A hundred," he said.

Wyndham Deane sighed a little. "Mine was for a hundred and twenty," said the handsome old spendthrift. "A little something for Shirley, you see. Just a bit of advice, my boy. Never pare things too close, never cut a willing lender down to the quick. Always do your borrowing, if you must borrow, in a bold and generous spirit—like a gentleman, my boy—like a lady, Mantis, my girl."

Aunt Flora beamed on him. He had always been everybody's favorite, for, in spite of his maddening irresponsibility, he was a sportsman

"Quite right, Wyndham," she agreed.

Wyndham Deane poured himself a glass of Aunt Flora's port, which he knew of old, and raised it to Shirley. "Good luck to you, baby!" he said, smiling.

Shirley went quickly to him "Oh, daddy, I never meant to be harsh with you," she said impulsively.

He kissed her gently. "That was perhaps the only mistake you made, my dear. Always—always look sharp after your money when you are dealing with old daddy—eh, Flora?"

"Certainly," agreed Aunt Flora, though it was a thing she had never done herself.

"Not that it is very serious, as luck would have it," continued Wyndham Deane in tones of the most serene and tranquil confidence. "White Heather will put things right tomorrow. I take it that you have all backed her to win."

He stared with a kind of anxiety at them all. Lady Mantis nodded, smiling rather secretively, Geoff nodded with sulky emphasis, Aunt Flora nodded unconvincingly. Deane eyed her rather severely. He knew her pretty well.

"Come now, Flora, this won't do at all," he said reprovingly. "You really must have a plunge on the horse"

"Very well, I will; and I'll put ten pounds on for Shirley"

"And," said daddy heartily, "so will I!"

Thus they did, and fortunately for most of them the noble steed White Heather next day reeled dazedly past the post to win by a short lip from an extremely moderate field at 4 to 1, thus augmenting Shirley's fund by eighty handsome pounds. Moreover, it so steadied the finances of Mantis and Geoff, temporarily speaking, that they both magnanimously forgave her for the injury she had done them in taking care to secure her own money

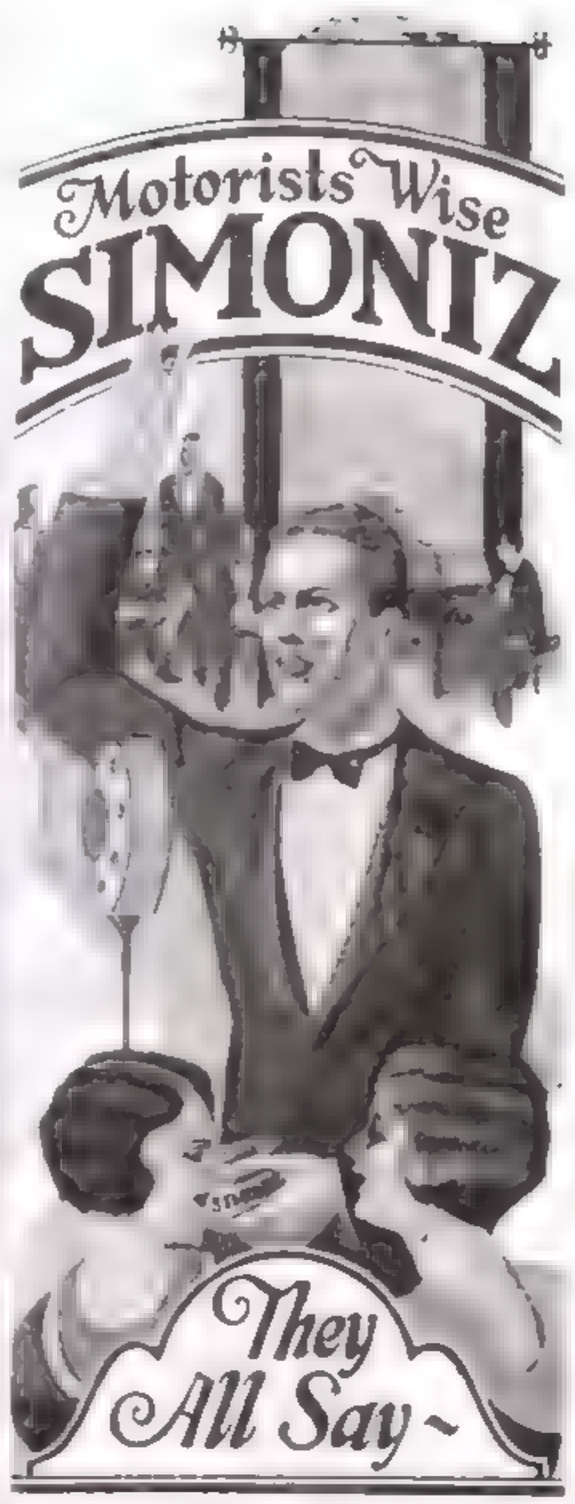
But the Shirley Deane that was to be seen next day galloping gayly across the downs on a very trim little five-year-old with a juvenile collie escorting her, was no longer quite the same Shirley Deane that had been picking cow parsley in the orchard when gentle Geoff had charged forth to break the glad news about Aunt Harriet's legacy.

She had put her foot on the first rung of the ladder of life as it is lived—the ladder which leads up or down, according to one's taste and fancy. She had felt the first nip of the bleak black frost which is so apt to blight the buds of generosity.

She had effected in her style, more or less involuntarily, the first of the changes which, by no means easy stages, were destined, in conjunction with the operation of the years, to change Shirley Deane into the Honorable Mrs. Gervase Jenifex-Johnstoun, the lily into the lance.

And much she cared about that as she rode over the wide and open downland, the sun on her shining curls, the wind in her flushed and lovely face.

Nurse The Dentist Will Not See Anyone Today. He Is Suffering With a Toothache



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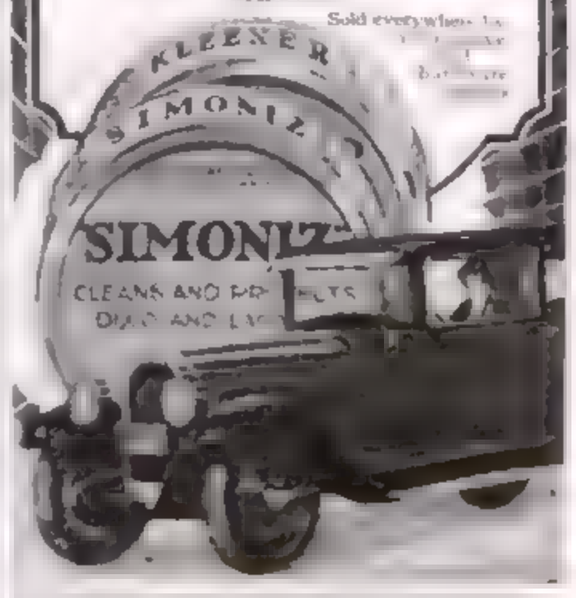

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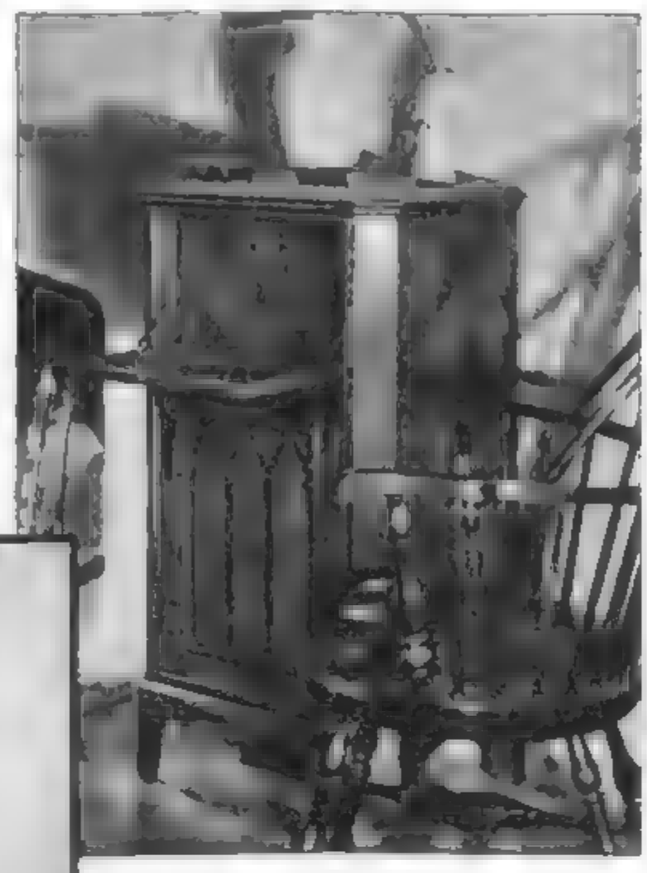


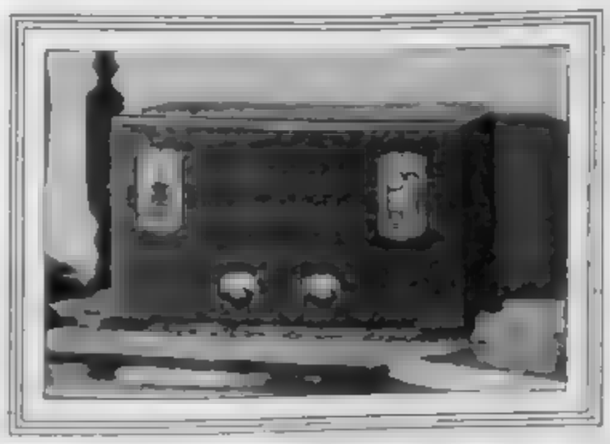
Model 76 Six-tube Receiver, Single Dial, cabinet type—wired for battery or socket power. With built-in speaker . $195.00
Without built-in speaker . . . $175.00

Model 66—
Six-tube Receiver, Single Dial, table type, wired for battery or socket power . $99.50

Prices slightly higher in Canada

The Bosch Radio instrument is one of my priceless possessions, it brings to me with fidelity the music of the world with such clearness and sweetness of tone as to create the illusion that the broadcasting artist is in the immediate presence. No other instrument approaches it in the cardinal features desired by radio owners. SIGNED BY *Beniamino Gigli*

The great tenor and Metropolitan Opera star Beniamino Gigli writes of Bosch Radio with a respect and enthusiasm rarely afforded anything mechanical. The distinctive charm of Bosch Radio reproduction commands the admiration of the leading musical authorities. Armored and shielded, its clear, natural tone—vocal or instrumental—is unmarred by those extraneous sounds heretofore associated with radio. It has ample volume without the sacrifice of a single tone. The entire orchestral scale is reproduced with "fidelity" as signor Gigli writes. Structural strength is also a feature of the new Bosch Models—built on a steel chassis similar to the way automobiles are built. With its rigidity and with short, solid connections, Bosch Radio needs little attention. The new Bosch Cabinets are beautiful both in woods and design, worthy of the finest rooms. A full description of any of these Bosch Radio Models will be mailed on request.



Model 46—Little Six, Six-tube, Single Station Selector, table type . . $68.50

Bosch Radio Receivers are licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception. They are manufactured under patent applications of American Bosch Magneto Corporation and are licensed under patent applications and patents of Radio Corporation of America and under applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

These Bosch Radio Models—ready for Bosch Socket Power Units—the Nobattry "A" and the Nobattry "B"—both totaling $100

LA BELL FRANCE

(Continued from Page 31)

of what magnitude! The fire is raging back of the field infested by locusts since the drought of '82!"

Thereafter for a full twenty minutes the argument raged, gaining in furor until the toothless Bartholemé, no longer capable of words, began to foam at the mouth.

Seeing this deplorable state of affairs, the mayor fought his way out of the gesticulating arms about him, and, adopting the rôle of peacemaker, appeared presently with two bottles of wine and a stern admonition to attend acutely upon whatever announcement the real bell above the ox barn of Pierre Porpoise might, in future, proclaim.

This accomplished, the mayor, inspired by some unknown reason for an unusual haste, gained the attention of the company and announced formally that the meeting had adjourned: "And now I, Aubre Tiffonet, mayor of this municipality, declare this meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Conquering Torrent Company of the Fire Department of Bardensac la Freuilly adjourned."

So saying, the mayor ducked out of the room and hastened to the bar, which occupied half the ground floor of his official residence, wherein at that moment Sergeant Major Orville Dudd, charmed by the bright eyes of the mayor's daughter, was lingering over a now-tepid glass of hot rum.

Preceding the mayor's entrance upon the happy scene, Orville had been engaged in explaining his military rank to the mayor's daughter, whose curiosity had been quickened by the complicated collar ornaments with which the sergeant major was adorned.

Indicating these, "Officier?" inquired the girl.

The sergeant major smiled. "Ah, oui, mademoiselle, bokoo."

"Loortenong?" the girl continued.

"Ah, non, mademoiselle, no loortenong."

"Capitaine?"

"Non, mon cherie, no capitaine."

"Commandant—what he say—'major'?"

"Ah, oui! Ah, oui!" Orville Dudd smiled fondly upon his fair companion and accented the admission of his rank with a violent nod. Then, glancing down into the depths of French at a Glance, "Lissen, mon cherie," Orville continued, "tonight—ce soir—after dinner—apray dinner—where will ——"

The question, lost now to posterity, was interrupted by the hurried entrance of His Honor the Mayor. Orville drained the cool glass of hot rum at a gulp and, with his eyes clouded by a sudden melancholy, "Au revoir, mademoiselle," he said. "Apray while j'ai encore visite vous." Lavishing his deepest bow upon the mayor's daughter, the sergeant major began his exit under the sharp glare of Monsieur Tiffonet. He got as far as the door before the girl reminded him that he had not paid for his refreshment. Attempting to laugh this off, Orville laid down a ten-franc note with a request that the change be kept by the girl. "Pour un souvenir, mon petite cherie."

The souvenir was pocketed by Monsieur Tiffonet, whereupon, scowling slightly, Orville abandoned his French to indulge in a few rugged thoughts in his native language. He turned his back on the scene and began his return journey to the Shovelier headquarters.

He avoided the road which Spike and Jugger were presumably repairing, reasoning that the two Shovelers would remain diligently at work in expectation of his return. This subterfuge was discovered by the vigilant Spike, who, now that the coast was clear, forthwith proposed a small and select ration of liquid refreshment for himself and Jugger.

"You sure that's Orville?" Jugger inquired cautiously.

"Of course that's him! I can tell that puffed pigeon's strut a mile away. The dirty sneak, sidetrackin' himself so we'd be afraid he was comin' any minute from now till dark. C'mon, boy, leave us utilize this hundred francs."

Carrying their shovels, Jugger and Spike marched rapidly to the Café Poisson, where, greeting Fifi, the accomplished Spike paraded his French vocabulary while the envious and inarticulate Jugger did the best he could with an impromptu sign language consisting principally of rolling eyeballs and a fixed smile.

Leaning on the bar, "Lissen, mon cherie," Spike implored, growing poetic. "Lissen while j'ai ditey vous what old Homer Cayenne ditey:

"Une loaf of pang,
Une jug of sang,
Avec vous, sister;
And then, pour tout le monde
J'ai would not give une dang."

Seeking the verdict—"Git me, mon cherie?"

The party progressed rapidly to a point where the dumb Jugger began to say "Ah, oui" to everything, when it was interrupted by a half-understood remark from Fifi concerning Orville Dudd: "Ze major, he return soon."

"What major does she mean?" Jugger asked.

"She's talkin' about Orville Dudd."

Jugger's smile departed and a sneer curled his lips as he addressed Fifi: "Lissen, sister, that hunka cheese ain't no more major than my foot—savvy?"

"Nix," Spike interrupted. "We gotta beat it out of here. This little femme give you a straight tip. Come along!"

Protesting at the impending interruption, Jugger scowled at Fifi in speaking his farewells: "Au revoir, sister, ah, oui?" In the street—"What we need is a good hide-out where a man can relish a drink without gittin' cross-eyed lookin' around the glass for the damn Orville."

"I saw a little house up here that had some bottles in the front room," Spike returned. "Mebby they got a back room."

"Lead me to it. Ain't no fun drinkin' with one hand and gazin' around with the other for Orville."

It developed that Spike's discovery possessed all the desirable features that a sanctuary should have. It was a private residence whose aged owner carried a small stock of food and drink displayed for sale in the front room. Following a peaceful hour, during which Jugger added several words to his vocabulary, he began to feel that van blink lacked some quality essential to his ideal of a perfect ending for a perfect day.

"Ditey vous, brother," he said finally to the old householder who was serving him and Spike, "what kind of vang you got in them bottles on that top shelf, savvy?"

He pointed to the bottles, and, guessing at the meaning of the inquiry, "Champagne," the old Frenchman answered.

"Oo-la-la! It costs très cher, ah, oui?"

Quite to the contrary, the wine was deplorably cheap.

"Combien francs pour une bottle?"

Three francs, four francs—the prices varied.

Jugger, with some excitement, turned to Spike. "Does he mean you can get champagne for three francs? Say, boy, we overlooked a bet! Ask him!"

It developed that champagne in pints could be obtained for three francs a bottle.

"Spike, lend me all the francs you got! How much champagne has he got?" Turning to the old Frenchman—"Combien bottles have you got, brother? Bokoo? What's that mean, Spike—a dozen?"

Jugger stripped forty francs out of Spike's proffered roll. "Tell him we'll take the whole works. Bokoo champagne! Borrow a sack from him and come along with me. From now on I'm running this party. Lissen to me, boy, get some of that sausage and some of that cheese and don't ask no more questions. I just remembered something. I'll take you to where all the Orville

Comfort for Men

The Fort Shelby is the only hotel in down-town Detroit with Servidor equipment, to protect guests' rights of privacy and minimize routine intrusion of employees. Through the Servidor, laundry and clothes for pressing are taken and returned without entrance to room.

PREVIOUS announcements have mentioned advantages of Hotel Fort Shelby, appealing alike to men and to women, as well as certain features which have won the particular commendation of the latter. However, with all the charm of the appointments and furnishings that accompanied its beautiful new 22-story addition the Fort Shelby still retains those characteristics which have always preeminently suited it to the patronage of men.

When a man accustomed to travel well registers at the Fort Shelby he soon realizes that he has chosen a most congenial environment. Whether his choice be one of the many very comfortable rooms at $2.50, $3 or $4 a day or one of the richly furnished fireplace suites, with sunny bay windows giving an entrancing view of city, river and Canadian shore, he will enjoy a special sense of value in Hotel Fort Shelby.

HOTEL
FORT SHELBY
LAFAYETTE AND FIRST
DETROIT

Everything down-town is practically at the door. The location is also notably convenient to all transportation—rail and water. Competent attendants relieve motorists of the care of their cars without extra service charge.

Pipe smokers:

"Twenty degrees cooler" ... come on in!

YOU know how small kindlings make a quick, hot blaze, while big logs burn slowly and evenly?

Same way with tobacco—the finer the cut, the faster and hotter it burns.

So Granger is "Rough Cut" in big shaggy flakes that burn more slowly, last longer, smoke cooler. There's only one *right* way to cut tobacco for pipes—and this is it.

Just match it against them all REGARDLESS!

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Dudds in the world can't find us. Get a sack from him. I've always wanted to drink all the champagne I could hold."

Laden presently with a sack containing the champagne, followed by Spike, who carried both shovels and an added cargo of bread and cheese and sausage, Jugger left the little oasis and headed uphill toward the old Norman church.

"It ain't such a good hide-out," Spike objected, when Jugger informed him of their destination. "Whoever owns the joint will be comin' in there to park his oxens inside of it about the time we get started good."

Over his shoulder—"I don't mean inside. Did you look at the top of that old church when we come down?" Jugger asked.

"Not specially. All I remember was that new brass La Bell Fransoose hung in the steeple and the sort of cow-stable trimmings. What about it?"

"Lissen, boy, the new roof on that church is set down three feet under the top of them walls. There's a ladder leanin' against the wall on the side away from the road. That roof is the best hide-out in the world. Up there under that steeple a coupla war-torn Shoveliers can let the proud world drift by and even bloodhounds can't find 'em. C'mon and I'll show you."

To the pair of adventurers the roof of the ancient building seemed almost to have been designed for their purpose. A dry area sheltered by the low belfry roof, and protected on three sides by the stone parapet walls, became their banquet table. With the cheese and sausage spread out and with the twelve bottles of champagne lined up on parade, Jugger leaned back at ease upon a pile of straw and the remains of a crate in which the bell above them had been packed and lighted a cigarette.

"Boy," he exulted, "this is so noble I hate to begin. Somehow this here war don't annoy me half as much as it did a while back."

Spike reached for the first bottle of champagne and loosened the wires which restrained the cork. "Gangway for the artillery!" he warned. Bang! The cork came out with a gush of foam. He passed the bottle over to his partner. "Hop in and get your ears wet."

Jugger grabbed the bottle and leaned his head back. The brass bell in the steeple above him caught his eye. "Here's to La Bell France," he offered. Coming up for air—"Curfew rings bokoo tonight."

When his first bottle of champagne had been finished, and while Spike was still engaged with his own refreshment, Jugger got to his feet.

"I forgot something," he announced. "'Cordin' to Orville the Dudd, us war-torn soldiers got to take due precautions." He pulled out his knife and opened it. "Yass and me is sort of in a state of siege, ain't we, Spike?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he reached up as high as he could and cut the bell rope. He pulled the rope up through the hole in the roof and walked quickly to where the ladder leaned against the wall of the old church. He tied an end of the rope around the top rung of the ladder and shoved the ladder out away from the wall, lowering it carefully until it lay concealed in a tangle of vines. He made his end of the rope fast to a loose board at his feet, and then—"There you are. Nobody can get up here after us now without us knowin' it." He tossed the knife over to his companion. "Rip off a coupla slugs of that sausage and cheese. Hand me another one of them bottles."

Spike passed over the bottle of champagne. "It's a mighty good thing we got this sausage and cheese," he said. "All them damn cooks up in camp will be busy gettin' that bunquet ready for the colonel and all them Frog generals to pay any attention to us Rabble."

"You said a mouthful. Don't make no difference how slim the rations is tonight, we're fixed. Everything'll be so mixed up that we can stay here till just before taps and nobody'll miss us. Gangway for a gunner!"

From where he lounged at rest, Jugger pointed his bottle of champagne at the bell above him, and when the wires were off he aided the cork in its exit gently with his thumb. The pop of the exploding wine gave place to a resonant note as the bell above the marksman clanged from the impact of the heavy metal-topped cork.

"Hot dam, baby, score me a five! I ought to be artillery instead of Shovelers I'm the best shot in the Army."

Jugger drowned the rest of his boast in a gratifying gurgle of foaming wine, closing his eyes meanwhile, so that nothing might interrupt the ecstasy of the moment. When the bottle was half empty, and while he was still blind to the world about him, his ears flopped suddenly at a second note which rang from the bell above him. "What's that?"

Spike, engaged now with his own bottle, answered in a single-handed sign language, pointing upward to the bell. When he could speak—"What the hell d'ya think it was, an echo? Score me a five, too, boy. I dinged within an inch of where you did."

"We're both of us the best shots in the Army," Jugger conceded. "Say, I seen some shootin' galleries in my time, but this is the first one I ever run into that had all the comforts of home. Never mind the guard! Hand me over them cigarettes."

During the moment in which Jugger engaged in lighting his cigarette, in contrast to the peaceful scene under the belfry of the old church, six ancient residents of Lowzac—Hilaire, Plutarque, Victoire, Ovide, Corneille, Bartholemé—hearing the bell, leaped into action from a standing start, pawed the air and croaked demands for red coats, leggings, brass helmets and whistles into the ears of their several families. A dozen hands, trembling with excitement, fought with stubborn buckles and buttons and chin straps.

Within five minutes the members of the Conquering Torrent association, ready for any emergency, stood waiting for the second signal of the code which would reveal the location of the fire

"Attention!" At attention, the old man's straining ears caught presently two following notes from the bell above the Norman church under which, gratifying an increasing thirst and a growing interest in target practice, Jugger and Spike had scored three hits out of a possible four.

"The barracks Americaine!" Fixing the strap of his brass helmet more firmly under his trembling chin, Plutarque shuffled in his clattering wooden shoes out upon the cobbles of the street. "Adieu, mes enfants!" he called back. "Proceed as usual with your dinner, and should I not return ——"

The end of the oration was lost in the din made by the heavy iron tires of a passing oxcart, laden with a cask of wine and driven by Pierre Porpoise.

Heading toward the shed wherein the old hand pump of the Conquering Torrent company was stored, the hobbling Plutarque presently overtook Bartholemé and Corneille. "Onward, messieurs!" he encouraged.

"I am doing the best I can, with these chilblains," Bartholemé protested. "Curse the shoemaker who carved these clogs! Name of a dog!"

When the trio arrived at the shed they found the three other members of the company. Victoire at the moment was engaged in transferring a nest of squabs from between two cylinders of the pump, while Ovide and Hilaire replaced a wheel which they had removed so that they could grease a rusted axle. When all was ready, finally, the creaking pump was wheeled from its shed and the arduous journey was begun uphill toward the American camp.

After proceeding less than a hundred yards, it became evident that more power was needed to overcome the steeper grades which lay ahead of them. Panting heavily, Plutarque used his remaining breath to call a halt

"Messieurs, Pierre Porpoise and his ox team are not far behind us," he announced.

(Continued on Page 153)

"I bought it *because* *I couldn't resist it —"*

There *is* something in this razor that tugs at men's hearts and hands

Just look at a Schick! You'll want it instantly and your friends will want it too. It's a happy suggestion for your Christmas list.

"MAYBE my parents were Scotch . . . maybe I'm from Missouri . . . but when I went into that drug store for a new package of Roughneck Blades the last thing I planned to buy was a new razor.

"'Mornin',' said the druggist; 'seen the new Schick Razor? They ask five dollars for it, but it's a buy at twice that price.'

"'No razor's worth five bucks,' I told him. 'How do they get that way?'

"He picked one up from the show-case shelf. It was bright, shining like a fine precision tool. It had a heft to it, a sturdy feel of something that was meant to work and b'gosh would!

"Deftly he dropped a clip of twenty blades into the handle.

"'Do you see how the blades are changed?' asked my druggist friend. 'You pull out the handle . . . so. Now shove it in . . . so.' Click! The old blade tumbled out on the counter and a new one slid in place like a Rolls-Royce calling for milady.

"'That IS nice,' I said, half to myself. 'How does it shave?'

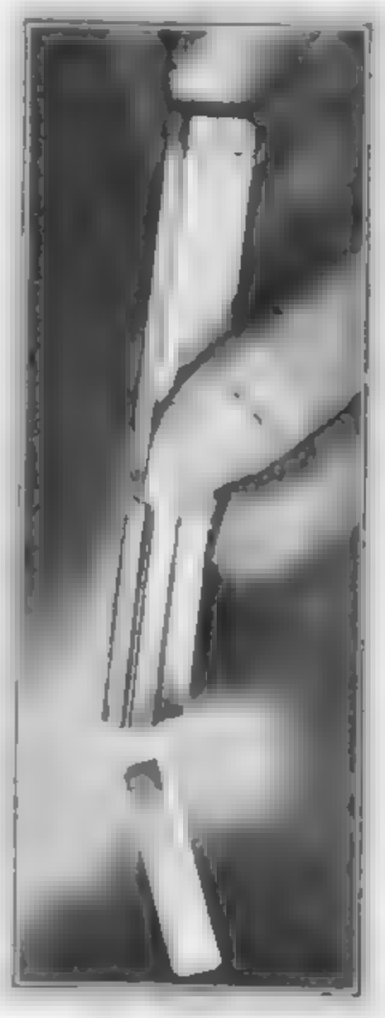
"'Right down to the skin-line!' he grins. 'Feel my chin. Smooth as a powder puff, and I haven't shaved since early A. M.'

. . . . . "That was weeks ago. I've used it every morning since. And I'm still on that first batch of twenty blades.

"Friends drop in. Conversation gets around to one thing or another. When I mention that I've got a new kind of razor they look rather wise and smile indulgently, as though I'd fallen for a new kind of gold brick.

"That is, until I show the Schick to them, and they get their own fingers on it. Then they hate to let go. And that night or early the next day you can see them making for any store that looks as though it sold razors.

"They may hesitate a minute or two when the dealer first passes the Schick over the counter. But only until their hands touch it. It's too late then."



To change blades, simply pull and push the plunger. A new blade slides into shaving position. Old blade drops out.

* * *

The reason for all this? You'll understand . . . once you step into a store and get the feel of a Schick Razor yourself. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, one will be mailed you complete with twenty blades on receipt of five dollars and the coupon below. If you prefer your Schick in heavy gold plate, send us seven dollars and a half. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Magazine Repeating Razor Company
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. I enclose: ☐ $5 for razor in heavy silver plate ☐ $7.50 for razor in heavy gold plate. ☐ Extra clip of 20 blades $1.00

Name_____

Address_____

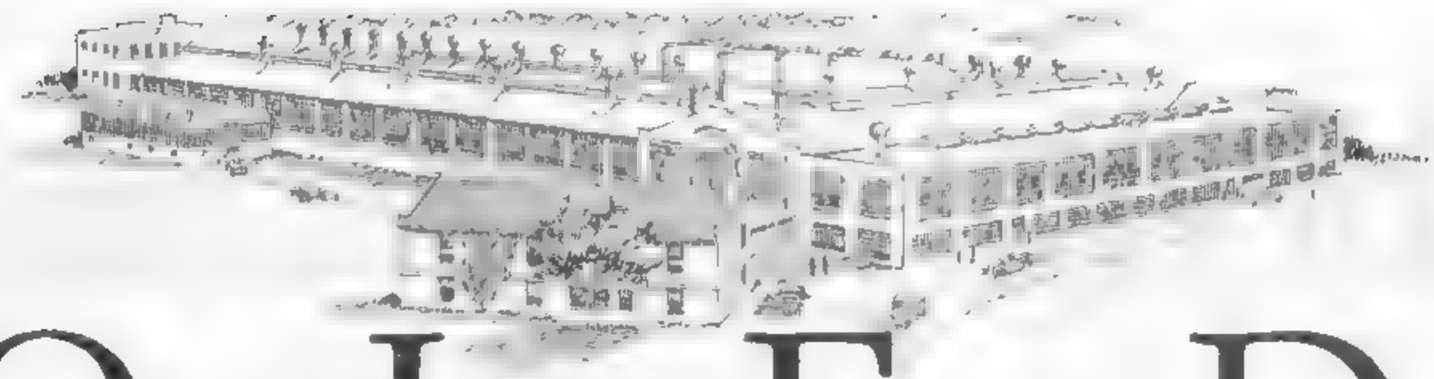
City_____ State_____

Dealer's Name_____

In Canada, silver-plated razor with 20 blades, $6.50, gold-plated, $10. Extra clip of 20 blades $1.00

Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd. Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR



TOLEDO

Leadership

GORDON MATHER
President
THE MATHER SPRING COMPANY

Nor the least of the benefits which the public at large gains from the leaders in any community is the inspirational value of the lives of these successful men.

Gordon M. Mather, president of The Mather Spring Company of Toledo, has not only created out of his own energy and perseverance one of the largest spring manufacturing establishments in the world, but he has shown how success may be achieved without those special advantages which men so persistently seek as the touchstones to achievement.

Industry, initiative, executive ability, and personal integrity of the highest order, all strictly individual equipment, plus the co-operative forces which are the common property of everyone in Toledo, have revealed in the life of Gordon M. Mather that a "self-made man" is more than a trite term.

The principal product of The Mather Spring Company is automobile springs, which most often lose their identity when assembled into the innumerable cars in which they are used. The motorist who enjoys the comfort and dependability of his automobile does not often know that he is riding on Mather Springs. So the product, like the man, succeeds strictly because of inherent merit. There is nothing to prevent any automobile manufacturer from making his own springs, or buying them from various sources, except the universally conceded belief that Mather Springs are better.

Before he came to Toledo, Mr. Mather lived and worked in other cities—always, as here, expressing his public-spirited ideals in the tangible form of active and resultant work for general good. In 1911 he organized The Mather Spring Company of this city. It started with approximately 50 employees in a single small building. Today it occupies a large group of modern factories and its pay roll numbers hundreds of skilled workers.

Men like Mr. Mather are successful wherever they may be because with them success is measured by sincerity and effort rather than dividends, but Mr. Mather found his greatest measure of success and prosperity here because Toledo offers to him and offers to all:
The third largest railroad center in the U. S.
One of few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.
Closeness to center of population.
A nationally recognized school system.
A municipal university of first rank.
A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of like size.
An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars.
Moderate climate the year round.
Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

This is the seventh of a series of advertisements on Toledo Leadership. The preceding ones featured

THE AIR WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION
Air-Way Sanitary System for Home Cleaning

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY
Computing Merchandise and Postal Scales and Automatic Dial Industrial Scales in capacities up to [illegible] pounds

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO
Champion Spark Plugs

THE DEVILBISS COMPANY
Atomizers, Perfumizers, and Spray Painting Equipment

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO
Automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND CO
Willys-Knight and Whippet Automobiles

The Industrial Department of the Chamber of Commerce is prepared to furnish complete facts and information about Toledo, and offers assistance to businesses both large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Your inquiry will be held in strict confidence if desired. Address The Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

(Continued from Page 150)

"I propose that we summon him to assist us."

The voting was unanimous. When the approaching Pierre reached the spot where the Conquering Torrent had halted, Plutarque confronted him with a demand for assistance.

"Being already engaged upon a military mission," Pierre protested, "I refuse. The cask of wine in this cart has been purchased by Madame Clothilde for the refreshment of the American soldiers. Out of my way!"

"Pierre, attend upon my words!" Plutarque admonished, loosening his chin strap to facilitate vehemence. "In the name of the French Republic, I command you! Haul our equipment to the top of the hill!"

The unfortunate Pierre, recalling the fate which had overtaken several slackers of his acquaintance, and having a large family to support, temporized by introducing a mercenary element into the conversation.

"For five francs, yes, I will haul your pump," he conceded.

"It is done! Make haste! We shall await you at the barracks Americaine, doing what we can meanwhile to subdue the fire." Plutarque then blew three sharp blasts with his whistle. "Allons, messieurs!"

Before the veterans of the Conquering Torrent had disappeared around the first turn in the road, Pierre, working with unusual diligence, had chained the pump to his wine-laden oxcart. Standing well back, he uncoiled his long blacksnake whip, and after firing a few blanks into the air for moral effect, he burned a gentle incentive on the rotund rump of Nicodemus, the off ox. Seeing no escape from the toils of fate, Nicodemus bellowed a grumble and heaved into the yoke. Feeling the pull of the added burden, the stubborn Nicodemus contented himself with a violent switching of his tail until he came to a branch in the road. The right fork, which had been followed by the six old men of the Conquering Torrent company, led directly up the steep hill to Highzac. The left fork, an easier route toward the same destination, was selected by the stubborn Nicodemus in spite of a fusillade from Pierre's popping whip.

"Very well then, thou stubborn beast," Pierre conceded, "enjoy thy temporary victory, thou headstrong mountain! Allons!"

Without replying to his master's tirade, the sad-eyed Nicodemus plodded along the roundabout route at a two-mile gait, while on the hillside road above, the six veterans of the Conquering Torrent were progressing at nearly the same rate.

At the first post of the Shoveliers' encampment, noting the brass helmets worn by Plutarque and his companions, a puzzled sentry hollered for help.

"Corp'ral the guard! Post Number Seven!" he bawled.

At this outcry, realizing that they were on parade, the six fatigued old men straightened from their slouching gait, fell into step and continued their advance past the puzzled sentry, whose rifle meanwhile hung midway between a parade rest and present arms. Noting the advancing company's indifference to minor details of military procedure, the corporal of the guard ducked into the headquarters tent in search of instructions to cover the emergency: "There's six Frog officers or something just brushed by Henry on Post Seven! They look like generals. What'll I do with 'em?"

Orville Dudd, sergeant major of the Rabble Shoveliers, leaped to his feet. The colonel's plans had miscarried! General Goizet-Diderot had arrived with no host to receive him! Straightening his shoulders under the sudden mantle of unexpected responsibility, Sergeant Major Orville Dudd, visioning the prize for initiative, the penalties of delay, saw his path of duty and went into action for his country.

"I'll take care of the general!" he barked at the corporal of the guard. "Turn out the guard, bring 'em to present arms when we come by." To a couple of pop-eyed orderlies on a bench in the doorway "One of you tell the cook to get ready for action. See if you can find that interpreter." Then, grabbing his copy of French at a Glance, the new-fledged master of events leaped at the difficult task of strengthening the tie that binds two great republics

Confronting Plutarque and his five ornate companions, Orville the Dudd rendered a salute which emerged from the very depths of his soul, and then bowing deeply to the panting sextet, he addressed a quest on to their leader.

"I am very charming to make a general address named Goizet-Diderot, is it not?" he asked in ambitious French.

"These Americains!" Plutarque, bowing deeply, agreed that, yes, indeed, the rainy season was unusually gratifying for all who owned vineyards.

"Ah, oui, mon general; and now, if you will have the honor to pursue me, she will navigate you to breakfast."

Marking time at the general's left until Plutarque got in step and the marching became infectious, Orville the Dudd headed his charges in review past a ten-man guard which included two K. P.'s, a prisoner and an old Frenchwoman who had called for a ration of kitchen grease.

When the company had been seated around the colonel's table in the dining hall adjoining officers' quarters, the sergeant major hunted up a missing word and excused himself for a moment. He returned promptly, carrying the two last bottles of Old Thunderbolt Rye which remained in Colonel Dormant's personal medicine chest. Confident that the colonel would commend his initiative, Orville proceeded to add a final graceful touch of hospitality by pouring seven slugs of Old Thunderbolt for himself and the guests of the regiment.

"And now, messieurs," he said, with lifted glass, "let us absorb at the entente cordially, the liberty bonds of fraternalism and equality with which the United States are stuck as much as France."

Setting a difficult precedent for his guests, Orville drained his glass with two mammoth gulps. Diving in as far as his ears in courteous emulation of his host, old Plutarque managed to swallow half the drink before his throat rebelled. He choked in silence for a little while, shuddering gently, his eyes brimming with tears. Then, exploding with a cyclonic cough, he erupted a gnashing set of porcelain teeth.

"It is nothing—c'est la guerre," Plutarque protested, mumbling his reply to the various exclamations of sympathy which followed the accident.

Beaming upon his guests, the sergeant major turned and whispered harshly to an agitated K. P. "All right with the beefsteaks! Make it snappy!" and then, displaying his genius for detail—"Hash one for the general."

To his guests, falling back once more upon the language of diplomacy: "After the piece of resistance, the—the filly mignon avec champions—we shall, to use an American idiotism, flow the bowl—fluer le basin."

After the second round of Old Thunderbolt Rye, reacting to a sudden ambition toward forensic oratory, the toothless Plutarque got to his feet and mumbled a sibilant toast to America: "Let us drink to the glorious States United of America and their President, Théodore Roosevelt."

In a little while, feeling that he could do no less than trump old Plutarque's ace, Sergeant Major Orville Dudd, equipped with a goblet of Old Thunderbolt and French at a Glance, got away to a flying start and wound up by draining his glass to "the President of France."

At this, "Huzzaah!" exclaimed the toothless Plutarque. "Hooplash!" he continued, leading the cheering, which lasted long enough to convince the gratified Orville that his efforts toward cementing the international amity had not been in vain.

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"And now, messieurs," Plutarque went on, after the applause had subsided, "we have enjoyed this repast—the substantial viands no less than the feast of reason and should we succumb to temptations we would elect to linger here until the dawn."

"Ah, oui." Nodding slightly, Orville Dudd drooped a heavy lid over a glassy eye and smiled affably at the toothless Plutarque's cryptic words. "Whatever the old bird orates is all right," Orville reflected. "Leave him ramble."

"But alas, messieurs, the best of friends must part. The happiest hours give place to the demands of duty." He turned to the sagging Orville. "With the permission of monsieur the gallant host, to whom we extend our sincere compliments, we will adjourn to the theater of combat, where, heaven grant, our struggles with the fire fiend shall be crowned with a success which will include the total extinction of the conflagration."

With his hand on his stomach, Plutarque bowed to Orville the Dudd, who, recognizing the last word, essayed a wild guess at the speaker's closing sentence.

"Ah, oui," he agreed, "conflagration in the stomach. Heartburn. A li'l' soda'll fix it. Tomorrow mornin' all good again tout bon encore."

"Such is the truth, is it not?" Old Plutarque, suddenly agile for his age, stepped easily over the long bench on which he was seated, and, summoning his companions with lifted hand, he bowed once more to Orville Dudd, who, slouching to slumberland, dreamed presently of Sam Browne belts buckled around mammoth bottles of Old Thunderbolt Rye.

While four envious K. P.'s carried the limp Orville to his bunk, old Plutarque, leading his five companions, explored the immediate vicinity of regimental headquarters in search of the conflagration. After ten minutes lost in roundabout marching, the veterans of the Conquering Torrent halted to afford the protesting Bartholemé opportunity to curse his itching chilblains. Bartholemé's words were interrupted by a distant tirade which the old men recognized as being the voice of Pierre Porpoise talking to Nicodemus, his stubborn ox.

"Reminding us, messieurs," Plutarque at once announced, "that the sluggard Pierre deserves a similar reprimand for his delay. Allons! Let us employ upon Pierre the same scathing oaths which he now showers upon his poor dumb Nicodemus."

Meeting Plutarque's garrulous complaint with a practical defense, Pierre injected some sordid financial details into the argument. "Here is your fire pump. Pay me my money. Give me the five francs."

Halting in his vituperative attack, old Plutarque frowned and began a fruitless search of his pockets. Discovering no money, the old man waved the insistent Pierre away with a regal gesture. "Your demand will be met in due time. The five francs will be paid you, if not by me, then by someone else. C'est la guerre! In a moment like this, how dare you annoy us with absurd discussions relative to money? Unchain that pump from your ox team and be off with you!"

At this the persistent Pierre renewed his claims, but at the height of his oration, breaking in upon his demands, came the clang of the brass bell above the old Norman church! On the quiet evening air the voice of the bell rang loud and clear. "Attend, messieurs!" Old Plutarque raised his hand for silence. Then, when the reverberating clamor of the bell continued without interruption—"By the life of the martyrs, it is a general alarm! For your lives! Lay hold upon the pump! The fire must be in the heart of town."

Starting at a trot, the six old men, towing the pump behind them, headed downhill along the steep road which led to Lowzac. Reaching the hillside from which in the daytime an unobstructed view of the lower terrain could be obtained, "The old church is on fire!" Pierre exclaimed. "Double your pace, that we may attack the flames before they consume our homes!"

Halfway down the hill, from another vantage point, galloping along now in front of the pump and exerting every effort to hold back its rattling carriage, which from the pull of gravity was almost beyond control, the six old men caught a fleeting glimpse of the scene below them.

The roof of the old Norman church was on fire! Silhouetted against the glare, standing in the shelter of a heavy stone parapet, they saw the forms of two men. "Mon Dieu!" groaned the breathless Plutarque. "Soldats Americains!"

"Guard against the turn!" With a heroic effort that demanded all the breath in his straining lungs, the ancient Bartholemé called a warning: "Make ready to swing at the turn before us!" Rounding the turn in the road at a speed which bade fair to carry the rumbling apparatus over the edge, the six struggling veterans of the Conquering Torrent fought valiantly and managed to guide the wheels of the rolling demon fairly along the rutted road. Now, with the instant of threatened destruction behind them, Plutarque, leading his fellows, glanced once more toward the brilliant glare which illuminated the scene below.

Suddenly the glare increased until the light possessed a blinding brilliance. Then, from the immediate foreground, there came the harsh note of an automobile horn. "Messieurs, arrêtez! Halt! Retard! Reverse ——"

A final admonition, croaked in the moment preceding a crash that shook the solid earth about them—"To the woods! Silence!"

Huddled like a covey of frightened quail in the dim twilight, the six veterans of the Conquering Torrent observed a scene enacted before their eyes which prompted them, when the coast was clear, to retreat more deeply into the sheltering woods.

Tangled in the bumper of Col. Ashby Dormant's touring car was the wreck of what had been the fire pump. Sticking out of the tonneau of the automobile, a sputtering match revealed half a dozen waving legs incased variously in polished riding boots and brilliant leather putties. After a moment filled with a chorus of French profanity, underneath which boomed the reassuring oaths of Col. Ashby Dormant, the hidden spectators saw the American colonel clamber over the side of his automobile. On his feet again, Colonel Dormant began to assist with the disembarkation of a rotund French general whose left leg, swathed in bandages, enjoyed the protection of three solicitous French colonels, a Belgian interpreter and a fourth caretaker of indeterminate status.

When an inventory of the damage had revealed that the principal hardship occasioned by the accident consisted of the necessity of walking from the scene of the crash to Colonel Dormant's camp, a little while was given to mutual congratulations, and then, to the Belgian interpreter "Tell the general that because our lights are out and because the runaway wagon has blocked the road, we shall have to walk to headquarters," Colonel Dormant directed.

Upon receipt of this information, General Goizet-Diderot, half reclining on the arms of his two colonels, groaned a groan and referred volubly to the thousand devils who were just then torturing his gouty but portable foot.

"It is the war—c'est la guerre, as you say," Col. Ashby Dormant returned with forced cheer. "However, a good time may yet be had by one and all." The colonel turned again to the interpreter. "Tell the general that we will have a few cheering rounds of good American whisky which I have saved for the occasion, and after that a dinner during which, with the aid of the flowing bowl, we shall promote the ties of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Cutting this oration to the core—"The colonel says he has some whisky in camp," the Belgian interpreter translated.

"Ah, oui, wis-kee." Col. Ashby Dormant nodded his head and smiled hopefully

(Continued on Page 158)

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(Continued from Page 154)

at General Goizet-Diderot, who, groaning his consent to the program, mollified slightly by Colonel Dormant's promises, led the march at a limping step up the hill along the rutted road toward the colonel's dark and deserted banquet hall, from which cooks and waiters, following Sergeant Major Orville Dudd's example, had fled to their well-earned rest.

In the dark, halfway to the promised land, ramming his bandaged foot violently against the sharp edge of a discarded brass helmet lying in his path, General Goizet-Diderot uttered a few impulsive phrases in an impassioned tone, which indicated that the sacred ties of equality and fraternity were stressed to the breaking point.

Before the general's parting hymn of hate had died on the evening air, old Plutarque and his five associates of the Conquering Torrent abandoned their hiding places in the roadside thicket and resumed their flight down the hill toward their flaming objective on the edge of Lowzac.

Nearing the old Norman church, whose blazing roof rendered the local scene as bright as day, they saw a milling mob of their countrymen, citizens of the village, and mingled with this mob they observed the olive-drab uniforms of a few American stragglers from the Shoveliers.

Sheltered by the belfry wall twelve feet above the ground, mistaking the harsh babble of advice which lifted from the throats of the excited French citizens for threats of retribution, Spike and Jugger elected to remain safely out of the clutches of the natives of Lowzac rather than surrender to the savage throng.

"I told you not to throw them cigarette stubs into that hay," Spike called in an accusing tone to his sullen companion.

"How d'ya git that way?" Jugger returned. "You touched off these fireworks when you dropped that match. Fine time to begin passin' the buck!" Jugger flourished his shovel to accent his words. Then what promised to be a two-man feud was abandoned suddenly in a truce between the two Horseless Shoveliers, who united their forces in a common front against what they took to be a new offensive from the mob below them.

A volley of sticks and stones aimed at the alarm bell by the citizens of Lowzac in an effort to summon the absent Plutarque and the rest of his Conquering Torrent fell about the two soldiers.

With this, seemingly to add insult to injury, they were showered with hoarse phrases of advice from the leather lungs of half a dozen excited villagers. "Hit the bell with the spade! Sonnez! Ring! The spade! Sonnez avec la bêche!"

Reacting with a snarl of rage, Jugger reached down and picked up an empty champagne bottle. "Spike, did you hear what that Frog said?"

Spike, busied at the instant in hurling his shovel at the foremost adviser, grunted his reply, "Oomp!" and then, sounding the battle cry to his countrymen scattered below him among the milling citizens of Lowzac—"Let's go, Rabble!" he called. "Eat 'em up, you Horseless Shoveliers!" He followed the battle cry by launching five more heavy champagne bottles in rapid succession at selected heads of the mob. He noted with a soul-satisfying gratification that the battle was on between Lowzac and the Horseless Shoveliers.

He yelled a final rallying call to Jugger: "Let's go, wild man! Pick your Frog and ride him rough!"

Together the pair leaped from the low wall of the old Norman church. On the ground, with battering fists and ironclad shoes they plowed into a riotous mob under whose feet presently the last shreds of fraternité were trampled into the war-torn mud of La Belle France.

At this moment, farther up the hill in the deserted banquet hall, the frenzied Col. Ashby Dormant was attempting to explain to the gouty General Goizet-Diderot, with the aid of a gloating Belgian interpreter, just why the Old Thunderbolt and the wassail and the entente cordiale would have to be postponed.

"You may tell Colonel Dormant," General Goizet-Diderot instructed the interpreter, "that should he never, never give the banquet of fraternité, it will be quite soon enough for me."

After which, following an hour's delay spent in waiting for a hired hack to transport them back through the drizzling rain, General Goizet-Diderot and his staff departed from the scene of the sidetracked festivities.

In the darkness, jolting down the rough and rutted road from Highzac to Lowzac in his open-faced hack, the general and his chattering staff encountered a battle-scarred detachment of Horseless Shoveliers, who were correct in assuming that their uphill march would lead them straight to the guardhouse.

Prisoners in the guardhouse, Jugger and Spike and the rest of the shock troops looked around in the dim light shed by two lanterns. Now, contemplating the toll that would be exacted from them in payment for the day, they realized that in spite of their brief hour of pleasure and their casual victory in unworthy combat, the day had been a total loss.

Then in the shadows Spike's roving eye caught the first glimpse of the silver lining to their cloud of sorrow, where, groaning himself free from his overdose of Old Thunderbolt, Sergeant Major Orville Dudd had begun to react to visions of his personal future.

Identifying the sergeant major—"'Ten-shun, men!" Spike called to the congregated culprits. "Look who's here!"

"How come, Orville?" Jugger voiced the second inquiry. "How come that a brass-neck sergeant major associates with us Rabble?"

"He ain't a sergeant major any more," the corporal of the guard interposed. "Colonel busted him an hour ago—busted him higher'n a kite and give him sixty in and two-thirds off his pay along with it."

Later in the month, engaged in working out his sentence, Orville Dudd, wearing the string of a suspended gunny sack about him instead of the anticipated Sam Browne belt, carrying a broom handle with a nail in the end of it instead of a swagger stick, reaping waste paper and trash around the camp instead of medals, was noticeably slower with his repartee than he had been in the days of his freedom. A French child seeking souvenirs of cigarettes and ching-ching gum questioned him.

"Officier?" asked the little girl.

Feeling the need of a retort that would combine invective with brutality, Orville Dudd reached instinctively for French at a Glance, threatening the child meanwhile with a flourish of his broom handle.

Spike and Jugger heard the little French girl's question as they marched past with a G. I. can slung between them. They volunteered to reply for Orville.

"Officier?" the little girl asked.

"No, mon cherie," answered Spike while Orville Dudd scowled at the child, "he's a private soldat. Bokoo private."

Jugger, trailing aft of the G. I. can, helped with a mocking laugh. "Ah, oui, ah, oui, sister," he added. "I'll tell the cock-eyed tout le monde the bird is bokoo private! Permanent private." Then to the glaring Orville Dudd: "Hit the ball, jailbird! You're in the Army now!"

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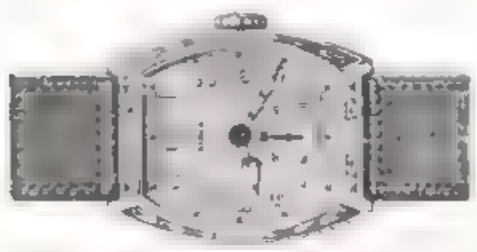

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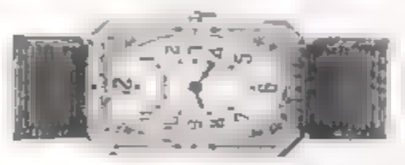

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THE BORDER JUMPERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Paige, poor devil, will go to almost any length to get what he wants," Blake said. "But we're tapering him off nicely. No end of improvement. . . . Here we are."

He led the way into a room that opened off the patio. The light of a kerosene lamp revealed the fact that Carson's toilet articles had been neatly arranged on the dresser top. In a doorless niche that served as a clothes closet his canvas war sack, quite empty, was suspended from a peg in the adobe wall.

Blake opened a dresser drawer and his hearty laugh boomed forth.

"These Chinese! Perfect servants, but sometimes their zeal exceeds the letter of instructions. I see that they have unpacked your effects and stored them away. Forgot to tell them you were leaving in the morning. Anyway, I hope repacking doesn't inconvenience you too much. I wish you a good night's sleep. We have to insist on quiet for Paige's sake. No doubt it seems rather odd to you that I should rather take command of things here. But that was his own stipulation when I agreed to take him in hand. Terrible wreck when we came here. Much improved—noticeably so. . . . G'night."

The doorway of Carson's room yawned open on the patio, doorless and without so much as a cloth covering.

"Since I'm thus pitilessly exposed to view," Carson said, "modesty whispers that I should disrobe in the dark."

He extinguished the flame of the kerosene lamp and removed his apparel, piling it on a chair near the door. On the top of the pile he draped his chaps, gun belt still attached and the gun butt protruding from the holster. "Just as evidence of trust and confidence in my hosts, that latter touch; and by way of showing confidence in myself—this."

"This" consisted of placing beneath his pillow a shoulder holster and a heavy service automatic that had reposed under his left armpit, while the six-shooter had swung in plain view at his hip. Then he twisted a final cigarette and stowed himself comfortably in bed, reclining on his right side, with his face toward the door.

Of course, if Blake was operating the ranch as a hop-head sanitarium for one, with the purpose of curing Paige by the old-time method of tapering him off by administering gradually lessening quantities of dope, it accounted for the fact that Paige seemed to have so little to say in the management of affairs. But why were the others so watchful of him—so determined that he should not get in so much as a sentence with Carson that was not overheard by the others?

Of course, as Blake had intimated, the poor devil would go to any length to procure the dope that he craved. He might make some offer so large as to tempt any wayfaring stranger to make a return trip to supply him. That theory also would account for the fact that Carson's effects had been thoroughly searched. On the other hand ——

His reflections were interrupted by the least suspicion of a footfall outside, and a tingle crept along his spine. He continued to breathe heavily and regularly as his right hand closed on the butt of the automatic and trained its muzzle on the figure that loomed dimly in the doorway. Silently, the intruder removed Carson's clothing from the chair near the door.

"If I'd showed symptoms of wakefulness, a perfect servant would have explained that he was taking my togs to dust 'em off and freshen 'em up. Now they'll search my pockets and find nothing of any greater interest than they did in my other effects. Well and good; but I do hope he returns them. A male human is always afflicted with a ridiculous feeling of inefficiency to cope with any situation when he's minus his pants. Still, with pants or without, I'm imprisoned."

His quarters were windowless and he was shut in by thick adobe walls save on the patio side.

"No sign of a woman," he mused. "I wonder if Carlos meant that this was the hang-out of the mythical lady that nobody knows. He didn't say. But he did write that he believed the rumored Edith Call was a real person and that he had a halfway sort of line on her real identity."

An acrid taint was wafted in through the doorway. "The perfect servants," Carson said, "are taking advantage of the boss' heavy slumbering habits to indulge in a little session of hitting the pipe. That's opium fumes. Some Chink has cooked himself a shell and no mistake."

His weary body gained ascendancy over his mental activities and sleep claimed him. However, some cell of his subconscious was operating in the dual capacity of watchdog and alarm clock. He was suddenly awake, every faculty alert, his hand closing automatically upon the gun beneath his pillow. For the space of half a minute there was not so much as a sound. Then a figure darkened the doorway, this time to replace the clothing.

"There's my bill of health until daybreak, anyway," he said. "Evidently they don't figure to do me in while I sleep. I wonder what chance there'd be to make a little sortie and look this plant over. I'd like real well to reconnoiter a bit. If only I could locate that old tunnel and take a prowl through it to locate the far end, I could return and get the low-down on this nest."

The place had been built far back in the border days when marauding Apaches had swooped upon outlying settlers. The original grantee had taken this hazard into consideration and had arranged for a route of retreat for his family in case of emergency. An ancient coulee, worn in the rock, had led through a chaparral-clad gulch, and the builders of the ranch house had adopted the expedient of roofing this narrow crevice with slabs of rock and covering them with earth, thus fashioning a tunnel whose upper extremity opened into a little blind pocket above a box canyon some three hundred yards up in the hills behind the house.

Whether the necessity for its use as a means of escape had arisen in former days there was no way of knowing. But as a half-grown lad, it had pleased Carlos Martin's fancy to prowl its tortuous length and to remove such semiobstructions as had been occasioned by crumbling sides during the course of the years. He had related to Carson his imaginary escapes from Apaches by means of this crude corridor. It opened, Carson knew, from the floor of one of the rooms that opened off the patio. The Martins had discovered its existence when the stone and-adobe floor had caved into it. After reflooring the spot with planking, the room had been used thereafter as a storeroom.

"I'd give a pretty to know what use this layout is making of Carlos' old tunnel—or if they even know of it," Carson said. "When all's quiet, I'll take a chance."

A half hour later he rose and moved to the door, gazing out into the gloom of the patio. Dim bars of light gleamed through the interstices of shuttered windows diagonally across from him.

"I'll saunter round and listen in," he decided. "This crew has worked up my curiosity something astonishing. Maybe I'll learn some new wrinkles on how to operate a cow outfit."

Silently, his bare feet making no sound on the flagging, he moved along the wall with a tiny flash torch in his hand. He had progressed perhaps ten steps from his doorway when a swift icy current traveled through him and a curious electric tingle pricked at his spine. He had almost stepped upon a pair of feet and legs that seemed to protrude from the very wall. One of the members had moved slightly, otherwise he would have tripped over the extended legs without seeing them. Instantly he divined the situation. Some man was sitting in the next doorway to his own, back against the casing and legs protruding diagonally.

With rare presence of mind, Carson coughed and cleared his throat loudly. There was swift movement of the legs that were barely discernible in the darkness. Carson coughed again and switched on his little torch. A face, white and pasty, from which distended pupils blinked into the brilliant beam for a single second, was etched indelibly upon Carson's mind. Then the man, who had risen to his feet and stood in the yawning doorway, shielded his face with his hand and half turned away.

"Oh!" Carson said mildly. "You can help me out. I'm fair perishing for a drink and was setting out to find a place to slake my thirst. A man's system gets plumb dried out on a day's ride in the desert and it keeps squalling for water all night."

"Switch off that light," said the other. "My eyes can't stand light."

Carson obliged, but not until he had observed the fact that while the man's left hand shielded his face his right hand had darted beneath his jacket as if to rest upon a gun under his left arm.

"I'll send you round some water," the man in the doorway volunteered. "I was restless tonight—couldn't sleep, so I was setting there. Don't dare prowl round and take a chance on rousing the boss—he'd raise hell; so I was just setting there thinking. You go back to bed and I'll send round a pitcher of water right off."

"Thanks, old man," Carson returned. "It'll save me from getting splinters in my feet. Don't forget, will you? My throat is dry as a file."

He returned to his room and within three minutes a silent-footed Chinese slipped in with a pitcher and glass. "Fortunate I glimpsed those legs in time to cough and think of water. Guess that latter came from the fact that my mouth did go dry for a space. In another second I'd have tripped across his pins and fallen in his lap. It would have startled him, so he'd have shot me in two in the middle, or fetched a screech out of him that would have roused the whole Southwest. Another hop-head, from his eyes, I expect. Prudence tells me that for the rest of this night I'd better do my prowling in bed."

He dropped to sleep again, only to open his eyes before he had slumbered for an hour.

It was near midnight, perhaps later, he estimated. What was it that had roused him this time? Suddenly there was an outburst of barking from the two dogs outside. From the varying nature of the sounds, it was evident that the dogs barked first on one side of the house and a moment later on the opposite side.

"They've turned those two man-eaters loose to prowl outside for the night. Is that to guard against visitors arriving unannounced, or to keep the patients from making a hasty exit in one of those cars in a race for dope while the others sleep? Those dogs view Paige with dislike and suspicion. That much was dead sure. They'd jump him if he showed up outside when they were loose. Blake observed that this was a quiet, peaceful spot. As our friend Paige would so aptly remark, 'So's Chicago.'"

Then, faint and from afar, another sound reached his ears, the barely perceptible vibrations of an aeroplane motor. Almost on the instant the faint drone was drowned out by the roar of a motor that came to life close at hand. It seemed to Carson that the motors of all three of the cars in the yard must have been started simultaneously and that the operators were racing the engines. Also it seemed that the dim

(Continued on Page 160

YES, TIMES HAVE CHANGED

If you could only talk with the thousands of women who already have the Kohler Electric Sink! Just *read* what some of these women say—in brief extracts from typical letters in our files.*

"I am enthusiastic about my new Kohler Electric Sink. It washes the dishes perfectly, drying them with a gloss that is especially pleasing. It seems to make no difference how greasy they are."—Mrs. M. M. B., Plymouth, Mass.

You see, the Kohler Electric Sink insures not only perfect washing, but also perfect rinsing with hot water, so the dishes dry *themselves*—the hygienic way which guards against disease germs commonly carried by dish cloths and dish towels.

"The Kohler Electric Sink is far more sanitary in the way my dishes dry than any other way I know."—Mrs. B. V., Grand Rapids, Mich.

*Names and addresses gladly furnished on request

How about the pots and pans?

"I wash in it everything I use in the preparation or serving of our meals—kettles, pots and pans, which are cleansed perfectly."—Mrs. P. C. P., Salt Lake City, Utah

But the Kohler Electric Sink does even more.

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Perhaps the servant problem rises now and then to vex you.

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Suppose you could hire a servant who would accept wages for the first few months only, agreeing to work for you free forever after. Isn't that what happens when you buy a Kohler Electric Sink *on convenient time payments?* The following statement—from a man, this time—sums up the economic question.

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From The Shivery Sixties
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Quickest Way to the Comfort Zone!

WHEN a sudden icy wave sweeps down and leaves you shivering with its penetrating cold, light a Perfection, and instantly relax in its generous, wide-spreading heat! If you haven't a Perfection, get one of the handsome, enameled models at any dealer's. You will find its beauty harmonizing with your loveliest rooms—its clean, fresh heat bringing abundant comfort—and its cost of operation less than that of any other portable heater. Get a Perfection, and spend the winter in the Comfort Zone!

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*
Sold in Canada by the Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

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light of the doorway increased just a fraction, only to dim again after a moment. This illusion was repeated several times.

Were his eyes flickering? No. Lights were flashing on and off somewhere outside. That would be the headlights of the three cars, flashing their lights out across the alfalfa meadow. The lights were trained low and away from the house, their rays obscured by the walls of the patio, so the effect was almost imperceptible from Carson's doorway. The racing engines drowned out all other sounds. Nevertheless, Carson sensed that some human presence haunted the shadows just outside, so he continued to feign sleep. Not a bad landing field, that little alfalfa flat, illuminated by the headlights of the three cars. That flashing of the lights, though—switching them on and off—was it to warn the plane against making a landing while the roar of the three cars drowned out the purr of its motor, or to cover the sound of its landing?

"This place gives me the jerks," Carson declared. "I'm craving an early sunrise."

The motors continued to roar for a period of minutes. Then they were switched off, and Blake's big voice could be heard booming wrathfully somewhere outside, as he profanely demanded what the this-and-that was meant by such a disturbance. Presently he strode through the patio, still muttering irately, and paused outside Carson's door.

"Asleep?" he inquired softly.

"No," said Carson, knowing the futility of pretending that he had slept through such a commotion. "I waked up and heard a motor running; thought maybe someone was arriving or leaving and was churning along in the lane, making heavy going of it. Then you started calling out to someone."

"That was my chauffeur," Blake asserted. His short laugh conveyed a mixture of irritation and amusement. "He's a good driver too. I'd told him yesterday to tune up the engine on one of my cars and he forgot it. Guess he took on a few too many snifters tonight. Was sitting up reading in his room, he said, and happened to remember what I told him. He conceived the bright idea of tuning it up tonight. Can you beat it?" Blake laughed again, as if his good humor were reasserting itself. "Sorry it disturbed you," he chuckled. "Good night."

"Not too bad," Carson complimented silently as he listened to Blake's retreating tread on the flagging. "Not too bad at all. The whole play was in character. But I'm afraid it was just a mite elaborate."

Sometime before dawn he was roused again, his hand slipping to the automatic beneath his head. There was a stealthy tread outside. Then a bland Oriental voice announced from the darkness, "Mistlee Blake likee speak along you."

Paige's voice, with manifest irritation, and also, Carson thought, a trace of apprehension, replied, "So you're here!"

"Allee time here," the Oriental voice returned suavely. "You come now, pleece?"

Had Paige been trying to get into communication with him? Carson wondered. Maybe the watch was maintained more to guard against such a contingency than to prevent guests from prowling—possibly both.

Paige's voice floated back as he suffered himself to be led away. "So's the solemn Hindu and the heathen Chinee," he sagely remarked.

III

TO LARRY CARSON, looking down from the lofty rims, the ranch buildings took on the semblance of toy houses. The old Teepee ranch, Carson reflected, was located in the exact center of nowhere. His eye followed out the white streak of the road that he had traversed the previous day. That road extended due east from the ranch for a distance of almost forty miles to the little way station, Teepee Siding, on the railroad, the siding that had been the Martins' shipping point when T. P. steers were sent to market. Between the ranch and the siding there was not so much as a prospector's shack or an Indian hogan.

The railroad swept south and west from Teepee Siding in a vast bend designed to avoid the jumble of the barren Armajo Mountains with their maze of box canyons. It was approximately thirty miles due south from the ranch to the railroad, Carson estimated, and without human habitation between. To the west of the ranch the trail that he now followed led across the hills for almost another forty miles to the little inland mining camp of Armajo, whose only communication with the outside world was by means of a stage trail to the railroad.

"And to the northward," Carson reflected, "it's no telling how far it is to anywheres—a long stretch, likely."

The original Spanish grant that comprised the home ranch of the Martins had not been large, as such landed estates are reckoned in the great Southwest—a matter of perhaps ten thousand acres grouped round the trickling spring creek that flowed down the east slope of the hills and made human habitation possible. Its course had been fashioned into a half dozen tiny reservoirs in which the water necessary to irrigate the trees, garden and little stand of alfalfa was stored. After acquiring the original grant, Martin had added to his holdings, and these additions had been wisely chosen. In the old days of lax and loosely administered land laws he had induced sundry of his ranch hands and their friends, all of American citizenry, though of Mexican parentage, to file on various homestead tracts. Final proof had been not too difficult a matter then, and as patents had been issued to the claimants of these filings, Martin had bought out the patentees. In this fashion he had acquired perhaps twenty quarter sections, widely scattered. But each had been chosen with an eye for reservoir possibilities and on each earthen dikes had been constructed across the course of shallow draws, thus forming tanks that retained the flood waters of the infrequent desert deluges and made water holes for stock available. Thus, with a relatively small acreage of owned land, the Martins had controlled a vast mileage of range.

Carson had left the ranch early that morning without so much as a glimpse of any of its occupants save Snell. He completed his survey and rode on to the west. For a few miles the trail led through rough chaparral-clad hills, then out into more open country.

A vast upland bench of uninviting aspect stretched away before him for perhaps fifteen miles. Big Bench topped the northern crest of the Armajo Mountains and sloped gently to the north, seeming to stretch away interminably to merge with the desert flats of the low country.

"In the very nature of things, I had to keep riding right along up the trail until I topped out," he said. "It's a mortal cinch they had glasses on me, and maybe even someone to follow along and observe me. A mite premature to prospect for the mouth of that old outlet; but from the lay of the land, I'd lay a bet I could locate it in half an hour."

He held on until he had traversed half the width of Big Bench in a westerly direction toward Armajo, then turned northward down the gentle slope. Arroyos became more frequent. For a space he followed the faint semblance of an old trail, but this now played out.

Presently he turned to the west up the course of an arroyo, but after following it for half a mile or more, he crossed it and held on to the north. A second *barranca* was prospected for a short distance and similarly deserted. Eventually a deep arroyo with perpendicular walls confronted him and he sought for a break, rode down to its sandy floor and rode up its course. The walls were higher, its width narrower, as he progressed until he was riding between cut banks some thirty feet high, while the width of the wash was but half

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Leading Authorities Urge *Automatic* Motor Protection

as the only *effective* means of fighting dangerous cold—and breaking car owners of the costly cold-weather "choke" habit

SAYS a leading engineer—"If the motor car owners who take pride in their cars could see what takes place in starting and running a cold-stiffened, 'over-choked' motor, you wouldn't be able to build Winterfronts fast enough to meet the demand."

Engineering findings show that cold is definitely responsible for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. Tests prove at 60° Fahrenheit cold strikes its first blow at unprotected motors.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke" flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature—keeps cold out—ends heat waste—automatically

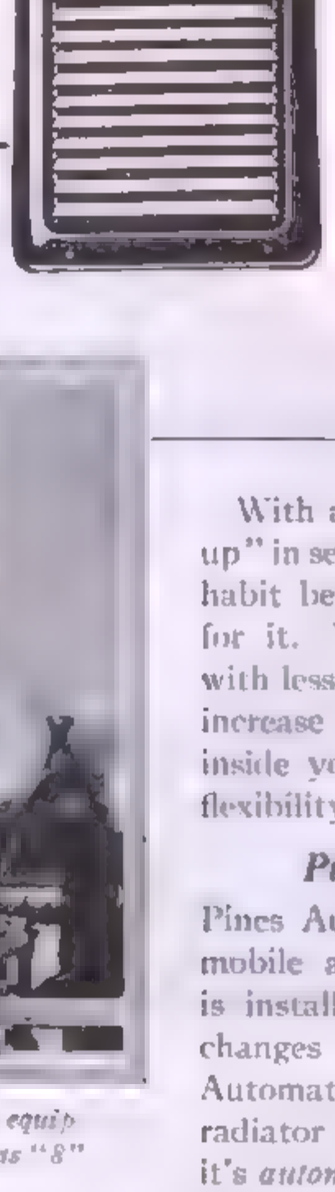
The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods

You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*



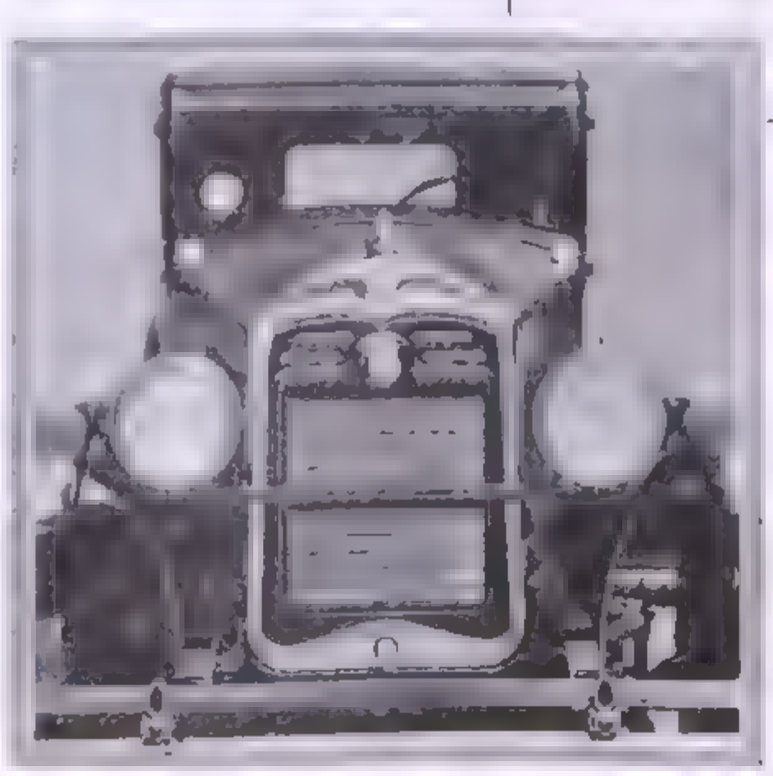
Opens Itself

when your motor needs cool air.

Closes Itself

when your motor needs heat.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.



Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6."

An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Remember—it's *automatic*. Insist on getting the original for this reason. Cold is too serious a menace to take chances with. Winterfront results are possible only because it is *automatic*.

Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

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PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

Public Confidence in the Certain-teed Label is the Keystone of Certain-teed's Growth

In far off Bombay or Tokio, as in countless other parts of the world, you will find many people who know, trust and insist upon getting products bearing the Certain-teed label. This wide-spread public confidence is the keystone of Certain-teed's steady growth.

Such confidence has been attained through careful adherence to the basic Certain-teed policies: manufacturing products of exceptional quality and selling them at a price always advantageous to the user. Economies obtained from scientific management; elimination of waste in every operation and department; and the use of advanced principles in merchandising, selling and distributing—make it possible to provide such outstanding values.

The Certain-teed label is a seal of security to an army of users. It represents not alone quality and value, but also a conscientious, efficient service—a service that quickly provides them any one of a hundred and more products, at any time, in any amounts. The combined experiences of these careful purchasers have built up the greatest asset Certain-teed possesses—public confidence.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES
LACQUERS

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

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that distance across. The sandy floor revealed evidence of considerable travel by jack rabbits, coyotes and desert foxes.

"One thing sure, ponies," he said, "if we don't locate this alleged spring seep, you're going to be a brace of almighty dry cayuses before we can make it back and down the west slope to the Armajo Tanks. But this is the place, according to specifications," he announced, as he observed old horse signs left since the last flood water had come boiling down the *barranca* to obliterate all signs.

His horse pricked its ears alertly and increased the measure of its pace. A hundred yards farther and the animal dropped its head and sampled the sand with a long intake of breath and an explosive exhalation, then pawed tentatively at the dry surface.

"Sub-surface moisture, eh?" Carson asked. "Step along a bit farther, horse, and we'll maybe strike live water."

This prediction was verified. Round the next bend the sand was moist, and fifty yards beyond that point a tiny pool of water sparkled in a pothole of hard clay. A trickle of water drained into it. Above, for another twenty yards, there was a series of such tiny pools, none of them exceeding two feet in diameter and ten inches in depth. The walls of the *barranca* were now of rock and rose forty feet on either hand, with a gap of less than six feet between them at the top. A rock ledge some twenty feet in height blocked farther progress, its lower half moist from the little trickles of water that issued from a crevice and poured down the face of it. Carson dismounted, and while his horses drank thirstily he inspected a series of ancient stepping places that had been hewed in the face of this obstructing ledge, gripped one with his hand, placed his foot in another and so mounted it. Beyond, the narrow floor of the *barranca* was dry as the desert.

"So this," he said, "is the fabled Apache Spring. Small wonder the troopers believed that the Armajos were ghost mountains and that any body of Apache hostiles that managed to beat the cavalry into these hills after an outbreak were able to turn into cactus plants until after the soldiers had departed. Up to this day, it's not likely that any white man outside of Carlos Martin ever set eyes on it prior to my own advent just now."

Carlos had related to him the tale of the old Apache hide-out and the old-time rumor of Apache Spring, a spot no man had found. An Indian with a trace of Mexican blood, long a retainer of the elder Martin, had led Carlos to the spot, thus verifying the rumor of its existence. He gazed up at the narrow opening between the walls of the *barranca*, the thickets of brush on either hand almost meeting.

"A hundred Apaches could hide out here without a body of cavalry being any the wiser," Carlos said. "They could scatter and come across rocky stretches without their moccasins leaving any tracks and join at this spot, dropping down the walls and leaving no tracks either up or down the course of this wash. No man would ever suspect water here, and unless he cut his way through fifty yards of chaparral and struck the edge of this place within twenty yards so he could look right down on those spring pools, he would just never locate it. An Apache was safe enough from pursuit once he got into the Armajos after a raid. Ghost mountains for sure; they'd evaporate all right—a whole war party—and leave the bluecoats guessing. Small wonder the earth seemed to swallow those desert marauders whenever the cavalry chased a parcel of 'em into the Armajos. I wonder, now, where old Miguel had his still."

Carlos Martin, returning after the years, had visited this spot, to find the old native—the only other human aside from himself who knew its location—eking out an existence by moonshining at Apache Spring. He had supplied Miguel with funds and made him cease operations. Carson moved up the course of the *barranca* for perhaps a hundred yards and located the spot. Two fifty-gallon barrels, a small copper boiler, a coil and some other paraphernalia graced the spot. The barrels were still filled with a sour-smelling mash that had foamed over and leaked down the sides. Moonshining in the arid regions of the Southwest was a most hazardous pursuit, with small chance of successful operations, as Carson well knew. The officers, knowing the location of every water hole, had only to visit them systematically when there was an influx of moonshine in any given locality.

"That wouldn't hold good here, however," Carson said. "Old Miguel had water, fuel and materials ready to hand. He could make his mash out of agave plants, run off a few gallons of mescal and peddle it among the Chollos in Armajo for sufficient to keep him in grub, clothing and tobacco. I expect it looked like a good living to him after being deprived of a livelihood with the Martins. He packed those barrels here in a knocked-down state and set 'em up again. One thing, he had a plant where any officer would never think to look for it. I wonder where the old rascal is now since Carlos is gone with the rest of the Martins. He may come back and go into business again. Anyway, Apache Spring will make me one satisfactory headquarters for a while."

Three days later, an hour before dawn, having left his horse concealed in a mesquite thicket under the rims, he descended the trail on foot to a point perhaps a quarter of a mile behind the ranch house. Throughout that period he had waited with such patience as he could muster for a steady wind from the east. The dense chaparral would conceal him from the sight of the human occupants of the ranch, but the wind, if at his back, would carry his scent to the two savage dogs in the ranch yard and their actions would betray his whereabouts. He turned to the south and worked his way through the dense mesquite and other brush toward the point where, on the day of his ascent from the ranch, a gentle depression in the brush tops had indicated a long, narrow dip in the surface. Its upper extremity had terminated at the rims of a tiny box canyon that fell away to the south. The sun rose before he had made much progress and the chaparral was so dense as to render progress almost impossible at many points. Inch by inch, he worked toward his goal.

"If a shift of wind doesn't give me away to that pair of man-killers down in the yard, I'll make it at the rate of fifty yards an hour—provided my skin holds out."

Eventually he reached the rim of the little box canyon and peered down into its floor, which was clogged with almost impenetrable jungles of chaparral. Then, cautiously, he worked down its rim toward the ranch. It required the better part of an hour to cover the necessary distance. He was then but approximately three hundred yards up in the hills behind the ranch buildings at their base. The little box canyon—which, at some time during the past centuries, had been the course of the spring creek that now trickled down the gulch that led directly into the ranch yard—opened into the flats some three hundred yards south of the buildings. From where Carson stood on its north rim, a sag in the brush tops angled obliquely down toward the ranch. Carson dipped into a generous notch where this sloping depression joined the rim of the canyon. This basin was perhaps thirty feet across and largely free of brush.

He halted before entering it. This, undoubtedly, was near the exit of that old route of escape planned by the original grantee, to be used by the survivors in case of a successful hostile siege and sacking of the hacienda. Did the present occupants know of its existence and make use of it?

"Take it easy and cautious-like," he advised himself. "Remember that Carlos Martin failed to return."

Presently he descended, parting the brush cautiously, and entered the little opening. The rim of the canyon fell away on the south. On the north the opening was flanked by a rocky bank some eight feet in height and covered with a matted jungle of brush.

Behind a thick clump of mesquite he discerned a narrow orifice some four feet in height by less than half that width. He had to force his way between the bank and the brush to reach it.

He flashed his torch into the narrow opening. Both its roof and floor pitched abruptly downward and he made the first descent of perhaps a dozen yards. Then the floor widened, flattened out somewhat, and some object reflected the rays of his flash torch.

Arrayed against the side wall were several dozen small cans and several that were larger. Also there were three small wooden kegs.

"They know of this outlet, right enough," he said. "A food cache. But it's not being used—this tunnel. It's likely they're holding it in reserve for a get-away. Food enough here to keep several men for a week. Anyway, it's certain evidence that the trail is open and hasn't caved in since Carlos rambled through it as a youngster."

He moved on past the food cache and the orifice dropped away sharply. Following it, he found it narrow and with the ceiling so low that he was forced to bend almost double to traverse it. He examined the roof and found it to consist of slabs of rock. There were many sudden twists in the passage. The original builder of this ranch house had merely cleaned out the course of this pitching coulee, deepening it slightly where necessary, roofed it over with flat rocks and earth and permitted the chaparral growth to cover it.

"Just a dog hole to make use of if the Apaches sacked the place," Carson said. "Constructed with the least possible labor and still open after nearly a century. I have a feeling that it's going to cave on me any minute." He shivered slightly. "Besides, I'm a cow prod, not a miner; and I have a feeling that there's rattlers, scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas by the score just a-waiting to drop down my neck."

The greater part of the passage pitched downward at an abrupt angle, some of it so precipitous that the hard earth of the floor had been cut into stair steps, now crumbled away, and rendered descent a risky matter. Rocks, caving in from the sides, had littered the floor, and this loose matter rattled down ahead of him with an alarming amount of sound. Silent progress was manifestly impossible.

"I can't traverse this snake hole without making as much clatter as a cavalry charge," Carson lamented, as a volley of loose rocks preceded him. "Anyway, since Paige knows about this alleyway, it's a cinch he's fixed it so that anyone can't come romping in for a visit. And it's his outside activities I'm chiefly interested in. A man might go sliding down one of these chutes and find himself clamped in a bear trap. I've learned as much about this hole as it's feasible for me to absorb in one lesson. Besides, I can feel myself breaking out into a cold sweat."

He returned to the opening and pressed aside the brush at its mouth, heaving a sigh of relief as he attained the outer sunshine.

"Snakes," he remarked, "and all other underground denizens certainly have my heartfelt sympathy from now on out. I'd rather die in the open than to go on living in a haunt like that. I'll rest up here for a piece to quiet my poor jumpy nervous system and then work back up and across to the trail. But I'll have to lay up until nightfall before mounting on up to my horse. I could hardly make it stick with Mr. Paige that I was prospecting for a lost mine so close back of his house. All I have to pray for now is that the wind holds steady from the east until sundown. A down-country shift of wind now would certainly carry tidings of me to those dogs."

For perhaps an hour he reclined in the little open pocket. Then he moved to its

(Continued on Page 165)

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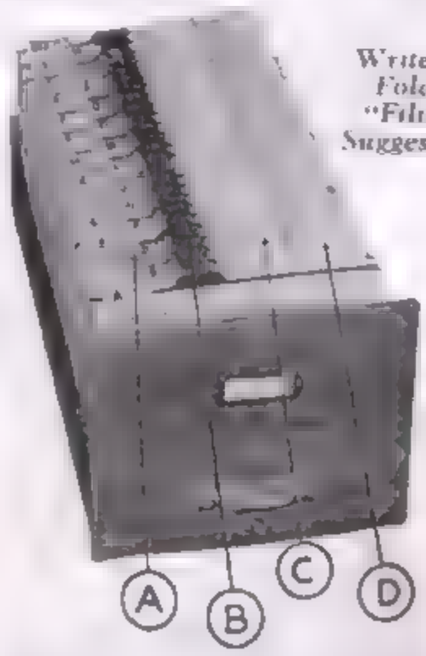

(A) Main Index, tabbed in two positions, remains in current file permanently. (B) Miscellaneous Index, folder style, holds miscellaneous papers and serves as index in transfer case. (C) Name Folders are tabbed in two positions. (D) Note that all tabs are in sight—to facilitate speed and end errors and delays.

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(Continued from Page 163)

edge and peered over the rim of the little canyon. It was less than a hundred feet deep.

"Not so much as a cow trail up through that brush in the bottoms," he mused. "A man would have to slash his way through."

His gaze, after roving along the opposite rim, dropped once again to the brush-clogged floor of the canyon and came to a sudden stop at a point directly beneath him. Two objects, reposing some six feet apart, held his attention. Once they had been human figures. Now they were little more than flattened clothing. Under this hot sun it would require but a few weeks to reduce a man to mere bones shrouded in the clothing in which he had fallen. Carson turned away with a feeling of acute nausea at the realization of what at least one of those figures might have been in life.

"And I was wondering why old Miguel hadn't gone back to moonshining at Apache Spring since Carlos had disappeared," he said. "I'll be right glad to get back to Big Bench and that old Apache hang-out myself. This might have been God's country once, as Carlos asserted, but it's sure one hell of a country at present."

His glance strayed toward the orifice behind the cluster of brush. "It's just as well I didn't get bull-headed and blunder on through that rat hole. It's a real healthy place to stay out of. That corridor was well conceived to make an escape from Apaches in the early days, but if I had my choice between crawling the noisome length of it to save my scalp and remaining to have my hair lifted in the sunshine, I'd declare in favor of the latter. No more gophering operations for Larry; not one bit."

That night he returned to the spring, kindled a fire, prepared a meal and spread his bed on the sandy floor of the coulee. Late the following evening he rode down past the Armajo Tanks, erosion-worn hollows in the bare rocks that served as vats to conserve rain water, and dipped into the head of the trickling spring creek that furnished water for the mining camp of Armajo. It was dusk when he rode into that declining camp. Once a minor boom town, its brief fortunes had gone into a swift decline and it was no longer the county seat, the governmental affairs of Armajo County now being conducted from Mogala, a railroad town to the south.

IV

SOME forty-eight hours later, having left his horses at a livery at Armajo and traveled south to Mogala by auto stage, Carson was driving a car westward along a paved highway that traversed an uninhabited expanse of desert landscape that, at the moment, was bathed with the radiant brilliance of the moon. The car rolled down a long gentle incline and rounded a bend, whereupon Carson suddenly applied the brakes. A lantern in the road ahead was being waved in a stop signal. As he brought the car to a halt an individual wearing the badge of the Immigration Service, and with a gun strapped to his waist, held the lantern aloft to facilitate his scrutiny of the driver.

"They told me you were working this road, Langhorn," Carson said. "Greetings."

"Hello, Larry," the immigration man greeted. "Long time no see um."

"I'll pull off to the side of the road and we'll hold a powwow," Carson suggested.

"Do that," Langhorn invited. "It's a long, lonely vigil, this night shift. They hunt us in pairs, you know, and we have to halt every west-bound car day and night. My buddy is catching forty winks there in the tent. He'll wake up and spell me after a while. Not many cars at night, but in the daytime they come through in swarms. Heavy travel to California this time of year. If there's any job that affords less sleep than the Immigration, I'd like to know about it."

Carson moved his car off the highway and parked before the little tent that reposed in the brush. "How would you like it," Carson inquired, "if I should throw some business your way?"

Langhorn, placing his lantern on the running board, opened the car door and seated himself beside Carson. "You know something, Larry," he said. "And of course I'm looking for business. Just what do you know?"

"Nothing much yet," Carson answered. "But I'm taking lessons and it's downright surprising how much a man can increase his fund of knowledge if only he'll apply himself. One of these days I'll drop something in your lap. Could you arrange to get laid off this road job to play a lone hand for a couple of weeks if you put it to them straight that you had a red-hot tip on the operations of the worst gang on the border?"

"Yes," Langhorn said, "I could if I'd make it strong enough that I had a good lead. Are you sure, Larry?"

"Dead certain," Carson returned. "Or I will be before I call you in. Make it strong as you like. Now tell me, who is this Edith Call?"

Langhorn chuckled. "Now wouldn't any immigration man give his eyeteeth to know?" he countered. "Or any man in the customs? I expect she's a myth, though of course she may be a real person. So far she's only a rumor."

"Suppose you acquaint me with the rumors," Carson invited.

"The big ones in the dope-running and alien-smuggling rings are hard to get at," Langhorn said. "They're pretty well under cover. Some of them undoubtedly are men of big affairs, supposed to be solid citizens in their respective communities. But of course they do have to make arrangements. We pick up Chinese runners on and off and the customs men catch opium smugglers. Chances are that not one of our pick-ups knows whose money is really behind the thing. They're paid off and that's the extent of their knowledge.

"Suppose now that we did discover the identity of one of the big men in the business on the Mexican side of the border. It wouldn't give us one bit of help toward discovering the big ones on our side of the line. We could intercept all the suspected party's correspondence and all the usual procedure and it would get us exactly nowhere. They don't commit anything to paper, and they're never seen associating with one another; and it's likely that those on the Mexican side don't even know the identity of the really big men behind the game on our side.

"Here's where this Edith Call comes in: It's rumored that she's the go-between—does the arranging for the big ones. Then the actual mechanics of the smuggling is carried out by the guides, haulers, and some by 'plane. She'd have to be someone who was above suspicion. Some say she's a west-coast social leader who runs with a sporty crowd that takes a sashay down to Tia Juana, Mexicali and so on to buck the tiger.

"She could stray from the layout where her friends were gambling to try her luck at another game and get into a casual conversation with some other player. Of course he'd be the one to give her such information as she wanted without her friends so much as suspecting it. Then she'd carry it back to the big ones on our side of the line.

"That rumor has been going on for six or eight months now. It may be nothing but a myth. It sounds fishy to me, although there's a sprinkling of women smugglers. But if there is such a person, it's a certainty that no one knows her identity. Edith Call is what you might term a trade name. She certainly doesn't go by that title. But whenever it's learned that a big shipment of opium has been run in, it's come to be a habit to speak of it as an Edith Call job. Most of it, of course, is done by water, and she used to be in that game on the coast, rumor has it, but now the outfit she works with are running it in across the border, all the way from Tia Juana to Juarez.

"There's all kind of tales, none of 'em with any foundation, likely. I've heard that she was the wife of a customs official. And there's a tale out that she's deadly with a gun and has put away two men recently who'd got a line on her—played it so that she wasn't any more suspected of the killings than I am—all that sort of thing. Of course the customs people are more interested in her case than we are, because her activities are concerned with opium smuggling more than with running aliens across the border. Chances are the whole thing is a fable."

"Carlos Martin thought she was also doing the arranging for a big alien-smuggling outfit," Carson said. "Also he thought he had a line on who she was. That's why he had been flitting about so much just prior to his disappearance. He'd been jumping from one border town to another from Bisbee to Tia Juana whenever she went across with a party of friends, just checking up on who she chatted with during her visits across the line and endeavoring to discover her associates on this side."

"The Immigration Service lost a good man when Martin disappeared," Langhorn said. "He'd only been in the service a short while. All the mounted men on the border from Tia Juana to Juarez have been put under one head now, instead of field forces and office men and all being laid out in too many districts. The chief of the field forces is in El Paso. We rate as mounted men too. Carlos Martin had been handed what you might call a roving commission by the chief. He worked the back country and along the border away from the roads. Handy as an Apache in the chaparral and he could read the trail of any outfit that was using the old method of walking Chinese up through the desert. And he knew all the water holes. But he run foul of a bad one, I expect. There's some hard hombres in this Chink-running game. They'll kill you in a second if it looks safe. Not out here on the highways, with a car apt to pass any second, but back in the hills a man has to watch all four ways from the deuce if he's stalking one of 'em."

During the course of the conversation three cars had come from the east and Langhorn had halted them and glanced at the passengers to determine if any had the appearance of aliens, speaking a few words to each occupant and requiring an answer. Several cars had come from the west, but east-bound traffic was not halted on this stretch of road. Another car now came from the westward, crossed the bridge of the Mogala River, rounded the bend and flashed its headlights in their faces. As it passed them the driver opened his throttle to take a run at the upgrade to the east.

Langhorn, with a sharp exclamation, jumped from his seat, seized the lantern from the running board and hastened round Carson's car to wave it, accompanying the maneuver with a shouted command to halt. There was a sudden blinding flare as powerful headlights were turned on, the roar of a motor, the rush of a big touring car, westward-bound, as it hurtled past. It picked up speed while rounding the curve to the bridge across the Mogala River, its body obscured from view by the chaparral that fringed the highway, only its flashing lights indicating its progress.

"Turn out, Billy!" Langhorn shouted. A man came from the tent, half clad, a gun belt in his hand.

It was clear how the thing had occurred. The driver had waited up the incline just round the first bend. Then he had come coasting down, car in gear but with the clutch out and the engine throttled down. Such little sound as his coasting car made had been drowned out by the racing engine of the east-bound automobile as it mounted the grade. The car had been almost upon Langhorn by the time he waved his lantern. The driver had switched on his lights, slipped in his clutch and stepped on the gas.

"Pile in here if you're going to trail him," Carson called, as Langhorn started toward the car that was parked by the tent.

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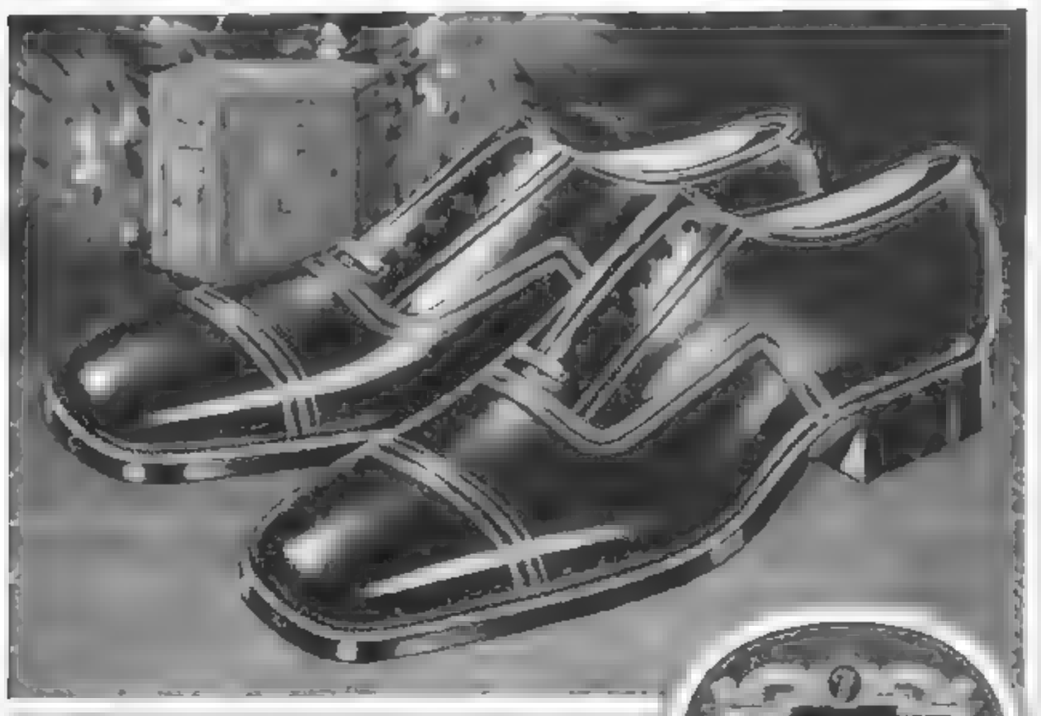

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The two immigration men climbed aboard as Carson tooled the car out upon the pavement. They rounded the bend, crossed the bridge and took another S-curve on the far side of it, then on after the speeding car ahead, only an occasional flash of its headlights revealing its whereabouts. The speedometer crept up to forty, held there while Carson negotiated the next double curve, whipped up to fifty on the first straightaway and dropped back to forty for still another series of bends in the highway. After perhaps two miles they came out into a flat where the pavement led straight and true as a rifle barrel. A half mile ahead a red tail-lamp revealed the location of their quarry.

"Now!" Carson said. But even as his engine whined to increased speed Langhorn called softly, "Ease her off, Larry. He's stopped. Thought he would. He's slipped his load somewhere."

Carson brought his car to a halt abreast of the other and the two immigration officers accosted the single occupant. "What made you run past us?" Langhorn demanded.

"Didn't see you until I was right on top of you," the driver returned easily. "You scared the living daylights out of me, jumping out thataway. Didn't know but it was a holdup, or maybe a bunch of bundle stiffs bent on flagging me down for a ride. Then I got to thinking maybe you was officers. These border roads is lined with 'em—seed fellers wanting to know if you've got oranges in your pockets or alfalfa leaves in your whiskers, customs men looking you over for licker or dope, and immigration sharps scouting for Chinese and Hindus. I see your lights coming, so I stopped."

The man was quite at his ease. Carson, after one look at his face, switched out his dash light and pulled his hat lower over his eyes.

"Where did you unload your passengers?" Langhorn asked.

"Passengers! Me?" the other returned. "Hell, brother, I'm traveling alone!"

"Why were you running without lights?" Langhorn demanded.

"Moonlight. My batteries is low and I was giving 'em a chance to recharge theirselves, buddy."

The man gave his name as Jones and cited an address in Los Angeles. Langhorn listed the number of his California license. Then he was allowed to proceed on his way.

"There you have it!" Langhorn grunted disgustedly as Carson headed his car back toward the tent. "If he had any Chinese aboard, he made a quick stop and they took to the brush. If it was dope he was running, he heaved it out into the brush on the downhill side of the road on one of those bends."

"You'll look it over in the morning?" Carson asked.

"Sure!" said Langhorn. "Sure! We'll look the ground over all right. And if we find tracks where some Chinese or other aliens unloaded and took to the chaparral, we'll maybe be able to bag them and have them deported. But they won't give up a whisper about the hauler. Not a Chink. They'd say they had asked for a ride and he'd give them a lift. Then if we'd pick him up again, he'd say he got scared when they took to the brush and was leery of getting tangled up with the immigration laws, him not having thought of them being border jumpers until that very second, so he'd just sat tight and lied to us. Stick him? Nah! Fat chance. And suppose we find some tins of opium where he'd heaved 'em over into the brush, hoping to retrieve 'em later, and we turn the stuff over to the customs and they grab him. How're they going to prove that it was him and not someone else that chucked 'em into the brush? Cinch him? Not in a thousand years!"

"Right difficult matter to stick him, at that," Carson agreed. "And I suppose if you held him on suspicion and he turned out to be a solid and respectable citizen, you'd let yourself in for a razzing. Much of that sort of thing going on?"

"Much of it! Say, listen! I've heard the estimate put as high as five hundred to a thousand aliens a day that are slipping in across our various boundaries. I can't say as to the figures, but I do know only too damn well that there's a pile of 'em getting in—Sicilians across the Great Lakes and all breeds landing along the Atlantic Coast and fading into the big cities and industrial centers; they run 'em in by the hundreds along the Gulf Coast; Hindus by way of Vancouver and the Canadian line, still more Hindus and Chinese in swarms all along this Mexican border, and Lord only knows how many and of what breeds in all the Pacific Coast ports. The Immigration Service ought to have more men and more money—more leeway to grab these alien smugglers and throw the hooks into them right."

"Yes," Carson agreed. "Do they often run right over you like that chap did?"

"Not often," said Langhorn. "It was our being camped right up against the river that made him take that chance. The river prevented them from staging a run-around. We change camp every few days, shifting round so they don't know just where to look for us. They'll send a scout car over the road and we'll halt it and of course pass it with a glance inside. After a while the scout car goes back, us not halting eastbound traffic on this road. Its driver will tip off the haulers as to where we're holding out. They'll run the load down to within maybe a mile, according to the lay of the land, and the Chinese take to the chaparral and circle the camp, while the car comes along innocent as you please and we clear it. Then it or some other car picks up the border jumpers a ways down the line when things look best. There's plenty of ways."

Carson turned his car before the tent. "Run on back to your nap, Billy," Langhorn instructed. "I'll call you on shift round two-three o'clock and knock off forty winks myself." Then, to Carson: "There's many a hard one in this dope-running and alien-smuggling business along this man's border—bad hombres. Don't think they're not. The price per alien is as standardized as flivvers and breakfast foods—a thousand berries apiece. And it's cash on the nail. A good load of Chinese is easier, more lucrative and invested with less chance of a kick-back than holding up a bank, and the game has attracted many a tough bird."

"H'm—yes," said Carson. "And who pays this thousand bucks per alien? You don't mean to tell me that this riffraff comes skittering across the border with that much apiece in their jeans as the price of admission?"

"Hardly!" Langhorn chuckled.

"I guess I'm not real well up on immigration problems," Carson confessed. "Whisky running now, or dope smuggling, I can see where either might be lucrative; but this traffic in wops and Chinese—just where does the profit come from in that line? Who'll pay for 'em and why? Relatives?"

"Sometimes. But even that's done through a ring. There's cliques of Chinese in any of the big Pacific Coast towns that'll lay down a thousand for every Chinese delivered at some handy point. The Hindus mostly go to Imperial Valley or up in the San Joaquin to mingle with the Hindu truck gardeners and rice growers. Of course each one works out the price of admission, so there must be some chance of a profit for those who pay down the money. And it's certain the smugglers make big coin out of it. If one group of smugglers can slip through one or two aliens a day, there's close to a half million cash passes through the fingers of the head of the outfit in a year, and he'll likely do that much business in opium besides. Figure it for yourself."

"Not a bad business to go into," Carson said reflectively. "I was wondering how an outfit could go to the expense of a big outlay and still make Chink running profitable. Since you've showered down with a few facts that were formerly obscure to me, I can now discern the connection."

(Continued on Page 169)

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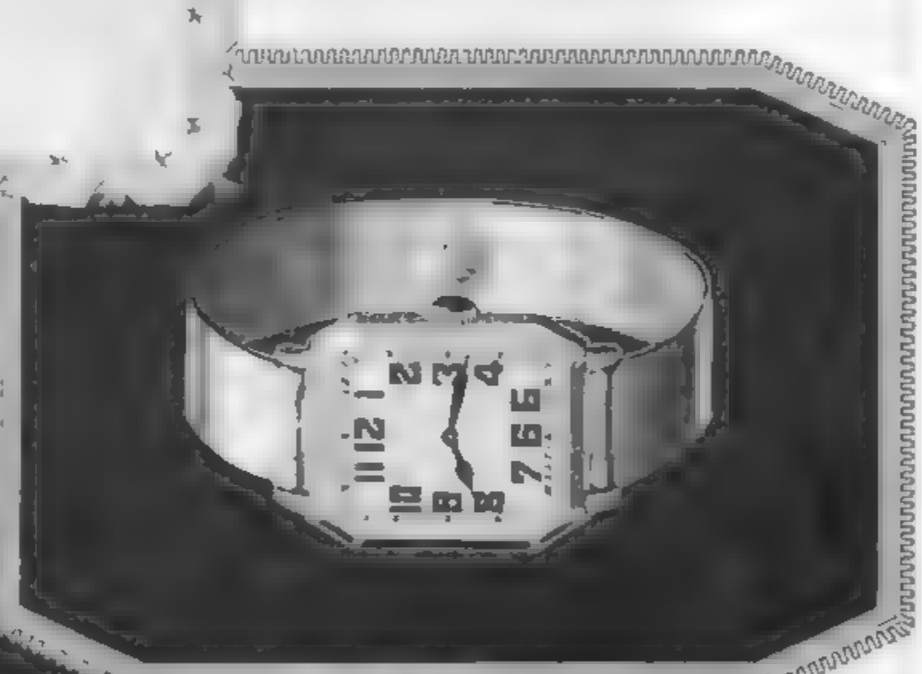

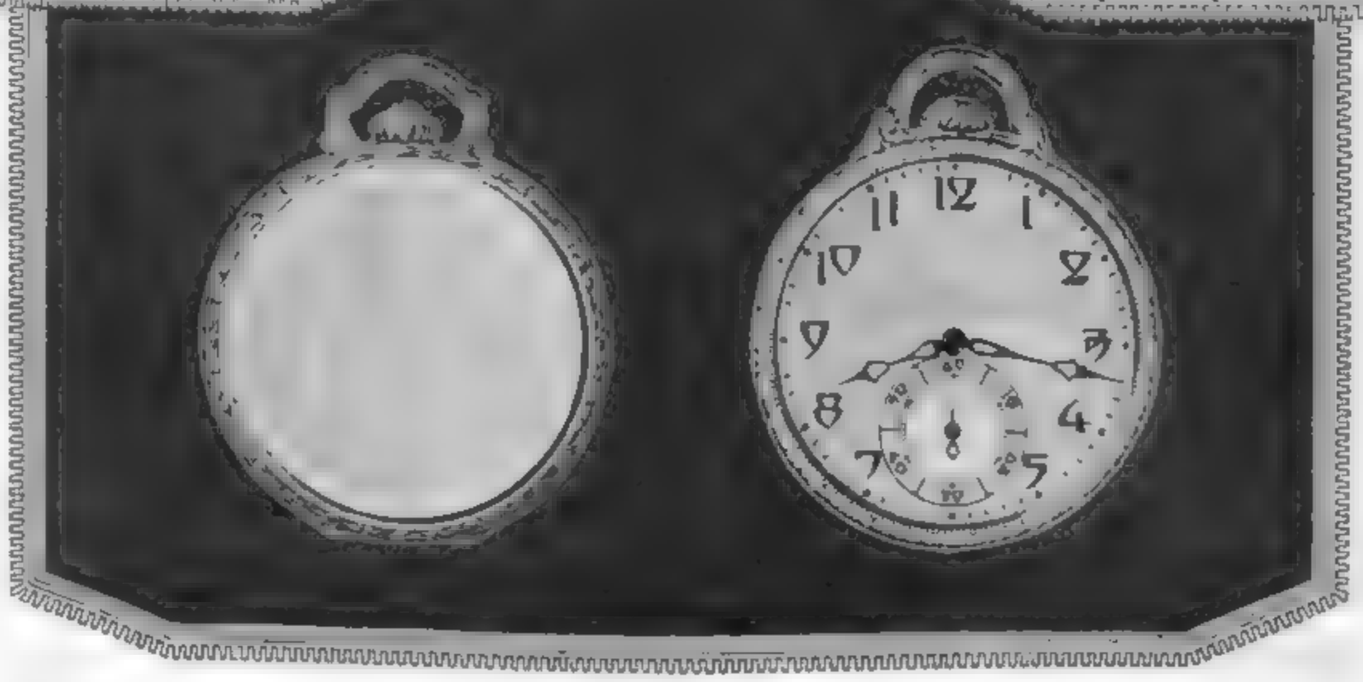

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KNOX HATS FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 166)

"The worst of it is that it's the scum of the earth that's coming in," Langhorn said. "Criminals of every variety—Black-Handers, tong warriors, reds and what not; diseased, too—lots of 'em. And the immigration is short of men and money to keep 'em all out. We grab a lot of 'em, but there's two get in for every one we catch."

"Well, maybe we can make a sizable haul one of these days soon," Carson said. "Don't forget to try to make those arrangements to go on the job with me in a few weeks' time. Maybe I can drop a plum in your lap."

He drove on westward on the highway. "I wonder, now, what our old friend, alias Jones, of Los Angeles, was up to when he spurted past Langhorn's camp," he said. "He had something on his mind. Was it opium or Chinese he got rid of? Anyway, it's fortunate that it was real dark and that I was attired in store clothes instead of my range togs. Otherwise he'd have recognized me first off. What with the start he gave me the other night, his unprepossessing map will be fresh in my mind for many a moon."

For the face of the driver who had made the run past the immigration officers was the same face that had stared into Carson's flash torch a few nights previously; and in that tense second before the man had covered his face with a hand, every line of that countenance had been etched indelibly upon the tablets of Carson's memory

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A DESERT NINCOMPOOP

(Continued from Page 16)

Another time when we were held up at night by storm we stopped at a settler's ranch house for shelter and a bite. I had not yet been in Africa long enough to learn the ways of the country. After we were seated in the dim rays of a single oil lamp that flickered in the drafty room, our host removed a trapdoor from a corner of the floor and lifted up what appeared to be a large white rock. Taking a hammer from the shelf, he passed out and could be heard chopping away at something. Presently he returned and laid a shining hard-boiled ostrich egg on a plate. He sliced the egg and served it on green leaves, with salt and pepper and hard ship's biscuit. Rarely had anything tasted so good.

The proper number of eggs under a setting ostrich is approximately sixteen. I suspect the ostrich never counts them but depends on the way they feel under her; for she will try a nestful for a while and kick out one at a time until those left feel right.

As a matter of fact, the nest life of the ostrich is just about as ridiculous as a good deal of the rest of its life. Both sexes set. The male, being of a darker hue, takes the night watches. I suppose he is quite invisible to prowling animals of the dark. The gray hen, almost exactly matching the dry gray desert, takes over the job during the day.

There is some doubt whether the ostrich depends on the heat of the sun to help the hatching process. I have frequently run across nests of eggs with no bird around. But never have I done this when the sun was at its full tropical force. Surely the scorching heat of an African midday would penetrate even the thick shell of an ostrich egg.

A Desert Dugout

In breeding season one cock goes about with four or five hens. Most of the time he pretends to be utterly indifferent to the ladies in his harem; but he eyes them, none the less, while they mince and preen and otherwise cast their net for his majesty.

If another cock, especially a young one, arrives on the scene and makes any advances toward the hens, there is a terrific rumpus right away. The king-pin prances about and makes jerky threatening motions with his powerful foreleg that tell the intruder in no uncertain language to beat it. The youngster never fights, but prances away in skittish fashion, pretending that he didn't mean anything serious at all.

After some days the hens begin to work on the love nest.

There is only one nest for the whole family, which is both inconvenient and impractical. But such is ostrich fashion, and ostrich fashion is just as foolish as that of the human being. The site of the nest is out in the open, as far as possible from any sort of cover. Obviously, the ostrich wants to be able to sit on its nest and catch first sight of any approaching enemy. I know the minute a stranger appears on the horizon the ostrich is up and off on a wandering course that cleverly misleads the jackal or hyena that might be searching for its eggs.

The nest is simply a shallow pit scraped out of the sand and gravel by the feet of the birds. The sand is banked up slightly on the outer edges to form a low wall against which the eggs can rest without rolling out. This is one of the few purely practical and intelligent things of which the ostrich is ever guilty. When about a dozen eggs have been laid the cock decides to get down to serious business and begins to roost on the collection. The hens, always anxious to please, straightway follow suit, taking turns as convenient.

Too Many for Comfort

So far, so good. The trouble is that the hens don't associate the size of the nest with their contributions to it. As a result, they go right on merrily laying. After there are about twenty eggs the nest is full. Even then the energetic hens don't stop. Soon the male begins to be annoyed by the mounting cargo of his nest. Playing no favorites, he doesn't hesitate to kick out enough eggs to make himself comfortable for the night. Just as likely as not one of the zealous hens will come along next day and roll some of the extra eggs back in again. This foolish performance goes on for several days and sometimes until there are more than forty eggs in all.

I have seen nests surrounded by a dozen broken shells from which the contents have been emptied. It is said that when the young begin to be hatched the parent breaks open some of the remaining eggs to feed the chicks which cannot stand the rough food of the desert. But I am inclined to doubt this. Probably the broken shells are only sad signs of the hungry hyenas who have slipped in while the cock and hens are away at the water hole and had a meal at the expense of their labors.

Natives steal eggs by locating the nest and waiting until the birds are off. Sometimes they will throw rocks on the hen left behind on guard, driving her far enough away to make it safe to approach. It is against the law in South and British East Africa to rob an ostrich nest, but the blacks do so whenever they are out of sight of authority.

Probably the hyena is the greatest egg thief of all. So much of a scoundrel is this fellow that he breaks more eggs than he can eat. Such is his practice in his other hunting; indeed, I have seen him hamstring goats, one after another, when there was no chance in the world of his ever feeding on them. Small felines, such as the gennet, civet and wild cats, also enjoy an ostrich egg as a change of diet. Herds of running game, zebra, antelopes and wildebeeste, break a good many when stampeding over the nest.

Theoretically the ostrich will not come back to its nest once it is disturbed. But natives and old-time African hunters know how to do this skillfully so that the ostrich does not seem to mind. The important

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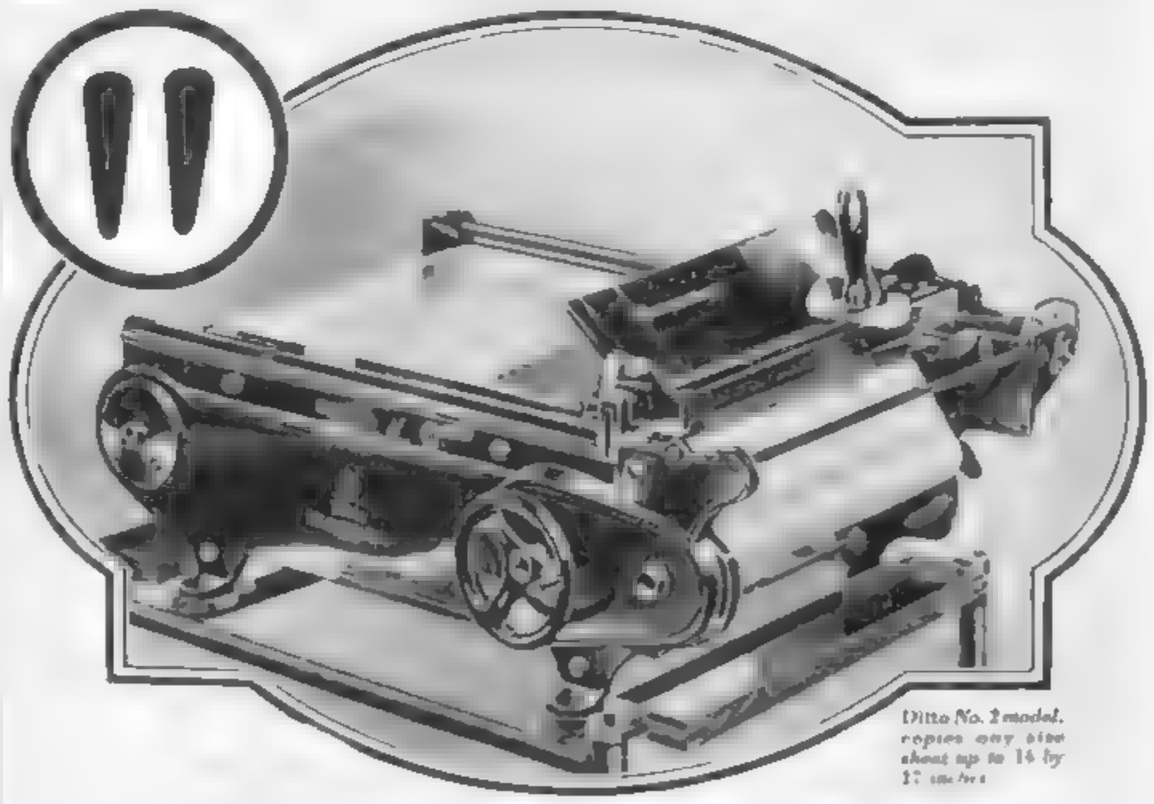

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"TOUGH AS THE INDIAN"

point is not to touch the eggs that are to be left.

Our common domesticated fowl usually sets on twelve eggs and takes twenty-one days for the hatching. The ostrich often completes its setting on as high as twenty-six eggs, from which the chicks emerge after forty-two days.

The little ones are at a terrible disadvantage at first. Their legs are so long and weak, their necks so slender and willowy, that they are more like intoxicated creatures than like infant fowl. They reel and stagger about aimlessly for some days, an easy prey to the first carnivorous animal that happens along.

Meanwhile, alas, the parents revert to their former vanity. The cock, wings spread and neck curved backward, struts about with a grand air of "How is that for an old man?" while the hens are mincing around him, rising on their toes and settling back, or teetering sidewise with their bills cocked at a deprecating angle, all the while seeming to say to one another: "There, I told you so!"

Camel and Dodo

While father and mothers and chicks are still all together in the early stages of this period of parental pride the young can still rely on some protection if the cock notices a jackal or hyena advancing. At such times the ostrich is very ferocious and will boldly charge the beast who threatens the safety of the chicks. Sometimes, as a ruse, he even pretends to be lame. But even this gesture of defense is part of the whole prideful personality of the big bird; for when the danger has passed he does not return for anxious investigation of his offspring to see if they are still safe and sound, but struts up and down with an air of braggadocio to advertise the splendid courage he has just shown.

With such a streak of moral weakness running through ostrich parenthood, it is not unexpected to find the chicks drifting away altogether from their fathers and mothers. Often I have seen them out on the veldt wandering around in forlorn groups with every appearance of never having known true motherly love. Once Osa and I came on a bunch of twelve big ostriches accompanied by at least a hundred poor little ostriches. The big birds looked just like a bevy of rich tourists pretending they didn't notice the ragamuffins that were following them about. Our hearts went out to the little fellows, who seemed utterly miserable and full of doubt as to what to do next.

The full-grown ostrich sometimes weighs more than 300 pounds and is as much as nine feet high. His most marked characteristic is the fact that he has only two toes—the third and fourth—on each foot. In South America there is another large bird—the rhea—which is also called an ostrich. This bird can be distinguished from the true ostrich by its having three toes instead of two. According to the biologists the original ostrich had five toes. However, the modern bird can probably run faster with the two it has now than could his ancestors with five.

Arabian legend has it that the ostrich is the result of union between a camel and a dodo bird. Certainly it inherited some of the worst characteristics of both. Its awkward shape, the uselessness of its wings, its seeming lack of pleasure in life, all indicate that it is one of Nature's errors.

The one offensive weapon at the command of the ostrich is its foot. The terrific downward stroke of its huge toe driven by a muscular thigh the thickness of a leg of mutton is easily the equal of the kick of a full-grown horse. A blow from it will break a rib or the backbone of any ordinary animal. In addition to the force of the blow, the sharp claw can tear skin and flesh like a military saber.

I remember once when a native was standing in front of an ostrich that was to be caught for plucking. Suddenly the ostrich was frightened by a man coming up behind. He plunged forward and struck at the black, ripping him completely open. It is for this reason that when the bird is plucked the plucker usually leans on him from behind, since no ostrich can kick to the rear.

The philosophy of the ostrich seems to be on a too-proud-to-fight basis, as I have never seen them attack one another. But no doubt beasts of prey are wary of that vicious downward blow, as I have never seen signs of an ostrich having been killed by another animal.

Believe it or Not

I think one of the most remarkable ostrich adventures of which I have ever heard happened right in New York. One night a drunken man reeled into a dark shed of the Zoo where an ostrich was kept. The huge bird rose to defend itself when the man staggered toward the corner where it had been sleeping. By sheerest accident the man's hands came into contact with the creature's long neck before it had a chance to strike the usual murderous blow with its foot. Luckily, the man hung on Ensued a terrific struggle to the death. In the morning the man was found sleeping peacefully beside the body of the dead ostrich.

African natives capture and pluck ostriches with a gentleness that is altogether unexpected. They take advantage of the fact that the bird promptly loses all defiance when its head is covered. The

(Continued on Page 173)

The Choctaw Trail Between Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Dallas, Texas

Introducing

THE WALLOPS

[*Number one of a series*]

Here are the Wallops . . George, his wife Clara, and Lily. Up above their heads is a leak stain on their freshly calcimined ceiling

FROM now on you are going to hear quite a lot about the Wallop family, so we'd better tell you just who they are.

The Wallop family is 100% American. They live in the suburbs, own their own house, and are good citizens. They have fish on Friday and Roast Beef and Ice Cream on Sunday, and take a vacation every Summer.

George Wallop is about 45 years old, getting bald and a little fat. He belongs to a country club and still expects to make the eighteenth hole in less than one hundred, but he hasn't done it yet. He goes to the office every day and putters round the garden a bit afterward. Every time he decides to "tune up the ol' bus" it takes the corner garage two days to get it back into shape. He likes fishing, old clothes, the movies, the radio and his wife.

Clara Wallop is getting a little stout for it but she still wears sport clothes and slave bracelets with the best of them. She is an excellent housekeeper (no one can make a better Welsh Rarebit than she) and she belongs to a Thursday afternoon bridge club and four different charitable organizations.

Lily Wallop, their daughter, is sixteen years old. She doesn't know that she spends all her time in being a flapper but she does. She pictures herself as "interesting" with a lot of talents unfortunately smothered under her family's bushel. As a matter of fact, she is a healthy, normal young girl whose legs are still a little too long.

The Wallops are an average American family. The only great misfortune in their life is they did not install brass pipe in their house. Instead they have cheap pipes that rust, fill with sediment, cut down the water pressure, leak, flood ceilings, drip onto floors, stain wall papers and do all the rest of the things that make such pipes a nuisance and a series of expenses.

Bad plumbing has a strong influence on the life of the Wallops, as you will see in future issues of The Saturday Evening Post. It makes their lives so uncomfortable that we hope all their friends will ask one another anxiously—

"Am I a Wallop?"

And if you have rusty pipes in your house you probably are. What the Wallops should do is to replace their worn-out plumbing pipes with Brass Pipe. Perhaps you should too. Perhaps the misfortunes of the Wallops will remind you to do it.

* * *

And, talking about brass pipe, here are some interesting facts:

All brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Although it is made from a better kind of brass and produced by a special process, it is sold at competitive prices and is the only trade-marked pipe of its kind. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads (making leak-proof joints).

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PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

Expressive Strathmore Papers

(Continued from Page 170)

native fashions a cone of bark the inside of which he smears with a sticky gum of a resinous tree. The cone is then filled with a particularly succulent shrub of which the ostrich is very fond. When the bird has eaten down to the gummy lining the cone sticks on its head, completely blinding him.

Now the native can approach the ostrich with impunity, though he must remain in rear of the bird so as to be clear if it kicks. The ostrich farmer resorts to the same general method, except that his paddock man employs a long bamboo rod with an iron crook at its end to pull the bird's head in. A small black cap, like a hangman's bonnet, is then fitted over beak and eyes and tied some inches down the wriggling neck. Though twenty men could not pull the feathers out or clip them before the bird is thus blinded, he is docile as a kitten once he cannot see. I should add in passing that there is not the slightest pain connected with the clipping of an ostrich. No doubt it is a relief to the bird to be rid of his hot coating.

The natives have no utilitarian use for the feathers. They bedeck their shields and spears with plumes very much as did the knights of medieval times. In ceremonials ostrich-feather ornaments play a considerable part in making the native and his trappings both colorful and impressive.

I don't think I should mind a tame lion or leopard or elephant. Even a tame zebra or buffalo can be made useful, if not ornamental. But an ostrich is the last creature in the world I should want about the house. In the first place the poor things are regular nesting places for incredible swarms of vermin. No doubt this misfortune accounts to a considerable extent for the constant and ridiculous jerking about of the average bird. Then the ostrich is the original sufferer from dandruff. I suppose it isn't real dandruff; but it looks like dandruff and it's just as offensive, with none of the human personality beneath it to hide the defect.

Everything But the Kitchen Stove

Once when my boys caught a young ostrich we gave it to the near-by government station. I passed by a year later and found the bird nearly full grown and very tame. But it finally got to be such a nuisance my friends had to give it away. They said it ate everything in sight that caught its eye—money, jewelry, glass, nails, small spoons, and so on.

I used to think that the things I heard about the appetite of an ostrich were exaggerated. Now I know they are not. The truth of it is that Nature impels the birds to gobble hard objects into their gullets to help grind the massed roughage that they eat. But, as in other things, the ostrich shows little signs of intelligence or restraint. I remember one bird was opened some time ago in a French zoo and found to contain more than twenty pounds of iron, lead, copper, zinc, stone, wire and other articles quite useless so far as any nourishment was concerned.

The natives do not kill ostriches for food. Hunters say that in emergency the heart and liver of an ostrich make excellent eating But for a regular diet I think they might be compared with the sea gull for which Jack London used to prescribe the following method of cooking:

"You put on a large kettle of water to boil. Pluck the gull carefully, making sure not to injure its feet or bill. When the water boils put the gull in, head down, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Then throw the water away and repeat the process."

Birds of a Feather

At this point in the story Jack used to pause impressively, raise an emphatic finger, and go on with every evidence of being very sincere:

"After having thrown away the third water," he would say, "you then throw away the pot and the gull, and have anything else in the world for supper. Nothing is worse to eat than a sea gull!"

Except, possibly an ostrich, I should like here to add.

I know of one case where a native had a tame ostrich that he taught to decoy other ostriches into reach of its master, who then captured the newcomers and stripped them of their plumes.

Both natives and naturalists have done some ostrich stalking by making an imitation bird which they enter and wear out among other game. Natives fashion the body from long thin sticks covered with skin or cloth, dyed with mud to the color of the male bird. The legs of the man appear through the bottom as the legs of the ostrich. The neck is simply a real neck stuffed.

The wearer of this strange disguise crouches inside, holding the neck aloft with one hand. By pretending to graze about, peck at its wings and wander casually toward the water hole, the man can approach within a few yards of other animals without creating the slightest commotion among them. It is curious that the ostrich can detect the subterfuge at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, and at once becomes panicky at sight of the strange travesty on himself.

I have found that the motion-picture camera frightens an ostrich more than does a man, leading me to believe that the creatures are more observant than one would at first imagine. For the chief difference and novelty in the camera is that it has three legs, whereas in the ostrich's whole experience all creatures have either four or two.

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IN THE WHEAT PIT

(Continued from Page 29

dump it back into the market your loss will be tremendous."

He thanked me for my advice and left. I do not know whether he ever began to follow the course I suggested, but we all know that peace did not come.

I told that story to Samuel Insull, who is one of my friends, and afterward, in 1917, when there was a big bazaar held in Chicago for the Allies he repeated it to an English officer who was there in charge of an exhibit of guns. Then Insull called me on the telephone:

"Recollect that story about Doctor Albrecht? I wish you would tell it to an English officer that I am sending to see you."

The Englishman came and I told him about the incident.

"That explains where he disappeared to," he exclaimed. "We had spies shadowing him when he left New York on the Twentieth Century, but when the train arrived in Chicago he was not on board. We had a devilish time picking up his trail again."

Afterward I found out that Doctor Albrecht had left the Twentieth Century at Elkhart about six in the morning, had taken a car to South Bend to a factory to discuss the purchase of farm machinery, had come on in the late afternoon to Chicago, and thence to Evanston to keep that appointment with me.

Misunderstanding of those forces in the grain pits was even greater in those times of stress than in normal periods. People want to believe sensational things. They find facts dull and unconvincing.

In the fall of 1916, when American irritation with Germany's submarine policy was reaching the breaking point, I was visiting the Produce Exchange in New York and a Hollander spoke to me.

"What are you bulling the price of wheat on us for?" he said.

"Eat corn," I said.

"We don't like corn," he objected.

"Before long," I warned him, "your people will be glad to get corn or anything else that is edible."

After America got into the war I did not buy a bushel of wheat. I sold out when it touched $1.50. I thought it was too high because it did not seem to me that a bushel of wheat could be worth so much money. In Old Hutch's corner back in 1888 wheat had gone to two dollars, but that was an extraordinary squeeze, and when I sold at $1.50 I had not the faintest notion that I would see the time when the men in the pit would be howling for wheat at $3.25 a bushel. I did not anticipate the high prices that would be paid for labor.

Fantastic Farm Prices

I thought the price was too high at $1.50, and besides I did not want to be accused of putting it any higher. So I made up my mind to stay out of the market. I kept that resolve, but when wheat did go to $3.25, I took some action that kept it from going any higher.

That was in connection with the greatest wheat corner in the existence of the Chicago Board of Trade, which occurred during the war. It was the work of buyers for the British Government, helped along by the purchases of grain buyers for other foreign governments.

Some of the difficulties of certain farm areas in 1927 may be traced, I think, to the high prices paid for grain in those days. It is not strange that farmers who discovered their land was producing a commodity that sold for $3.25 a bushel in the open market at Chicago should develop fantastic ideas as to the value of that land. Farmers were getting extraordinarily high prices for grain as late as 1920, with the result that some of them found buyers who were willing to pay as much as $1000 an acre for farm land that only three generations earlier could have been had as a gift from the Government.

All of us were worried about the situation in the grain trade. The ships that had been sent to the bottom of the ocean by German submarines had shortened supply just as it is shortened in peaceful years by frost or black rust or unfavorable planting conditions. Every grain-laden hull rent in mid-ocean by a German torpedo meant the destruction of the product of tens of thousands of acres of American farm land. Every shipload of grain that was sunk was a factor in raising prices in the pits on the floor of the exchange. Every time a ship was sunk the buying increased, until the Allied governments owned contracts for many, many millions of bushels of grain.

I had not owned a bushel of wheat since the price passed $1.50, and it was $3.25 a bushel when George Marcy, of the Armour Grain Company, invited me to attend a luncheon at the Chicago Club for the men who were in Chicago to buy wheat for the Allies.

One of these was A. G. Anderson, of Liverpool, Chairman of the Royal Food Commission of England.

Hedging in Wheat

"I'll come on two conditions," I told Marcy. "Invite the United States district attorney, Cline, and give me a chance to talk." Marcy agreed. Cline had been asked by Washington to investigate the high prices, and I thought this would be an excellent chance to tell him what he was trying to find out. This was about May, 1917.

There were present at the luncheon a number of men prominent in the grain trade, about twenty-five all together. Mr. Anderson, who had been for many years in the grain business in Liverpool, talked after we had finished eating. He explained how the pressure on the available shipping made the Allies dependent for their food supply on the shorter haul from America, and expressed concern at the prices they were having to pay. When he had finished and his colleagues had spoken, John C. Shaffer, the newspaper publisher, who was presiding, turned to me and said:

"Mr. Patten, would you like to say something?"

"Yes," I said, "I'd like to ask these gentlemen two or three questions." Then I turned to the English wheat buyers:

"How much May wheat are you long?"

They looked surprised, but answered by saying, "Twenty-nine million bushels."

"Did you buy any more today?"

"None today," they said.

I turned to J. Ogden Armour. "Are you long wheat?"

"No," he said.

"Well," I added, "neither am I, and somebody is telling a wrong story. On the board this morning one of the brokers—a reliable one too—came up to me and said he had just bought 100,000 bushels of May wheat for the Easterners. He meant you gentlemen who are buying for the Allied governments."

They denied positively that they had bought any wheat on that day. Then Marcy spoke up:

"I can explain this transaction," he said. "Portugal has been in the market for 600,000 bushels of wheat. They tried to get it from the Armour Company and we did not have it for them; but I happen to know that they have bought from a Duluth firm, which, having sold it to them, has hedged by buying 600,000 bushels in the wheat pit."

"There," I said then, "is a picture of what is going on. Gentlemen, we are getting into a serious situation. Everybody is long and there is not available the wheat to deliver to those who have bought it."

(Continued on Page 177)

FRANKLIN Airman Series

Introducing

New, light weight 7-passenger models
—the up-to-date family cars

Today, in the midst of the increasing public demand for less weight in large cars—for less bulk and unwieldiness for greater responsiveness and ability—Franklin announces the Airman 7-passenger models.

Here—in a Sedan, a Touring Car or a Limousine—you are offered a car you can use without restriction. Franklin led this tendency when it pioneered the Sedan body, and now it is the first to offer a truly spacious family car, having the exhilarating performance and easy manipulation of the runabout. In these new Franklins you can now enjoy modern 7-passenger roominess, with immeasurably greater riding comfort and yet have 25% less car weight to move about.

The new Airman Series is the latest triumph of Franklin's scientific light weight construction. Powered by a 24% larger motor—air-cooled, on the principle now so dramatically proven by Aviation—the Airman stands out as the leader in a new era of fast travel coupled with greater safety and comfort.

With instant acceleration and positively synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—with abundant hill-climbing power and the ability to operate at a higher average speed *all day*—the Airman represents a wholly new motoring experience in store for you. Why not have your first ride today in the most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built?

AIRMAN FEATURES

Air-cooling—the advanced scientific principle now so widely endorsed by Airmen

Acceleration—theswift-darting, quick maneuvering of the pursuit plane

Synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—just a touch and you get action

Speed of a new kind—distance speed—all-day-speed—speed you use

Riding comfort—the swift, easy glide of the airplane

Larger motor—for any temperature, altitude or road condition, a wealth of power always available

Engine smoothness—the balanced purr of the turbine

7-passenger models—(128 inch wheelbase)—the up-to-date family cars—commodious and light weight

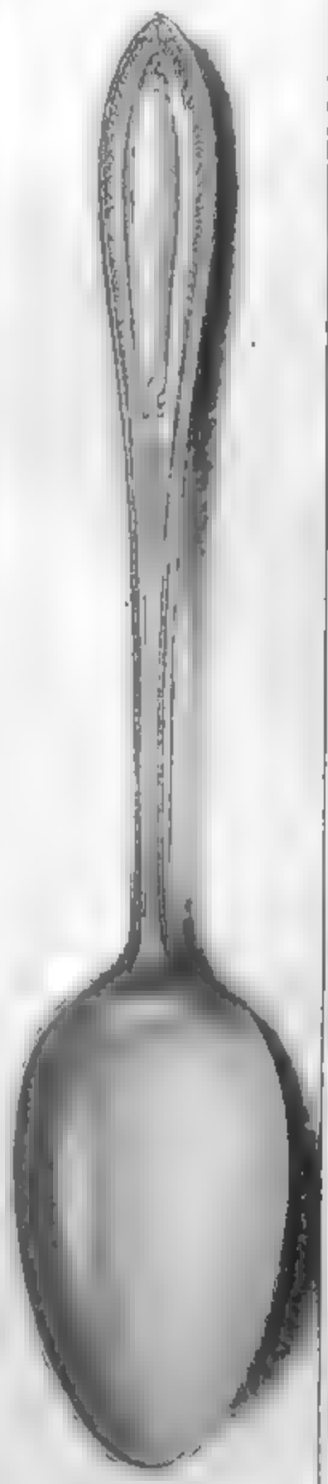
Advanced designs—having their counterpart in aeronautical engineering

The most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY • SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

SIR GALAHAD

A NEW PATTERN
IN SILVER PLATE



*Set of Six
Tea Spoons $5 75
Dessert Spoons 6 75
Dessert Forks 6 75
Dinner Forks 7 50

*In Flannel Roll and Gift Box

Five-piece Sir Galahad Tea Service, $125 00 Kettle, $66 00 Waiter, 24 inch, $100 00

A new pattern *in* which beauty *and* utility are ideally balanced

SIR GALAHAD is, at once, the pattern beautiful and the pattern practical. For, in addition to its trim, smart gracefulness of form, it represents new basic ideas in silverware design that should appeal to everyone.

You actually require fewer pieces in the Sir Galahad Pattern for the reason that many pieces were designed for several purposes. The Sir Galahad cucumber server, for example, also does duty as a tomato server The Sir Galahad salad spoon serves also as a preserve spoon. The Sir Galahad cream ladle does extra duty as a mayonnaise spoon.

Ask your jeweler to show you this decidedly *different*, new pattern. It is available in complete services of hollow ware and flatware, and it represents the same high type of tableware for which Reed & Barton have been famous for more than a century.

*Set of Six
Dessert Knives $11 75
Dinner Knives 12 00
All cutlery with stainless steel blades, new French shape
*In Flannel Roll and Gift Box

TAUNTON, MASS REED & BARTON NEW YORK, N. Y.

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

VOLTAGE CONTROL

The secret of good reception!

When you operate your radio at the *exact* filament voltage for which the set was designed you secure the best reception and prolong the useful life of tubes and batteries

Voltmeter operation is the only solution

This artistic little Pin-Jack Voltmeter—with green gold case, black scale, gold pointer and markings—is the one best way to operate your Radiola, Victor or Brunswick set. It plugs directly into the filament jacks, as shown below, and may be left there without harmful effect on the batteries. To operate, merely turn the control rheostat until the pointer reaches the red mark on the meter dial. There you will be operating for the best reception and economy.

Your radio set is extremely sensitive

Do not trifle with your radio by using toy instruments. Protect your radio investment—insure reliable operation—with Weston Scientifically-built Meters.

Supplied by leading dealers everywhere, or write for Circular J direct to Weston Electrical Instrument Corp., 200 Weston Ave., Newark, N. J.—since 1888 the makers of the world's instrument standards.

Never a question When using a WESTON

WESTON

RADIO

INSTRUMENTS

(Continued from Page 174)

Wheat was $3.25 a bushel that day. I turned to Cline, the Government attorney.

"What price do you predict that wheat will go to?" I asked him.

"I think it will go to eight dollars," said he.

"It will go higher than that if we do not take some action," I predicted. "We have got to do something or else somebody will come along and do it for us.

"The Board of Trade is not responsible for these high prices, but the machinery of the Board of Trade is being used to put the prices up. The president of the board should call a meeting to deal with this situation."

They all agreed to that, the meeting was called, a committee was appointed to draft a plan and I was a member. We held our meeting at the Union League Club. It was a long session, lasting all day Saturday and Sunday, interrupted only when we stopped to eat. When we had concluded our work, Charles Pierce presented to the directors of the Board of Trade a resolution that we had worked out, and it was adopted forthwith.

We were dealing with an unprecedented corner and what we did was to frame a rule which prohibited anyone from going long another bushel. Anyone could buy the amount he was short; and anyone could sell short, but if a purchaser paid more than $3.25 a bushel he became subject to discipline by the board of directors.

The new rule was flashed to grain exchanges everywhere; it reached the 20,000 country elevators and millions of farmers, with the result that country speculators, small elevator proprietors, farmers and others began to sell. Since the market was at its peak, obviously there was nothing to be gained by holding the grain any longer. Wheat broke a dollar a bushel, and the St. Louis and Kansas City exchanges followed the example we had set.

No other action could have had the same result. If the price had gone to five dollars the farmers and small elevators that were holding grain would have continued to hold it in the hope that it would go still higher, and if the foreigners had continued to buy in competition with themselves and the shorts had been forced in, it might have gone to unknown heights.

In the Grip of Fear

The large hedge that I had inquired about at the luncheon at the Chicago Club was just a sample of no one can say how many deals of the sort. European buyers were ordering grain from anyone who would promise to deliver it. Those who contracted to deliver, not having the faintest idea where to get the grain in order to protect themselves, would go into the wheat pit and buy a similar quantity for future delivery. This frenzied buying, buying, buying turned the pit into a maelstrom.

Still, I do not know that it could have been done any differently. The foreign buyers were urged continually, I suppose, by their governments to get more wheat. A fear-psychology ruled Europe then. They feared defeat and they feared famine. No matter how fast the price advanced, they would take all that was offered. The rural regions went wild. Everyone knows what happened to the price of farm lands, and yet, when deflation came there was a disposition to blame the Government, which happened by that time to be in the control of a Republican administration. Deflation had to come.

The action growing out of that luncheon I have described was not prompted by the Government. It was a voluntary action by the men of the grain trade; nevertheless the time was coming when the Government had to take control, just as it had to take control of the railroads and take possession of the bodies, the lives, of its citizens.

Wheat, it should be remembered, is one of the chief raw materials of human energy. In 1917 we had to deal with a variety of extraordinary circumstances. The acreage sown in the fall of 1916 was 21 per cent larger than in any year since 1912, but the acreage harvested was less than any year since 1912. More than 13,250,000 acres had to be abandoned that year because of unsuitable weather. Such a condition taken by itself in an ordinary year would have justified a bull campaign. Besides, the submarines of the Germans were taking a toll of supply day after day.

The loss of ships loaded with wheat may not have been as dramatic as the loss of the Lusitania, but it constituted a much greater threat to Allied success.

On the demand side there was our own increased consumption, due to heightened industrial activity. Bigger pay rolls mean bigger meals; increased work means increased appetites. In Europe there was lessened production and waste, an almost complete dependence on American sources of supply, and to make all other matters worse, there was a breakdown in railroad transportation in the United States and a desperate condition at sea.

Mr. Hoover Steps In

It was imperative that this situation be controlled. Congress passed the Food and Fuel Control Law, known as the Lever Act, which became effective August 10, 1917. The following day Herbert Hoover, as United States Food Administrator, appointed to exercise the powers conferred by this act as it related to food, sent from Washington this letter:

BOARD OF TRADE,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: You are no doubt familiar with the provisions of the food bill as to exchange trading. I am, however, keenly desirous of securing the most friendly coöperation with the exchanges to effect a common national interest. Some time since, the exchanges met the total breakdown in the international wheat markets by constructive action on their own part.

On September 1, 1917, we propose to undertake Government purchase of wheat at the interior terminals with a view to stabilizing the price and to furnish a sure market for all arrivals.

In these circumstances I feel you will agree that trading of quotations in wheat futures will no longer serve their fundamental purposes and that such transactions will confuse rather than stabilize the price.

I therefore would be glad if you would take the necessary steps to suspend dealings and quotations in futures in wheat after the above date.

Three days after Mr. Hoover had written his letter a rule was posted on the floor of the exchange which said:

After the twenty-fifth day of August, 1917, all trading by members of this exchange in wheat for future delivery, in store by grade alone, in Chicago, shall cease, and any members so trading after said date shall be deemed to have committed a grave offense against the good name of this association.

Nearly 100 representative grain men of the country went to Washington to confer with Mr. Hoover and with another grain man, Julius Barnes, of Duluth, who had been made president of the United States Food Administration Grain Corporation. A former president of the Chicago Board of Trade, Hiram Sager, attended that conference for us. From that time on until the end of the war the machinery of the grain trade, the elevators, the forty-odd grain exchanges of America became an instrument of the Government.

From the end of August, 1917, until July 1, 1920, prices were largely controlled by the Government and no future trading in wheat was allowed. I think there is a lesson to be learned by those persons who think that speculation induces price fluctuations. It does not; and a comparison of the fluctuations in wheat prices under the thirty-four months of wartime government control without future trading in wheat with any similar length of time in the history of the Chicago Board of Trade will show that there was more fluctuation without future trading than there was with it.

I had other things besides the wheat pit to worry about during the war. My boy

GET AN ICE CREAM DIXIE!

~simply Delicious

EATEN from a dainty DIXIE, your favorite brand of ice cream will actually *taste* better and *feel* more velvety *than ever before.* There's no exaggeration in that. Nor is there any magic. It is simply the DIXIE advantage of filling, sealing and then freezing the cream *right in the container,* at the ice cream plant. All the richness, the smooth texture and the full flavor are preserved in DIXIES. *Nothing* is lost—and the ice cream reaches you pure, clean and appetizing.

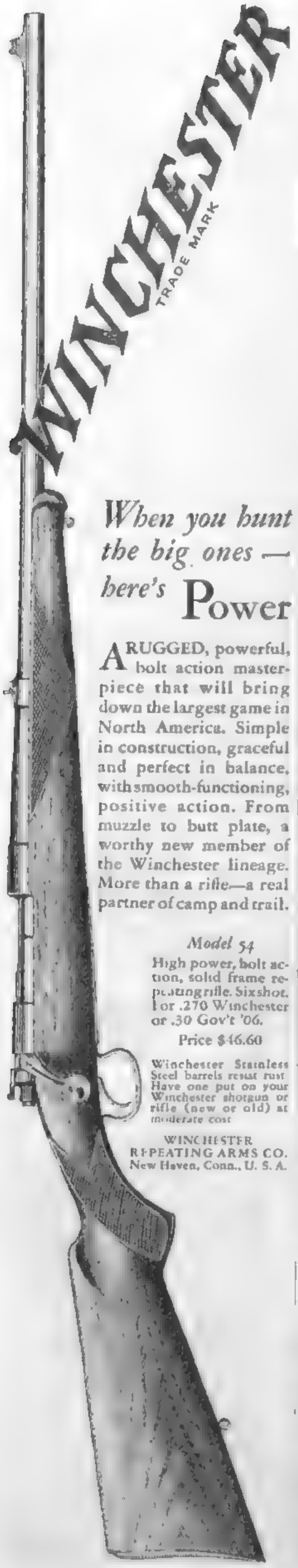
Just looking at the trim, frosty DIXIE in your hand, is a thorough pleasure.

Ask for your favorite ice cream in a DIXIE. If you have any trouble in getting DIXIES at your ice cream dealer's, please write us and give us the name of your favorite brand.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

What Is a Dixie!

A dainty, inviting individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to DIXIES for ice cream, Individual DIXIES for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.



When you hunt the big ones — here's Power

A RUGGED, powerful, bolt action masterpiece that will bring down the largest game in North America. Simple in construction, graceful and perfect in balance, with smooth-functioning, positive action. From muzzle to butt plate, a worthy new member of the Winchester lineage. More than a rifle—a real partner of camp and trail.

Model 54

High power, bolt action, solid frame repeating rifle. Six shot. For .270 Winchester or .30 Gov't '06.

Price $46.60

Winchester Stainless Steel barrels resist rust. Have one put on your Winchester shotgun or rifle (new or old) at moderate cost

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Jack, was under age, but eager to get to France. This was before we had started to send to France transports freighted with our young men. Jack was a skillful chauffeur, and so, when he said he wanted to go over and drive an ambulance, I told him to go ahead.

"You will be lonesome over there," I told him, "so I would advise you to go along with some other Evanston boy who wants to go. You won't get enough money as an ambulance driver to pay for a cigarette a day, so if you find a companion I'll keep both of you supplied with money."

I went to New York with them when they were ready to sail, gave them more money than they needed, and told them if there were any other young fellows with whom they wanted to share it, to do so and I would send them more. There was not very much you could do for those boys after they set foot on a ship for France.

Jack's ambulance driving was up around Verdun. One of the other boys told me, afterward, how a German officer captured there by the French had boasted that the Germans had refrained from shelling the ambulances in daylight. They shelled the roads impartially at night, of course. The lines were very close there.

"We can see your ambulances plainly in the daytime. One of the drivers has red hair."

The redhead was Jack.

When his term of service in the ambulance corps expired he wrote me that he wanted to go into the American aviation. I wrote back asking him to see if he could not join Charley Dawes' regiment, the Seventeenth Engineers, which contained many Chicago men. He enlisted in that regiment and was in an officers' training camp when the Armistice was signed.

A. Stamford White was president of the Board of Trade in 1918 and died in office. As vice president of the board I succeeded to the office and served out his term. The wheat pit was an idle piece of furniture then under wartime governmental control, and after a time we moved the corn traders into the wheat pit. Future trading in the coarse grains was only interfered with from time to time.

The Government had established a basic price of $2.26 a bushel for wheat. If anyone with a stock of wheat could not get more than that sum from any other buyer, it could always be sold to the Government for the basic price. There was no limit on the amount that might be paid for any of the cash grains, but there was a limited sum more than which might not be paid in future contracts for the coarse grains.

The cash-grain trade was in a state of chaos. A man could not find out what the price of grain was. It is difficult for an outsider to imagine the state of confusion that is caused by arbitrary interference with economic machinery.

The Gleaner

At times when prices kept going up farmers who were in a panic because there were no freight cars to haul their grain to market discovered that they had made as much as a dollar a bushel as a result of the enforced delay.

A jesting statement made a long time ago by P. D. Armour to George S. Thurber, who was then working for Frank Logan, is still repeated on the floor of the exchange.

"Better come to work for me, Thurber," said Armour; "I'm going to make a skating rink out of the Board of Trade."

There were times during the war when some of the men in the business felt that their market place might just as well be used as a skating rink.

One person who profited during the war was Joe Hudlum, the colored janitor of the exchange. The bootblack who seized the maniac who fired into the pits during the World's Fair was his brother. Their father had been janitor from the time the Board of Trade was organized until he died, about 1895. Then the son succeeded him, and has been the janitor since then. One of his perquisites has been the grain that spilled to the floor and was left on the cash-grain tables from the sample sacks.

The litter that was swept from the aisles between the cash-grain tables during the war was precious stuff that brought Joe Hudlum a daily harvest of cash. The corn meal that government regulations required housewives to take in equal quantities with the white flour they bought in wartime may sometimes have been thrown away, but no grain was wasted around the Board of Trade. If any fell to the pavement from the sample sacks that were brought into the building, there were waiting to peck it up the pigeons that have roosted under the eaves of the Board of Trade as far back as my memory goes. The pigeons that strut about in front of St. Mark's in Venice have no more iridescence in their feathers than our birds; but the Italians seem to set great store by those pigeons at St. Mark's and vendors make a living by selling small bags of grain to tourists who enjoy feeding them, while our pigeons are regarded as merely a Chicago nuisance.

There are people, not thoughtful, who sometimes express themselves as if they thought the Board of Trade was merely a Chicago nuisance, yet if it were made to disappear they soon would discover how wrong they were. Once, in 1896, the German Reichstag passed a law abolishing future trading in grain. The farmers of Germany were strongly organized and had sufficient political power to enforce their will on the lawmakers. What happened?

The Sustaining Influence

Price fluctuations increased because the stabilizing influence of the speculative money was gone. The small dealers and commission men could no longer make a living, and abandoned the market to a few very rich men. Large transactions were made in secret, which was surely the reverse of a blessing to the farmers. Country dealers, corresponding to our country elevator proprietors, began to pay the farmers less and to charge their own customers more. After four years the Germans, farmers and all, had had enough. The law was repealed and Germany reverted to the system of future trading that is used on the Chicago Board of Trade.

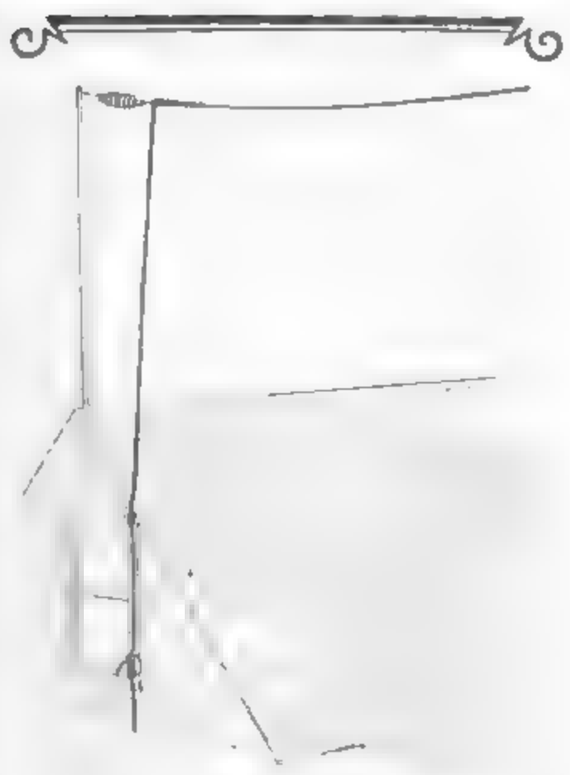
Under wartime control we had no real future markets, even for coarse grains. The future market on corn was a curbed market; dealings were limited and regulated. It was not a free market. The cash market was free. This inequality destroyed the relation between the two. Consequently corn was handled on a profit margin of many cents a bushel, instead of the cent a bushel or less of normal times under a free hedging market.

A man may descend from the top of a high building by jumping down the elevator shaft, or else he may descend by riding down that same shaft in the elevator car. Farmers sometimes complain that short sellers depress the market, yet it should be clear to anyone that the bears, the short sellers, are the one reliable sustaining influence in a falling market. They have to buy when the market goes down in order to get the profit for which they have been aiming, and their buying undeniably slows up the downward trend.

There are only a few speculators standing between the producers of wool in this country and the manufacturers, because there is no organized wool exchange for future trading and a comparatively small group of buyers. Instead of a corps of understanding speculators with capital standing ready to buy wool any hour of any business day, the producers may only hope to sell their wool to manufacturers.

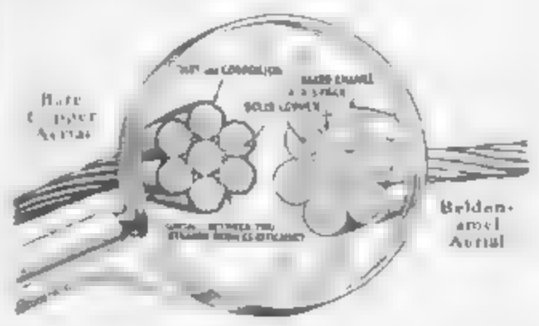
Sometimes the manufacturers, because they cannot hedge their purchases, and for other reasons, withdraw from the market. When that happens, as it did happen in 1920, the bottom drops out of the wool market. There is no short interest to come in and take up the slack. The best price a

(Continued on Page 180)



Make Your Aerial as Good as Your Set

THE aerial wire is really part of your radio set, and a good aerial is just as important as good tubes or batteries. A corroded aerial wire lowers the range and volume of your set and should be replaced.



A Beldenamel Aerial is protected by a thick coating of baked Beldenamel on each strand. It cannot corrode, even after years of service. It requires no cleaning or attention.

Make your aerial system permanently efficient by installing a Beldenamel Aerial today.

For sale at leading radio dealers'

Belden Manufacturing Company
2334 So. Western Ave., Chicago

Specify Belden
AERIAL WIRE

Moto-Gard

Extra Shutter Protection

adds a new factor of safety

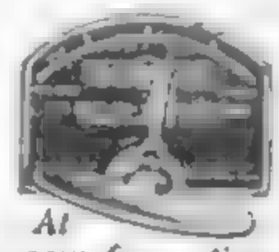
Now No danger of over-cooled motor at any temperature

JF temperatures didn't change, **any** shutter might be good enough for your car. But temperatures do vary, and shutters that open and close at only full length might over-cool the motor. Moto-Gard, alone in its Triple Service, is really "geared to the thermometer."

Water enters the motor from the bottom of the radiator and at this point it is many degrees cooler than when it started at the top. Unless added safeguards are provided at the bottom of the radiator, in comparatively chilly weather the water will over-cool the motor and prevent it from creating the amount of heat essential to consistent performance. Moto-Gard gives **extra protection** at this point.

How Moto-Gard Works

In severe weather, when your motor is battling the cold, or for short stops, Moto-Gard's leaves close completely. In average weather—from cool to "middling cold"—the lower leaves **stay** closed, while the upper ones open as much as you wish—to temper the water at the top, where it's hot. Finally, on warm days, all its leaves open. This is flexible protection—Moto-Gard's Triple Service, making winter driving both safe and certain



At your finger tips

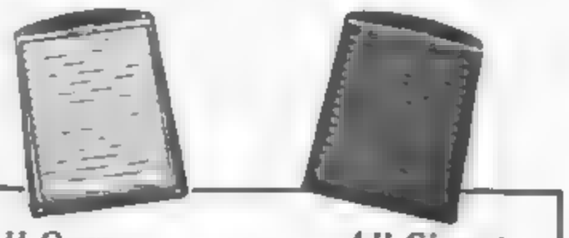
Moto-Gard is foolproof. Its operation is simple. A [illegible] adorns the [illegible] clamped on—no cutting or drilling. A light turn in either direction adjusts the leaves—as closely as 1/32" at a time, if you wish. A glance will tell you the exact position of the shutter leaves at any time. You regulate Moto-Gard yourself. Then you KNOW your protection is rightly "keyed" to the weather.

Your Car Needs this Triple Service

It guards your motor against over-cooling in **all** temperatures. It insures a quick get-away, with a minimum use of the choke, on the coldest day. When manifold or exhaust type heaters, requiring a cold air blast, are used, Moto-Gard is a necessity—because it affords a sure means of regulating the motor heat while, at the same time, it permits the heater to function.

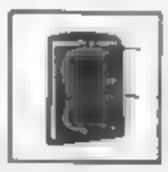
Your dealer will gladly show you why Moto-Gard is the one complete shutter for all-weather protection.

Moto-Gard Junior—For Fords and Chevrolets—a lower priced shutter similar to Moto-Gard, but with leaves operated in one section only, by a pull dash control.



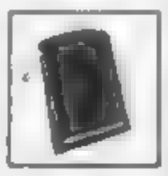
All Open *All Closed*

Additional Reasons Why Moto-Gard Is The Finest Shutter Made



ABSOLUTELY AIR TIGHT—Leaf edges [illegible] leaves.

ONE-PIECE FRAME—Stamped entirely from one-piece [illegible] gauge steel, not riveted, bolted or welded.



CONCEALED MECHANISM—no parts exposed and cable runs [illegible].

LEAVES OPEN INWARDLY—narrow, rigid leaves opening inwardly reduce danger of bending [illegible]—give compact built-in appearance.

ONE PIECE SHUTTER LEAVES—Stamped [illegible] gauge steel, with [illegible] locked into leaves.

TENSION SPRINGS—full length tension springs on each side hold leaves snugly in place and prevent [illegible] rattles.

Distributors

COLORADO
DENVER [illegible] Hdw. & Iron Co.
CONNECTICUT
HARTFORD [illegible]
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON-F. P. May Hdwe.
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FORT WAYNE-Mossman-Yarnelle
INDIANAPOLIS-Habig Mfg. Co.
IOWA
DES MOINES-Central Auto Supply
KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON-Auto Enameling Co.
MAINE
AUBURN-Darling Auto Co.
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BALTIMORE-J. R. [illegible]
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MICHIGAN
BAY CITY-Tyler-Lowery Co.
DETROIT-Rex [illegible]
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MINNEAPOLIS-J. E. Olen Co.
ST. PAUL-J. E. Olen Co.
MISSOURI
JOPLIN-[illegible]
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MONTANA
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NEW JERSEY
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TRENTON-[illegible]
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NEW YORK-Clark Equip. Co.
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OHIO
CANTON-Carburetor Sales & Serv.
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CLEVELAND-Ohio Spring Co.
COLUMBUS-J. H. & F. A. Sills
OREGON
PORTLAND-Jas. F. Morrell Co.
PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN-M. S. Young & Co.
[illegible] Snubber Sales Co.
PHILADELPHIA-Walton-Pilgrim Co.
[illegible]
SCRANTON K. & K. Auto Parts
WILLIAMSPORT-Williamsport Auto Parts Co.
RHODE ISLAND
PROVIDENCE-W. R. Barns Co.
SOUTH DAKOTA
[illegible]
WATERTOWN [illegible]
UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY-Inter-Mountain Elec. Co.
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE-Automobile Trimmers' Sup. Co.
SPOKANE-Spokane Battery & Ign.
[illegible]
WEST VIRGINIA
WHEELING [illegible]
WISCONSIN
MILWAUKEE-Reichardt Auto Equip.
CANADA
HAMILTON-Wood, Alex & James
LONDON-James Cowan Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL-Ludger Gravel & Fils
MONTREAL-Cutten & Foster
OTTAWA-Keyes Supply Co.
TORONTO-Cutten & Foster, Ltd.
WINNIPEG-D. Ausland & Sons

THE BREWER-TITCHENER CORPORATION

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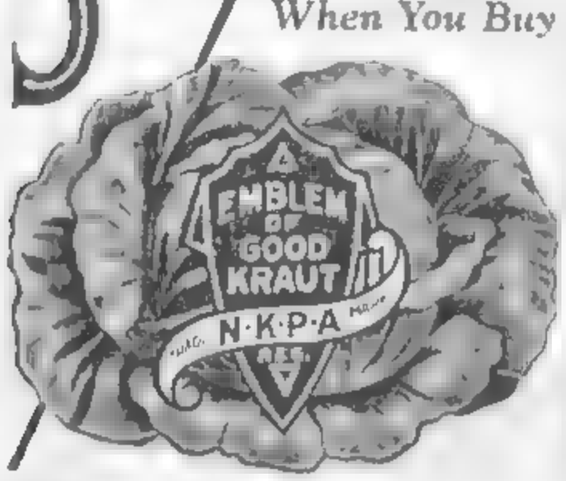
Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

Emblem of FIRST QUALITY Health-Giving Sauerkraut

Look for it on the Label When You Buy



This is the Emblem recently adopted by the National Kraut Packers' Association. It now appears on the label of every container of Sauerkraut produced by its members. It is placed there so that you may secure, without question or doubt, Sauerkraut of First Quality.

Look for it on the label when you buy this delicious and healthful food.

Only licensed members of the Association are permitted to use this Emblem. It means Sauerkraut made in the finest and most sanitary factories. It means Sauerkraut of the proper color and correct lactic content. It means strict conformity to the standard for Sauerkraut recently adopted by the U. S. Government.

In fact, it means everything in Sauerkraut—a pure, clean, wholesome, health-giving product—dependably so, always.

For the past five years we have been telling the people of the healthful qualities in Sauerkraut. The most famous authorities of this and other countries have been quoted, showing that its lactic ferments help keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs; that it has all four vitamins; that it is rich in calcium, potash, phosphorus and iron for blood, bones and teeth.

Know all about this most wonderful health food. Send today for our *free* booklet. It gives 49 recipes for serving. *And look for the Emblem when you buy.* If unable to secure it, write the Association.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for this Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" with new tested recipes.

Name _____

_____

_____

(Continued from Page 178)

producer may get in such circumstances is considerably less than his product is worth.

A free and open market is desirable always, I think. Naturally, though, skill has its uses in such markets. Give 100 men the same kind of tackle, access to the same bait can and set them to fishing in the same pool and certain men among the 100 will catch more fish than the majority. Some men can run faster than the majority, and some can think faster.

One of the best traders I have ever known was Billy Long; he is dead now. We gave him an order to buy several hundred thousand bushels of corn. Billy was a corn broker. Instead of going into the corn pit and bidding, he went in and offered to sell at a quarter of a cent over the market. The crowd there laughed at him, and some of them yelled, "Sell you fifty!" "Sell a hundred!"

All the men in the pit who had commissions to sell were offering it, and at the market price. Suddenly Billy said:

"Take it all," nodding to the sellers clustered about him, so that we got our hundreds of thousands of bushels of corn at the same price, instead of having to pay an ascending rate as a penalty for strengthening the market. That was skillful buying disguised as a jest. Billy was a quick thinker and he had an amazingly good memory. Quick thinking and a good memory are fine tools for a trader in the grain pits.

So many of the traders who were considered a part of the scenery when I was active have disappeared that it is a bit saddening to contemplate the activity there and note their absence. One of the conspicuous figures in the old days was Josiah Kirby. I remember him as invariably incased in a long frock coat, a high-crowned silk hat on his head, and a fat umbrella held in the hand he carried behind his back. Jim Rankin, another floor trader, is retired now. Charley Buckley is well-to-do and out of the turmoil. There were many who traded there but a short time. How many persons, I wonder, who when they read in the newspapers of another yacht challenge being issued by the British merchant, Sir Thomas Lipton, recall that in 1900 he was a member of the Chicago Board of Trade and in October of that year ran a corner in pork? Barreled pork, incidentally, has disappeared from the market. It is no longer a trading commodity on the floor. There have been many changes and many of the traders of 1927 are the sons and grandsons of the men who were traders when I first came to Chicago. The present head of the Cudahy Packing Company is the same individual who as a little lad, though it seems only yesterday, was kidnaped from Omaha.

One change that the farmers did not desire was the end of wartime control of the grain trade. When it was seen that the Government was preparing to retire from the grain business, representatives of farmers' organizations went to Washington to urge what they asserted was a need for a continuance of the uneconomic arrangement. The spokesmen for the farmers' organizations contended that it was costing the farmers of the Northwest $2.49 a bushel to produce the wheat they were selling to the Government for $2.26. They wanted the price fixed at $2.70 a bushel. Congress maintained the price at $2.26 and the farmers of the Northwest planted one of the biggest acreages ever known.

I am not denying that the farmers are having trouble, but that trouble is due to oversupply, or, what amounts to the same thing, lessened demand.

On the morning of July 1, 1920, when the bell rang for the resumption of trading, the corn brokers went back to their own place and the wheat traders, buyers and sellers, after thirty-four months, confronted each other again in that queer wooden dish we call the wheat pit. Without the artificial support of Government money wheat prices broke right down and kept declining. Supply and demand were contending again.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Patten and Mr. Sparkes. The sixth and last will appear in the November nineteenth issue.

Professor Dilldock, D. P. S., F. R. G. S. ($3,000 Per Annum): Sometimes I Think I Should Have Gone in for Pugilism Instead of Paleontology

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STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS

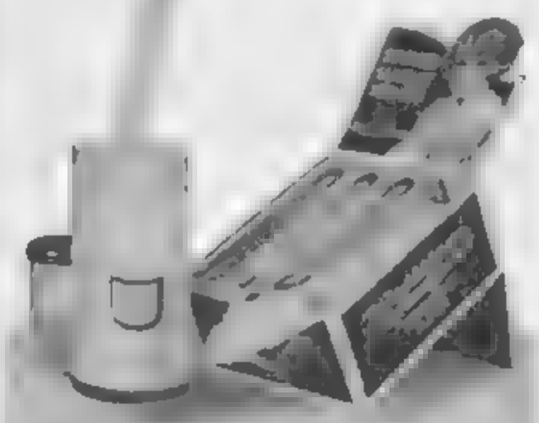
Milk Builds Brawn and Muscle

MILK is nature's ideal food. That's why it is invariably served to athletes in training and to growing school children.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk and other cold drinks. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Machine made, Stone's Straws are absolutely sanitary. Always use them at the Soda Fountain. Get the convenient 10c Home Package from your druggist today.

Dealers: Always order STONE'S STRAW *by name.*

The Stone Straw Co



Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

from dusk to dawn

FIVE o'clock! Six o'clock! Whistles blow, desks slam; several million people drop their work and go home.

The next morning, like an inflowing tide, they return—to find office, store or factory scrubbed or polished clean, ready for the day's work. Throughout the night, thousands of men and women have toiled to restore order and cleanliness.

Are you fully conscious of what CLEAN FLOORS mean to you? *Cleanliness begins with CLEAN FLOORS.* Wherever you work, play, eat or sleep, CLEAN FLOORS are a sign of clean management and clean surroundings. Where floors are scrubbed or polished regularly by electric [illegible], you can generally count on other services, which make for your comfort and pleasure.

Make your floors pay dividends

Business men! FINNELL cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, hotel, will pay you dividends in increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employee morale. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine pays, too, in dollars and cents saved. It scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—wood, mastic, tile, terrazzo, linoleum, etc.—cleaner and faster than hand methods. Ten thousand satisfied users.

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IT POLISHES
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FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

[HOUSEHOLD FINNELL.—If interested in small FINNELL for home use, ask for booklet, "Beautiful Floors."]

OUTLAWS FROM PARNASSUS

(Continued from Page 35)

our betters, several answers to the question: Why hasn't America struck out and developed an artistic line for herself? The one answer which is almost never given is that she has. To put the argument briefly, the artists of the United States have created a more beautiful tin can and a more satisfactory electric sign than any other artists in the world—and they are only beginners at the job. Are tin cans and electric signs art? They are not, say the artists. And the only proper answer at this stage of the game is: What of it?

The one good reason for Americans to imitate Europeans is that the Europeans have been in the field a long time; they make the rules and they issue the official rankings. If an American wants to play golf and to be recognized as an international golfer, he has to be governed by St. Andrews. If he wants to play rounders he had better study English rounders. It is only when he insists upon playing baseball, and does not enter into competition with foreigners, that he can dictate his own rules, and if Cuba or Japan wants to challenge for the world's championship, they have to abide by the American rules.

Roughly the mind of every artist traces the history of the arts from Greece, to the Italian Renaissance, through France, down to the present time. The Greeks had nine Muses—including one for history and one for astronomy—the beaux arts are usually counted as seven. America has contributed no new one, in spite of Walt Whitman, and, in general, her effort has been to be as much like the best European models as she could. The record of the arts has been like a great studbook in which only European horses were listed. If an outsider from America won a race, money changed hands, the facts were noted in the newspapers, but the studbook refused to recognize the event officially—or at best, it noted the unfortunate occurrence in an appendix. It is still the ambition of most American students of architecture to go to Rome, of painters to study at the Beaux Arts or at a Parisian studio, of composers to go to the Conservatory, or opera singers and dancers to appear in the terribly second-rate opera houses of Europe. The influence is dwindling perceptibly, but enough of it remains to make it easy to understand what America was half a century ago.

A Passion for Camouflage

When the priests of Parnassus advised the young American to form his style on the best European models, they added the suggestion that European materials were also the most agreeable for real artistic production. After all, what had the American? A raw, uncouth country, without legends or traditions, without ancient castles, ghosts, myths, natural beauties, cultivated gardens—in fact, all the paraphernalia of art were lacking. Italy had the only marble for statues, Germany the folk songs to be made into symphonies, England the beautiful life of the peasantry to be worked up into fiction, Hungary the gypsies to show one how to dance. America had only backwoodsmen and business men.

So the great purpose in life of the American artist became to cover things up; he knew what a locomotive was, and he knew that art was something else—exactly what, no two people agree. He made it his work then to make everything he touched look like something else—there are two apartment houses at opposite ends of New York, of which one looks like a series of sleeping cars, one on top of the other, and the second looks like a cathedral. When the American worked in concrete he tried his best to make it look like Spanish stucco; he manufactured new furniture and gave it a worn air; he marbleized his wooden mantels; whenever he had to work in cheap materials like tin and sheet steel, he managed to make them look like wood. The passion for covering things went so far that for a time it was considered bad form to allow the inoffensive telephone to appear in the nude, and three petticoats became its standard wear.

With European ideals of form well fixed in his mind, and with a delicate contempt for American materials, the run of American artists of the past century turned out some of the emptiest poems, and flightiest novels, the most stultified paintings and statues, the tinkliest music, that have ever won a nation an honest name in the history of art. Art itself became the property of women's clubs. The reason usually given for this is that the men were too busy making money; but it is at least as fair a guess that the art offered to the American of the past century had so little to do with his life that he quite naturally held it in contempt as a plaything.

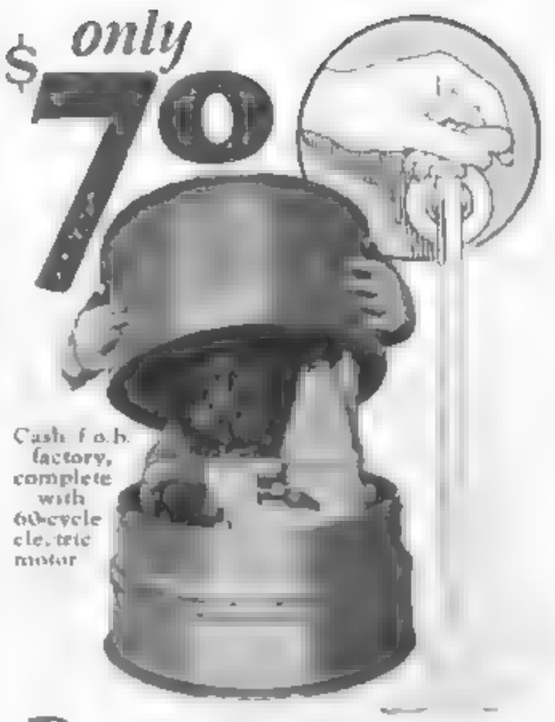
New Standards for Old

While official art was going through this development, other things were occurring in America. The materials were there. Human beings were living interesting lives, limestone was discovered in the Middle West, tunes came up from the South, cigarettes began to sell in the millions, the motor car revolutionized many things besides transportation, electric light began to be used for advertising signs, the United States Steel Corporation became the largest industrial unit in the world, millions of immigrants entered into the life of America, amusement became a business, the movies arrived and popular magazines began to consider a circulation of less than a million a disgrace; the building of large edifices became a problem in the uses of concrete, glass and steel; America became prosperous and silver became cheap; free land went out and the tractor came in. In a thousand ways the life of America became sharply distinct from the life of any other country. A few artists saw it and got excited about it; for the most part, the rest turned their backs on the noisy carnival and wondered whether Rimbaud's theory of the colors of the vowels could be transplanted to America.

Since the war each country has gone through a period of self-glorification, and there has been a deal of shouting about how fine American artists are—no doubt the artists deserve it. But recently another note has been heard. It is still rather timid, because what it implies is the complete annihilation of the whole hierarchy of the arts. It suggests, in effect, that a well-made motor-car body may be as beautiful as a Roman chariot, that a well-built chassis may be as attractive as a painting, or a page of advertising copy as illuminating as a three-volume novel. It grows a little bolder and asserts that the combination of city life, with its geometrical lines, rapid transportation, and electricity may give us an entirely new system of values by which to judge pictures. It indicates that a steel filing cabinet may be a more beautiful object than a bad Louis Seize chair. And particularly, it becomes violent when the thunder comes down from Parnassus that filing cabinets and advertising copy and motor chassis are not art. The answer is no longer: What of it?

The answer is: "The things you accepted as art have hardly justified themselves. They have had precious little to do with us, and we with them. Very well. There is no law compelling us to enter your competition; we withdraw. We no longer ask you to judge us by your standards—we are going to strike out on our own tack. You go on making objects of art, and we will make alarm clocks and radio tubes and dynamos. You say that a nation must have art to express its deepest feelings—you may be right. But since we cannot compete with you, we'll go about trying to express our feelings in gears and scoops and Charleston

$ only 70



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Have it NOW!

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A TURN of the faucet handle—a stream of running water—lots of it! Thousands enjoy this great convenience. Thousands who once thought it too expensive, but who now have turned from pump-and-carry drudgery to the easier, more healthful and now *no more costly* way—the *new F-M Home Electric Water System* way.

Bigger capacity at lower cost

No home water system of equal capacity has ever been obtainable at such low cost. Yet no system matches the new F-M water system in modernness of design—in appearance—in simple, *automatic* operation.

Here indeed is a plant that only ripened experience and up-to-the-minute water plant building could produce. Compact—all operating parts contained within an enclosed unit 21 inches high and 19 inches in diameter; yet readily accessible by simply lifting the hood. Finished, as no other system, in beautiful *dell't* blue automobile lacquer—reflecting in outward appearance the extra measure of quality found in every detail. Easily installed—only two pipe connections are required—and so dependable that it can practically be forgotten.

See this *new* amazingly low-priced 210-gallon-per-hour water system. The home water system that thousands have picked as the greatest home water plant *value*—value that excels because of Fairbanks-Morse quantity production, unlimited facilities and world-wide distribution.

Only $20 down

Under the F-M Finance Plan you can buy this water system for as little as $20 down and small monthly payments. Ask your dealer.

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Expert advice and counsel on water service problems

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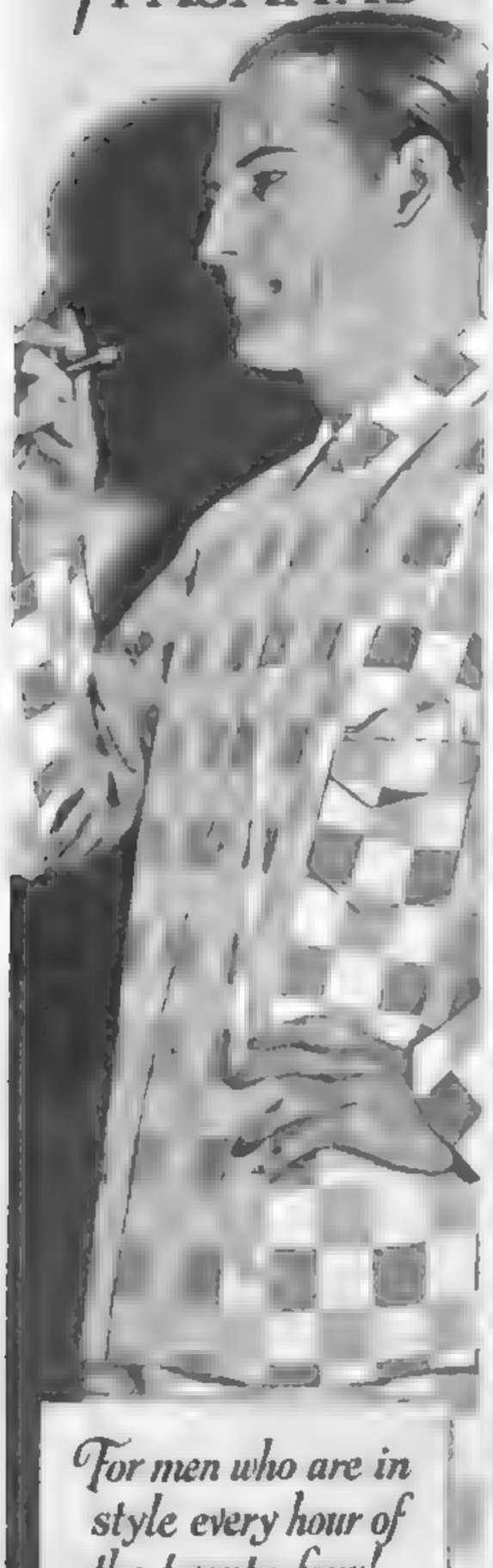

For men who are in style every hour of the twenty-four!

There's real style in Varsity Pajamas! Of course, there's comfort, too—fine workmanship and splendid value.

But what makes Varsity Pajamas stand out are the distinctive models—unusual patterns and brilliant colorings.

Most good stores can show you a fine selection of Varsity Pajamas ranging from $2.50 to $15.

Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

contests. You may call us benighted and commercial and vulgar, but don't call us inartistic. Because we've side-stepped that. We are going to use the materials the Lord gave us in the ways we have found best, without trying for art."

That is a pretty angry statement, but it is moderate in one respect. It does not breathe the ugly suspicion that even in Europe the arts are moribund and need some reinvigoration if they aren't to lose their prestige. It does not even say that tin cans are better than Tintorettos. It is comparatively modest in claiming only that for America the official arts may not be all-important, and that this country may, somehow, express itself in other ways, entirely outside the range of European activities.

And now, if the professor will oblige with a little soft music, we can proceed to look at a tin can, an alarm clock, a motor car and an electric sign. A tin can by the river's brim is as unsavory an object as any other refuse, but a tin can or box, for canned fruit or cigarettes, is often as neatly proportioned, as well composed, as harmoniously colored, as attractive to the eye as, let us say, a seventeenth-century snuffbox. There are, of course, thousands of tins with none of these attractions; but there are dozens which are distinctly a gratification to the eye. The qualities of our common alarm clock are as easy to understand, but their value does not become clear until you contrast them with a masterpiece of the clock-maker's art such as graced the Paris window of a well-known international jeweler last year.

This clock was all in the best tradition. It stood eight inches high and nearly a foot long; it was constructed apparently of marble and semiprecious stones in ornate columns flanking the face, which was incrusted with gold, and golden hands pointed to jeweled numerals. It was a direct descendant of the Second Empire, without delicacy of proportions, and was altogether one of the most distasteful objects I have ever seen.

Our average alarm clock, square or round, big or little, in nickel or gilt, is so simple, so economically built to fulfill its function, that it has actually a decorative effect. Yet the alarm clock is relegated to the kitchen in most American homes, and ormolu reigns in the drawing-room.

Distinctly American

There is, however, one place in the American home which is the product largely of the architect, the engineer and the manufacturing plumber—to wit, the bathroom. Of late the decorator has had fancies about brocade and armchairs for this simple room, but generally it remains the work not of artists but of technicians. And the bathroom in America is as pleasing as the kitchen in France, and as native. Mr. Lewis Mumford, an acrid observer of the artistic follies of Americans, has recently declared the two technical rooms—bath and kitchen—to be the two best rooms in American homes; the two least spoiled by the intrusion of foreign elements. The ornateness of 1890 bathtubs has been displaced by correct and simple lines; the foot of a washstand is neither too thick nor too thin; it is precisely made and easily as attractive as a carved table leg. The combination of materials, colors, designs, all tend to a desired effect—and every single one has been chosen primarily for its use. The pleasure they give is "velvet."

It is a commonplace to hear that America's single contribution to civilized existence is the bathtub. If that is true, at least it is a good bathtub, and the tub and its surroundings—if we do not try to make them into Roman baths—are triumphs of industrial taste.

In this, as in many other respects, the interior decorator has not yet caught up with the manufacturers. Generally the ideal of a prosperous American home is a room copied from a historical museum in France; once in a while a craze for Duncan Phyfe or Early American comes over us, and we try to evolve a 100 per cent American museum. The suggestion that a room need not be a copy or museum at all is considered a trifle Bolshevik, except by the few great decorators who can make any collection of furniture take on the air of a livable room. Yet a well-arranged business office, without Louis Seize chairs and love seats, without American imitations of foreign models of any kind, is as pleasing to the eye, as agreeable to every sense, as the average arranged room.

Such an office is built of steel and wood; it takes into account the requirements of electricity and steam heat and radiators and telephones; it does not attempt to deny these entirely agreeable facts of contemporary life, and, incidentally, it gets a precise and simple beauty out of them. It does not try to hide the radiators; it compels the radiators to contribute to the appearance of the room. It does not pretend that electricity is candlelight any more than that an escalator is a stepladder, or that a motor car is a Sedan chair.

Taste and Utility

The first American motors seem pathetic to us, chiefly because they were built like buggies; later they followed the style of the barouche and other carriages, including the hansom. The designer of the body had not yet begun to face the necessities of the power with which he was dealing, nor to realize the capacities of his instrument. He created a high-hung, foreshortened carriage, sometimes with a door opening out of the back seat—adapted from the movable board of the ordinary farm wagon—with portable steps for an easy exit. But the mechanism of the automobile was dissatisfied, and as it approached perfection it compelled the designer to adapt himself to power. As a result the best cars of today are supreme examples of taste in the service of commerce. Every line of a good car tells exactly what the car can give—swift, effortless, independent motion, with an extreme of comfort. The motor-car body is not built in a void. It has to meet a hundred specifications: The size of the motor, the length of the chassis, the diameter of the wheels, the necessity to diminish resistance, the needs of the passenger, the questions of weight, cost and available material.

Quite apart from trick cars shaped like fish or insects, quite apart from special bodies for special purposes, there are in America today hundreds of examples of coach work which can stand any comparison with Roman chariots or the state coaches of Louis XIV. It is the particular triumph of these cars that they meet the practical obligation first, without sidestepping, and merely by being good cars become beautiful. There is virtually no decoration, nothing is put on; you have purity of line because the coach is properly designed to go with the chassis. In the best examples you have grace because you have the maximum of power and the maximum of control.

The æsthete insists that a motor car, however beautiful, tells you nothing important about life, as a picture by Rembrandt does. The retort of the body designer is that he is an outlaw from Parnassus; he is not trying to create significant art. But if the conditions of life continue to change he may suspect that our children's children will find that anything, if it is beautiful, is important enough.

The coach of a car, as its name suggests, is a descendant, but the chassis and the engine have no forbears in the distant past. The suggestion that they, also, can give pleasure to the eye will probably startle the motorist. But the attractiveness of a bodiless motor car has been recognized by the dealers in every automobile row in America; it is not only for the experts that they put stripped cars in their windows. The glistening steel, the powerful masses of the motor, catch the eye. Instinctively

(Continued on Page 185)

Sister and Sonny have just learned they are going

California

this winter

Golden California stretching its pleasant playgrounds along the sea. Sunny land of fruit and flowers where living is a joy the whole year 'round.

Variety and beauty! Mile-high mountains—smooth beaches—orange groves, pepper trees and palms. World cities—quiet retreats. Every sport—every day.

California is only two days away on *The Chief*. *The Chief* is both fine and fast. Travelers gladly pay extra fare to enjoy its luxury and speed.

Five famous Santa Fe trains leave every day for California. "Santa Fe all the way." Besides *The Chief* there are The California Limited, The Navajo, The Scout and The Missionary—all offering famous Fred Harvey meal service.

On your way—Grand Canyon National Park and the Indian-Detour

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W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
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Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket

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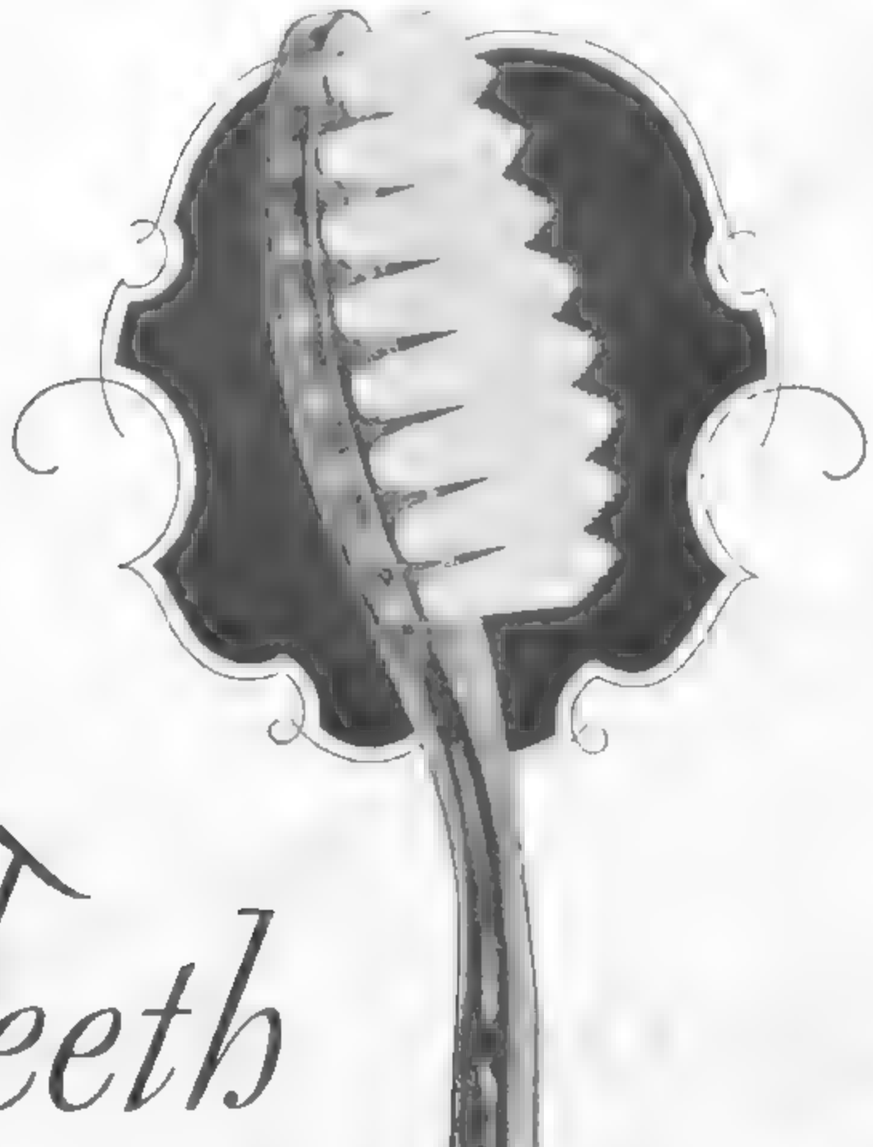


Teeth Quickly Whitened *by amazing polishing action of this* modern brush

SURPRISING whiteness quickly replaces dingy stains and discolorations—when brushing really *polishes* your teeth. You soon *see* these results.

And Dr. West's Tooth Brush *does* this for your teeth—*polishes them each time you use it.* That is the purpose for which this *modern* brush was designed.

Use any good dentifrice you like. Your Dr. West's brush does the polishing. Always brush away from the gums—four minutes daily: two at night, two in the morning. Then watch your teeth take new brightness.

* * *

In size, design and bristles, Dr. West's is very different from other tooth brushes. The accompanying diagram shows how these facts give this modern brush its remarkable polishing ability. Note that it reaches any part of the mouth easily. That every surface and curve of every tooth is firmly contacted. Note, too, how deeply its extrapointed tufts penetrate into all crevices between teeth.

Most important of all, you see that its special bristles remain erect. Only the tips of bristles can cleanse and polish. A floor cannot be swept with the *side* of a broom. Nor can teeth be cleaned, polished, by the *sides* of bent-over bristle-tufts. In addition to correct design, Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made of special polishing bristles—for which premium prices are paid, from two to five times more than the cost of ordinary bristles

* * *

That's why whiter teeth are bound to follow regular brushing with Dr. West's. Stop in at any drug store, today, and get one for each member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. See what a great difference it makes—and how quickly this becomes apparent.

Note the Differences

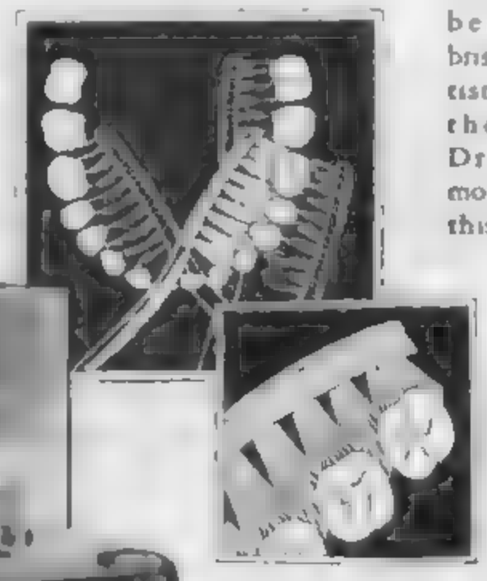
Dr. West's brush perfectly fits the neglected *inside* curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep crevices clean. Special bristles remain erect—polishing, whitening.

Note This, Too

For your protection, every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is first sterilized, then sealed in special envelope, then packed in customary carton. No one can thumb or handle the Dr. West's you buy!

To Get Full Benefit:

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is extra sturdy. It may look all right, may still be usable long after use has impaired the amazing polishing quality. Don't use it too long. Get a new one: a) if your present brush has been in use for 90 days; b) if bristles soften, lose resilience, immediately when wet; or c) if spaces between tufts show tangled, bent-over bristles. Dentists change their own Dr. West's monthly, for this reason.



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Unlike any other brush known—in modern size, design, and bristles!

Come up on the Hill with me

THE GROCER looks out his window and watches with concern the opening of a chain store across the street.

The ice and coal dealer tosses in bed at night before the challenge of electric refrigeration and oil heating.

The maker of cigars finds food for sombre thought in the rising tide of preference for the cigarette.

Business tragedies in the making? That all depends.

Isolated examples? Well, let's see.

Down the street from the grocer sits a banker—grappling with a chain-store problem of his own.

On the other side of town stands a locomotive works—whose executives are face to face with the spectre of railroad electrification.

In the next city, a wallpaper manufacturer bewails the mode for rough-plaster walls and tinted finishes.

And so across the country—new problems for business rising on every hand; new distribution methods making obsolete the past; new products conquering markets ruled for years; new inventions sounding the death knell of honored institutions; new competitions in which whole industries are pitted against each other to secure a larger share of the buyer's dollar.

And so across the country—business men, big and little, feeling the relentless pressure of a new competition—men who have dwelt in the sheltered valleys of isolated enterprise—now hearing for the first time the threat that rumbles beyond the hills—

—business men, big and little, either falling behind or forging ahead; either struggling alone in the dim half light of precedent or striding forward, alive to the broad sweeps of business.

Nation's Business Magazine says to the American business man:

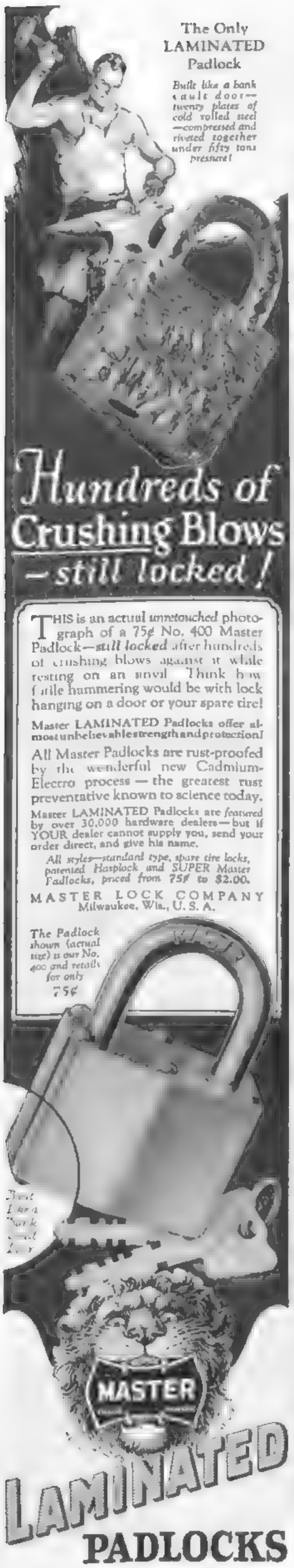
"Come up on the hill with me. Lift your eyes beyond the borders of your own industry. See how others are meeting new conditions just as fundamental and perplexing as your own. Sit with the country's keenest business men as they sense and prepare for the new, the fresh, the unexpected."

Nation's Business is published by the largest business organization in the world. It is frank, human and direct. Its romance is the romance of business, its language the language of your office. If you are in business you must keep in touch as never before. Nation's Business is edited for you and for its more than 250,000 subscribers with this in mind.

NATION'S BUSINESS

Merle Thorpe, Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES


The Only
LAMINATED
Padlock
Built like a bank vault door—twenty plates of cold rolled steel—compressed and riveted together under fifty tons pressure!
Hundreds of Crushing Blows —still locked!
THIS is an actual unretouched photograph of a 75¢ No. 400 Master Padlock—still locked after hundreds of crushing blows against it while resting on an anvil. Think how futile hammering would be with lock hanging on a door or your spare tire!
Master LAMINATED Padlocks offer almost unbelievable strength and protection!
All Master Padlocks are rust-proofed by the wonderful new Cadmium-Electro process — the greatest rust preventative known to science today.
Master LAMINATED Padlocks are featured by over 30,000 hardware dealers—but if YOUR dealer cannot supply you, send your order direct, and give his name.
All styles—standard type, spare tire locks, patented Hasplock and SUPER Master Padlocks, priced from 75¢ to $2.00.
MASTER LOCK COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.
The Padlock shown (actual size) is our No. 400 and retails for only 75¢
MASTER
LAMINATED
PADLOCKS

(Continued from Page 182)

we are aware that these are our own raw materials—that they are of our time and what we do with them expresses our ideas about life.

This does not exactly mean that a full-size chassis is just what you are looking for to fill that awkward corner in the sitting room. The old spinning wheel has more of the homelike atmosphere, not to speak of the sanction of time. But it does suggest that sometime in the future, steel in itself, and not painted to look like stained glass, can be used decoratively. At the Power Show in New York last year great concentric circles of steel inclosing ball bearings, moving slowly on their axis, suggested a modern decorative scheme of the first order. It is, however, in its own place, doing its appointed work, that a motor chassis is really effective, and a critic of art, suspicious about planes and masses and proportion and composition and design, would have no fault to find.

The motor car, taken altogether, has accomplished a new thing. It has changed the way in which we look at objects. We used to stop and look, now we look and read, while the car runs. Look at a picture of The Last Supper. It is so composed that no matter where your eye starts it is led directly to the figure of Christ. The faces of the apostles, both left and right, turn toward Christ in a definite progression. If you start at one end your eye goes to the center, and the moment your attention wavers and goes to the other end, back it is sent by the composition of the picture. But all this is based on the assumption that you yourself are standing still.

If you are riding at sixty miles an hour and a billboard appears parallel to your road, at a distance of five hundred feet, it is quite possible that the near end of the sign will have disappeared from your line of vision by the time you have caught sight of the far end. That is why there are no long arguments on contemporary billboards, and why a recognizable color or trade-mark or design is of the utmost importance. If the color of the board itself proclaims the kind of, let us say, fishhooks you are invited to buy, the designer can put the name in a less conspicuous position and devote his precious space—corresponding to the few seconds you are giving his appeal—to stating a simple and attractive fact about the product.

The Fourth Dimension

There is no need for nuances of color—at your speed they blend into a mass. There is desperate need of concentration of interest, so that the fleeing eye is effectively arrested for a brief moment at the selling point of the sign. This means that for the first time an artist has had to consider the time it will take for his picture to be seen, as well as the angle from which it will be seen. When Michelangelo began to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel he knew that he could not use the methods he employed for an ordinary portrait intended to hang on a wall. He had to consider the angle of space. And in whatever an artist does nowadays for exhibition out-of-doors, he has to consider the angle of time. The observer is in motion—he does not see the object steadily or see it whole. And it is the job of the artist to compensate for these changes—even if what he produces is wholly outside the accepted canons of art.

Under the sun there's nothing new, but under electric lights things take on at least the appearance of novelty. The fact that people no longer have to stop to look at a show window, but go by it as fast as the city ordinances permit, has had a definite effect on window architecture and on window dressing; practical affairs are compelled to adapt themselves to conditions much faster than theories are. But if the American is the first to see that he can meet the dynamic attitude of the spectator—meet the simple fact that the observer is no longer stationary—with something dynamic in his own composition, will he not, at last, be permitted to call himself, if not an artist, at least an innovator and a creator?

Actually he has already begun. He has made the movement of light paint his pictures to an extent. On the east water front of New York there falls at regular intervals a flood of changing colored light from the opposite bank; you are aware of it first as flashes on the water. But if you take up a position under a certain span of the bridge there is revealed to you, created entirely by these floods of light, a romantic castle on the Rhine, as it might have been painted by Maxfield Parrish—and suddenly the name of the advertiser stabs across these gentle tinted waves of light with a bright smash of white. The fact that this experiment makes you think of Rhineland castles and Maxfield Parrish is the only discreditable feature. As you walk along Broadway or Broad Street or along the Lake Michigan water front in Chicago, the activity of the lights makes you think of nothing in the past, because electricity is a force without a past. The animated displays create designs, they establish compositions, which have nothing to do with the curved lines of beauty you read about in textbooks on art.

The New Art of Writing

In the electric sign, and in the moving picture, the modern man has a new element, as important as the discovery of perspective. He has actual movement within a design—the thing that a Leonardo da Vinci and a Michelangelo had to suggest with infinite pains is ready to his hand. The use he has made of it so far has been unconscious; when he becomes aware of the possibilities he may find another Leonardo, who was an engineer as well as a painter, to create masterpieces.

If these possibilities of a moving medium are missed we shall get in electric signs what we too often get in the moving pictures when they stop moving and present us with beautiful stills. If you can take time to analyze a good movie, you will find that the shots which remain with you, which you think of as beautiful, are not the motionless pictures of locations or interiors, but the moments in which the movement of the characters creates something beautiful to watch. In the name "moving pictures" the emphasis is on the first word. A movie of Washington Crossing the Delaware which did nothing more than reproduce the famous picture would hardly be a triumph of the cinematographer's art, but there are ways in which a mob scene or a runaway horse or the passage of a ship through ice floes can be made thrilling and beautiful.

The worker in the movie has the same choice as the worker in electric signs or in any other medium: whether he will exploit all the possibilities of the new elements, or merely try to copy in new colors the designs of the past. Directors of movies still seem to be saying, "We'll pose this crowd like Velasquez's Surrender of Breda," or "Go sit there like Whistler's Mother," quite forgetting that it isn't the pose, but the motion which gives the value to their pictures. The pose you can trace back to the Greeks, but the motion you have to invent today.

In actual experience the absence of tradition may make easy the path of the movie director and the electrician. But what happens, for example, to a writer of advertising copy? In the past generation the composition of advertising copy has become a vastly important business; it involves the services of writers, of painters, of psychologists, of trained research workers in every field. A page of advertising from the year 1900 looks silly in comparison with one of today. The older page lacks definition; it is sometimes hard to guess just what is being advertised and what the selling points are. Typography, color, design, relations between text and white space have all been studied, and the results are scientifically embodied in our present ads. The writer

Let
MUNSINGWEAR
Cover You With Satisfaction

Style 801
A form-fitting union suit, ankle length, long sleeves, offered in the wanted weights for fall and winter

MUNSING Wear

UNION SUITS
Give Complete Satisfaction

Munsingwear Union Suits, because of their quality and workmanship, the satisfactory way in which they fit and cover the form and the unusual comfort and service they give the wearer, are for sale by one or more of the leading merchants in every town of importance in the United States. It will pay you to locate and patronize the Munsingwear dealer in your community.

Choice of form-fitting knitted models and loose-fitting woven models.

A right style and size for you and every member of the family.

PULL-OVER SHIRTS
AND TRACK PANTS

Up-to-the-minute in every respect are these snappy two-piece garments. The shirts are of soft knitted fabric, very absorbent. The pants come in both knitted and woven materials—some plain, some with stripes, some in fancy patterns. All represent the finest quality and workmanship.

HOSIERY

Like the underwear, Munsingwear Hosiery is made for men who want dependability of style and performance. Offered in silk, lisle, cotton, rayon and wool, also in pleasing mixtures of these materials.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

Sold Only Through
Retail Merchants

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Keep Your Car Warm!

MONROE FORCED DRAFT MANIFOLD TYPE HEATER

Insures an adequate supply of pure, fresh, heated air, at the pull of a handle on the dash. Heat is taken from the manifold—no exhaust fumes can enter the car. Substantially made of cast metal—cannot get loose and rattle. Write today for prices on Chevrolet, Dodge and Buick models.

"Ride on Cushions of Oil"

MONROE HYDRAULIC Shock Eliminators

A low cost, high quality hydraulic eliminator for all cars. Write for free booklet describing advantages.

$35 to $45 Set of Four

Prices higher west of Mississippi. Install...

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT MFG. CO.
1400 East First Street • • Monroe, Mich.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT

Hair brushed loosely—"set" with Stacomb

For Business, too . .

Hair correct—healthy

Prominent men and women say: "Comb your hair carefully, as your type requires . . ." They add, "Stacomb *keeps* it that way."

With Stacomb, your hair is never dry or rancid, as water makes it. Never sticky or "artificial" looking. For this new liquid keeps the hair gloriously, naturally healthy. And daily it combats dandruff. Just try it!

Also in famous cream form. All drug and department stores.

NEW LIQUID Stacomb

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. A-109, 113 W. 18th St., New York

FREE Send me sample of Stacomb as checked:
New liquid form ☐ Cream form ☐

Name

Address

of the copy, restrained by the necessity, in most cases, of using reasonably good English, has had to develop a style without traditions.

The average English advertisement of a few years ago—before Americans began to pep them up—still seemed to be written by a descendant of Johnson, Macaulay, and Charles Lamb. The American advertiser is the son of the author of Do It Now. William Ernest Henley laid down the rule that the first principle of writing is to be interesting. In all the textbooks on rhetoric you will find the professors discussing the advantages of loose and periodic sentences, of balance, of figures of speech, but when they are frank they ask, above all things, for clearness. They advise brevity. These qualities of interest, terseness and clarity the copy writer has to a degree which no contemporary American novelist can approach.

Short and Sweet

The advertising copy writer and the makers of picture newspapers are—ask the English critics—undermining the language. For the purpose of long discussions about cases of conscience they certainly are. They are making us impatient of descriptive writing, of purple patches—although the temptation to be florid occasionally overtakes a copy writer, as it overtakes every man with a typewriter before him. The natural American aptitude for a short statement, which we find in post-card maxims from Franklin's time to our own, is capitalized by the commercial writer, but the older type of American novelist has always felt that a leisurely style was more in keeping with art. Again the American can side-step the question. No one compels him to write novels. It is, however, possible that in his ad writing, in his succinct newspaper stories, he is preparing an American style in which non-commercial writing can be done.

Mrs. Mary Austin has claimed that the rhythm of the final lines of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, the familiar "of the people, by the people, for the people," corresponds precisely to the swing of the frontiersman's ax. Certainly the way in which a nation works and walks and gesticulates has an effect on the way it speaks and writes. In the south of France I once saw a sign at a railway station which read:

> Travelers are urgently requested before boarding a train, to assure themselves perfectly that that train is indeed the train which will take them to their desired destination.

For which the American might be: "Get On the Right Train," or, more likely: "Keep Off the Wrong Train," if the American took trouble to put any sign up whatever. We say Keep Out instead of Entrance Forbidden; but in our writing—except in commercial writing—we still seem to hanker for a certain pomposity. It is not nearly so prevalent a fault as it was. The complaints of the English critics against our novels are a favorable sign that these novels are beginning to be written in a manner which parallels the manner of American lives. If we continue on our own way it may not be long before the movies will say, "The sun rose," instead of "Came the dawn."

In the past generation writers and painters have begun to work more independently of Europe; in the past decade composers have made fresh discoveries on American soil.

Once in a while a foreign composer comes to America and, after listening to the noises of the Loop, to the frantic driving of the riveter, to the crashing sounds of the steel mills, he announces that the octave and the orchestra are wholly inadequate to express America in music. He suggests new instruments with ear-splitting sounds, driven by electricity, not played by puny human beings. The American, growing up in these surroundings, is not so keenly aware; he tries to put the soul of America into a string quartet.

There is no telling which one is right, because it will require a genius in any case. What we do know is that even the artists who have turned away a little from Europe haven't quite managed to face America. Only in the rarest instances are they willing to give us the counterparts in art of high-tension steel and electric currents; they still try to soften these down. And that brings the circle round again to the architects.

For the architects have been compelled by dire necessity to use our material and in the skyscraper—to build us something for which Europe has no tradition and, in fact, no use. The skyscraper is essentially the result of such a concentration as Europe has not experienced. Given the required materials and the elevators to make them possible, we should still not have had skyscrapers if they had not been considered indispensable to our business lives. The conditions of their existence are almost exactly opposed to the conditions of any other building's artistic success. The great cathedrals and temples of the past stood on high hills or were approached by long avenues or open places—the skyscraper does not recede a foot from the building line. The material itself is not often a precious marble—it is the material which will best stand the strains to which the building will be subjected. Like the well-built car, the skyscraper has to justify itself practically—it is built for use and for profit.

Work Within Limitations

Yet with all these things against them, the architects of dozens of American skyscrapers have created buildings of supreme beauty—in comparison with which many famous buildings look feeble, as if imagination there had begun to atrophy. The best of our skyscrapers are those which are least self-conscious, which put on the least side, and which fulfill their function as office buildings perfectly. The architects have had to accomplish their work against every difficulty, but as the great Goethe wrote: "It is only when he has to work within limitations that the real Master proves himself."

The American architect accepted the facts—physical necessities, the American material which he had to use, the business of keeping costs down, of arranging for profit—all the things which the artist likes to brush aside as inconsequential; and because of that he created our first contribution to the art of the world; a contribution for which Europe had no precedent and for which, to tell the truth, she has given us high praise. It suggests to some workers, at least, that the skyscraper need not stand alone.

Without Continuous Wiping Keeps Windshield Clear

RUBBER wipes off dirt—FELT puts on a chemical that keeps vision-area on windshield clear for hours *without continuous wiping*, in rain, mist, fog, snow.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of automatic or hand windshield wiper. Just take out the old blade and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car or new pair of shoes, it has to be broken in before you get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three good storms used as an ordinary wiper blade the Felt squashes down to the level of the Rubber, the excess chemical is worked out and you get results that mean lasting satisfaction. Same good service for life of blade. Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof because Parkerized.

35¢ standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
319 Orleans Street Detroit

Wilcot (Parent) Company, Ltd., Bristol, England. *Distributor for Europe and British Empire*

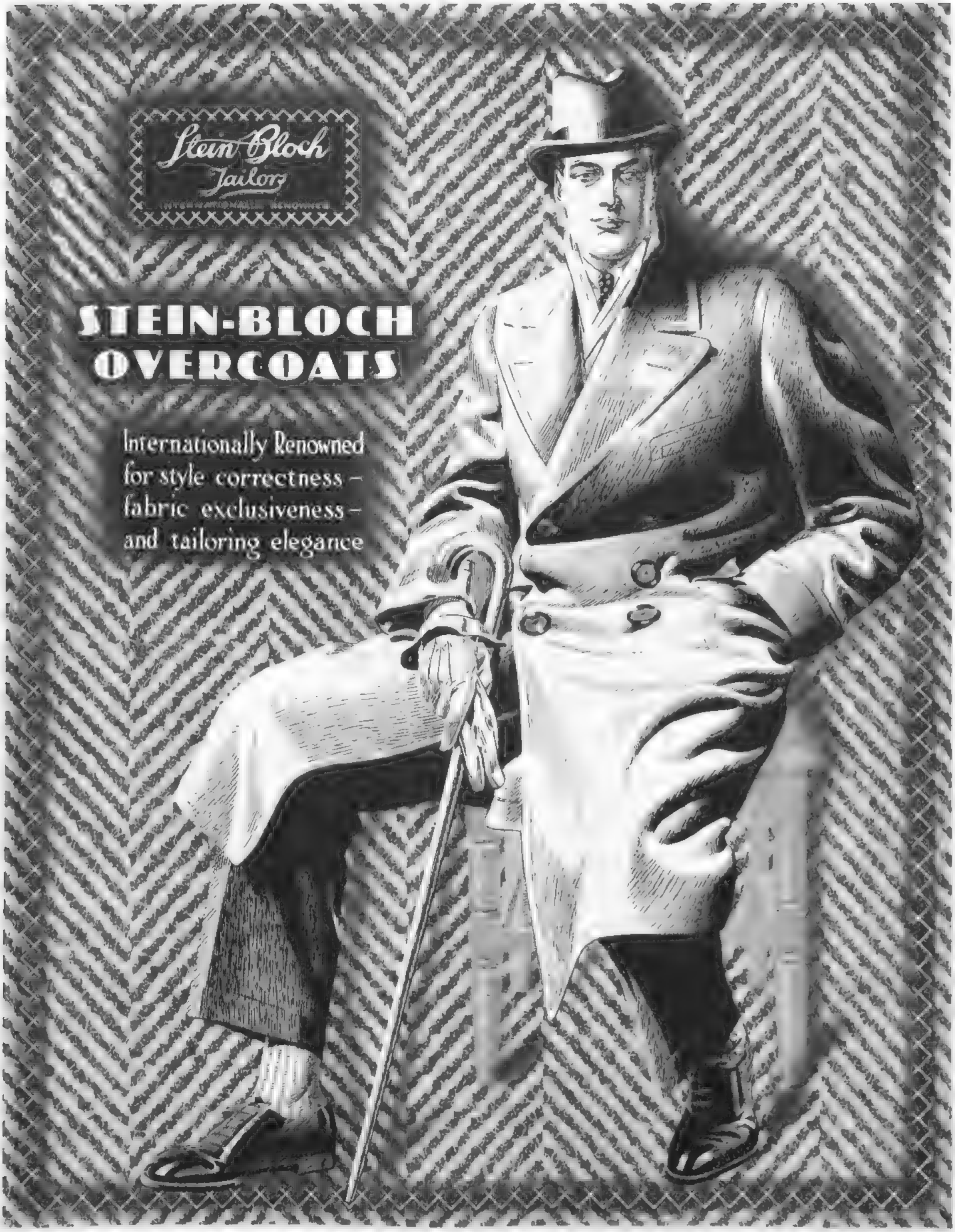
FIND any product in general use in industry and you will find reasonable ... machine shop ... vice, including the ... which use more ... you can make to your tool equipment.

Way tools are ... many manufacturers of a complete line of portable electrically driven drills, saws, hammers, combination home shops, etc.

Sold and Serviced in All Principal Cities

ELECTRO MAGNETIC TOOL CO.
Dept. I N 1848 S. 52nd Ave. Cicero, Ill.

Please send me catalog of other tools ( )
My dealer's name


Stein-Bloch
Tailors
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
STEIN-BLOCH
OVERCOATS
Internationally Renowned
for style correctness –
fabric exclusiveness –
and tailoring elegance

INDUSTRY

in its war on waste has adopted Monel Metal

THERE is a national trend toward thrift—toward wiser spending. Industry, through its engineers and laboratories, is scrutinizing methods and materials to find new ways of lengthening equipment life—new ways of reducing yearly costs.

The engineering metal

Industry has accepted the reports of its engineers and adopted Monel Metal for thousands of different uses. Industry has proved, to its own satisfaction, that it is an established engineering metal. It has also proved that wherever used, Monel Metal reduces waste.

How Monel Metal saves

In the twenty-five years of its existence—through use in power plants, coal mines, industrial plants, in the household—in every type of service—Monel Metal has always proved dependable.

A metal that never looks old

Long before the modern hotel had assumed its present size and importance, Monel Metal was demonstrating its superior properties as a material for food service equipment.

Even before International Nickel's engineers had brought Monel Metal to its present state of gleaming perfection, Monel Metal was already demonstrating that it has that rare property of being ever bright and clean.

Monel Metal's natural properties—now, as always—enable users to reduce cleaning costs.

Where you should use Monel Metal

In your own war on waste, you, too, will find many conditions demanding the use of Monel Metal. Your architect or sheet-metal worker will tell you how to Monel Metal-ize your home, and the manufacturer of standard equipment will furnish Monel Metal if you ask for it.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (Inc.)
67 Wall Street, New York City

WHO USES MONEL METAL AND WHY!

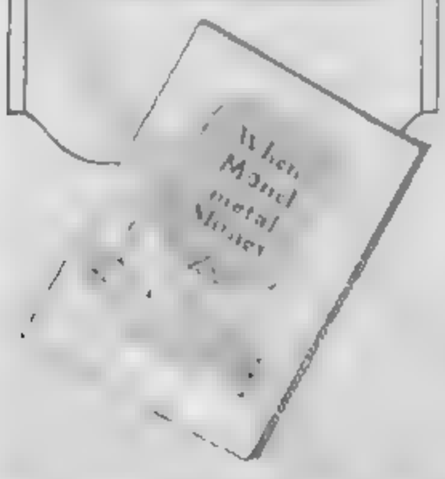
[illegible] these are but a few of the widely known manufacturers who use Monel Metal in their products.

But you should remember this: Manufacturers use Monel Metal to give you—the customer—better quality, and longer service in the equipment you buy. For Monel Metal combines in the one material—

rust-immunity—
corrosion resistance—
lasting attractiveness—
cleanability
toughness with strength—
long life.

From time to time, there will appear in this publication more information about why these manufacturers have adopted Monel Metal for diversified uses.

[illegible] interesting book [illegible] "Where Monel Metal [illegible]



Monel metal

CENTRAL AMERICA

(Continued from Page 23)

sincere, but I soon discovered that his attitude came from the kind of books he read. He was for the nationalizing of all services, the expropriation of foreign capital and the gradual taking over of all capital. The Russian experiment, he said, was bound to be successful, and so on, in the usual vein. In the Western world, Mexico, he thought, represented the highest type of government and could well be a model for all Central America. The United States, with its capital, brought only disaster. The league is trying to organize a speakers' bureau, but thus far its only large activity has been in the promotion of an anti-American parade and meeting which took place in February, when similar demonstrations were being held in all the countries.

The parade fizzled out. About 200 young men started, but only 100 finished, and the plan to march by the American Legation was nipped by the police.

The only other country where the Anti-Imperialistic League has a footing is Salvador, and there its standing is unique. It is not in the smallest degree communistic, nor has it any connection with any of the other branches. This is due to the head and organizer—one Miguel Pinto, who is the owner and editor of a newspaper, has survived as such for a quarter of a century and is a confirmed anti. I was warned before hunting him out that he was a fiery character, which is true. I found him interesting and enthusiastic and against nearly everything. I think he annexed the league because it had "anti" in its name. He had on hand a brother-in-law of Sacasa as an interpreter.

He was very proud of his newspaper plant, which is entirely fitted with American machinery, and on Sunday he runs a colored section of American syndicated comics which he likes immensely. He was equally proud of a manifesto which he had written and printed, setting forth the acts of American imperialism—all of which had been taken from publications of the United States. He had many wild notions about loans being floated all over Central America, but the only loan of which he had first-hand knowledge was the one in Salvador, and of that he entirely approved. He had no delusions about democracy in Central America and one side of his nature held a deal of common sense. But he loved to fight, and I fancy would take up any cause which promised a fight. He had organized a couple of anti-American parades in the usual way.

One of these resulted in trouble, for a secretary of the Mexican Legation made a speech to students and out of it came a series of strikes. The mechanical employes of the newspapers struck, demanding complete control of the sheets, with the right to censor the contents. Since the government also censors the newspapers, this was too much, and the troops were called to put down the disorder. That cramped Pinto's style and now he is veering toward pro-Americanism.

Knowledge Containers

Much of the propaganda everywhere has been directed toward the students, and the anti-American demonstrations are always led by students in the intelligentzia stage. The position of students in Central America is quite different from that in the United States. The Latin-Americans take their half-grown boys quite seriously, and a student demonstration is viewed as being of significance—which is very bad, indeed, for the students. Their opinions acquire an importance quite unwarranted by their training and experience. A mere prank gets unduly dignified.

Every fledgling graduate regards himself as a superman, and insists on others regarding him as such, because he has been officially stamped as the container of a large amount of knowledge. They believe their own bunk, but differ from our young men in that they can get others to believe it.

Public opinion is molded gradually by the constant repetition of stories that one comes almost to regard as formulas. And the propaganda is tireless. It works all through labor, but especially the labor employed by American companies. The labor leaders are seldom workers and their objectives, as in Europe, are political. The Mexican CROM is organizing regional bodies similar to itself in all the countries and has had a deal of success in Guatemala and Honduras. The American properties in Honduras are constantly threatened with strikes, and a few are pulled off.

The *mozos* are easily led, and a few agitators can persuade a whole district to go out without a man knowing why he is striking. Only the dramatic appeal is necessary, and it means nothing to the leaders that the men merely lose their pay without gaining any advantage. Also, it means nothing to the men. They will strike again if the right appeal be made. It is the function of the labor leaders to keep the pot boiling.

Two Pictures of Labor

The conditions under which native labor works are very bad excepting on the American properties. Elementary laws for the protection of workers are everywhere needed, but it so happens that when laws are passed they are so drastic and idealistic as to be unenforceable, or else the laws are arranged merely to hold up American work. A native employer always arranges to exempt himself from the law.

Take the situation in Guatemala. The Indian portion of the population in much of the coffee country exists in a state bordering on slavery. In Spanish times one of the most coveted bits of patronage was the right to take Indians and sell them as slaves. Slavery now no longer exists in name, but it has been replaced by the *habilitadores* system. Say, a *finca* owner needs fifty men for thirty days. He will contract with a *habilitador* to furnish these men for, say, 50,000 pesos. He in turn arranges with the *jefe politico*—governor of the district—for, say, 25,000 pesos to police the Indians whom he may contract—to see that they do not get away. Then he will go out among the Indians and hire a sufficient number by making a small cash advance to each. This advance is calculated to keep the Indian drunk for a week, and it can be repaid only by work.

When the Indians are rounded up and set to work they have the further problem of subsistence, and for this they obtain credit at the planter's commissary. They are often three or four years of work behind their debts. The military severely punishes attempts to escape. It is impossible to say what the wages really amount to under this system, but probably, at a fair value of the goods which they buy, twenty or thirty cents a day would be an outside figure. The system is being killed by the refusal of American employers to have anything to do with it.

The American companies in Guatemala pay their common labor from $1.25 to $1.75 a day and their skilled men up to $3.50 a day. This is straight pay, and on the fruit-company plantations carries with it the right to live at a nominal rental or no rental at all in excellent sanitary two-room quarters, raised from the ground and having board floors and screens, while each group has running water and sanitary arrangements. The employes of American companies not only get year-round work but also have the right to buy first-class goods at the commissary store at much lower prices for much better goods than are offered by the Syrian and Chinese merchants who do the business of the tropics.

The condition of labor in general has brought about a curious collection of labor

Keeps Hair Neat—

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store

TRY IT FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY ... Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE ... bottle of GLOSTORA all charges paid.

Name

Address

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St. W., ... Ont.

Writing is an unconscious act when you hold a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil. 5¢ each 60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast. Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, N. J.

Yes, there's a difference in Bird Seed!

Your little feathered pet will sing you a joyful song of thanks when you fill his cup with FRENCH'S BIRD SEED.

If your bird is droopy and will not sing cheerily, change to French's Bird Seed and see how quickly he perks up

Thoroughly cleaned, free from all injurious dust and dirt—healthful and scientifically tested, in our laboratory, to make certain of unvarying high quality.

A French's Bird Biscuit in every package FREE. Sold by dealers everywhere or send 15¢ for full size package, post paid.

The R. T. French Company
Mustard Street
Rochester, N. Y.

"On the whole," says a letter from one of the officials of this church, "the money was raised with less effort and in less time than by any other method we have used."

$50.00 in 3 Days

IN JUST 3 days of easy, pleasant work, the Ladies' Aid Society of this little church in Montana earned $50.00—enough to pay for making a lawn around the building.

Money For Your Church

Your church can also earn extra money by forwarding renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Your profits will be liberal, and your community will welcome this service. Just write for details to

The Curtis Publishing Company
262 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

Laughs at the Wind!

WHAT if the brusque November wind does blow with a gridiron roar! You'll light up just as surely in the stadium as at the dinner table. The Stormking is the out-of-doors model of the Golden Wheel--famous for its *instant* action and utter dependability. Stormking out-smarts the lustiest gale and makes lighting up out-of-doors a mere gesture. Leading shops everywhere are showing this and other Golden Wheel Lighters.

"Surest thing you know!"

GOLDEN WHEEL

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statutes, all of which ignore the actual conditions and leap lightly to perfection. They have their origin in a wordy congress which was held in Washington in 1923 and which adopted a group of high principles for the conduct of labor in these republics, just as though they were well-organized industrial states. These laws are more or less alike everywhere, but have been made considerably more radical by the Mexican influence. For instance, it is provided in Guatemala that the rate of wages must insure not only the material but the social existence of the employes, and employers are required to "observe the utmost good breeding" and "correct the moral and cultural shortcomings of employes." These laws are not enforced and they could not be enforced, but their nonenforcement is made a subject of labor agitation and they are a club over foreign employers.

This is rather a dismal picture. It would seem that Americans are so unwelcome in the tropics and so hampered in their enterprises that the game is not worth the candle—that they had better quit playing. It is quite true that Americans in Central America have far from an easy time, but they are welcome and as individuals are well liked. Although the *mozos* can be persuaded to strike against American companies, once having worked for Americans, they will work for no one else.

An American fruit company, being harassed by agitators and politicians, quit operating, although at a great loss to itself. When pay day came around and there was no pay because there had been no work, the agitators threatened to burn the company property unless it started up again—and with never an inkling that if actually they carried out their threats, the conditions against which they were kicking would be made permanent. The methods of American business are taken for granted as the best, although fairness is thought to be a cloak put on to conceal something.

The political conception of business is far from clear, because the politicians do not understand commerce. The native is rarely in business as a proprietor. He is essentially a farmer or a professional man. Banking is in the hands of Germans, English and a few Americans. The wholesale trade is nearly all German, while the larger retail trade is with the Germans and the smaller with Levantines—who are all classed as Turks—Hindus or Chinese. Very few Americans are in trade. They are with the railroads or in large-scale productive enterprises. The political view of large business is about what it was in this country when the cartoonists used to call it Big Biz. That is to say, it is fair game for graft and for any sort of imposition.

Oratory Unfurled to Every Breeze

It does not occur to them, as it does not occur to some of our legislators, that the goose may stop laying the golden eggs. In the heat of Central American politics there is no tomorrow. It is beyond political reasoning to figure out the consequences of acts, and when one of their politicians talks he drops all sense of reality and becomes lost in words. An ordinary address will carry with it all the emotion and flubdub which is commonly saved for the buncombe of nominating a man in a presidential convention. The economic effect of American capital in Central America is absolutely unknown to all but a few of the politicians.

The background of these people is the sordid one of Spanish rule. They saw court favorites come out as governors with no thought other than that of getting away with a lot of loot in a short time. They have no traditions of the responsibilities of government, because in the old days a man born in the Americas was held to be a lower being and not eligible for public office. Then came the wars for independence, and for years afterward they fought among themselves over who might rule. Adventurers came and went. They saw European bankers willing to lend small sums of money provided they got obligations for many times the amount received.

American industry is the only large industry which they have ever seen in operation, and most of this dates back less than twenty-five years. There has been no general opportunity for realizing its significance. That is why it is possible to forward propaganda against it. But they are beginning to realize, because when they come in contact with American enterprise they like it.

Of course, it is a shock to discover that these American young men not only work but, after the long day is over, put in another hour sweating on the tennis courts or the golf links they have built for themselves. They are willing to admit there may be something in it.

The motion pictures, all of which are American, have upset the old notions and the European standards, both of dress and of living. The girls want to be flappers and a good many are succeeding. Every family who can afford it sends both boys and girls to the United States to be educated. In many of the higher positions of government the men who are graduates of American universities are beginning to appear, and within another twenty years it seems safe to predict that these countries will be managed by men who speak English and have had American training. These men know the United States and they are not to be fooled by blood-curdling tales of American imperialism.

The Land of the Banana

Now here in brief compass is precisely what our nationals are doing in the six countries which comprise Central America:

These countries, it will be remembered, have a ridge of irregular mountains extending down through them near the Pacific side. Salvador, which is entirely on the Pacific, is wholly in the chain. The whole isthmus is dotted with volcanoes, and some are by no means dead, although there have been no eruptions in recent years. But there have been plenty of earthquakes. On mountain slopes grows coffee, which is the chief product of all the countries, excepting corn. The corn is not exported. There is also some gold and silver mining, but it is not of high importance. Of petroleum there is none at least, none has been discovered. The woods of the coastal plains contain a fair amount of mahogany of moderately good quality, but it is hard to get at and few companies have managed to earn a profit from lumbering. Cattle could be extensively raised, and formerly were in Nicaragua and Honduras, but the herds have been killed off in the revolutions. Where formerly a herd of 5000 to 10,000 head was not unusual, now a herd of 1000 is held to be large.

The possible developments of all of these countries are considerable, especially with respect to agriculture. Men who know the possibilities say that there is no natural reason for any poverty; that there could be erected a large purchasing power if only attention could be diverted for a considerable period from revolution. And the possibilities can be estimated when it is considered what American fruit companies have done with the Caribbean coasts This is the land of the banana.

The banana is easily raised if the land be right, but raising the banana is but a small part of the banana industry. Bananas have been grown for centuries, but their value to Central America lies in American organization. The fruit spoils easily if bruised and it is not healthful unless delivered exactly ripe. Fortunately it ripens better off the tree than on, and also fortunately it grows on the Caribbean side of the isthmus rather better than on the Pacific. This has permitted the really remarkable organization of the distribution of the banana and thus promoted the most considerable American enterprise in the tropics. Four American companies are thus engaged, one being much larger than

(Continued on Page 192)

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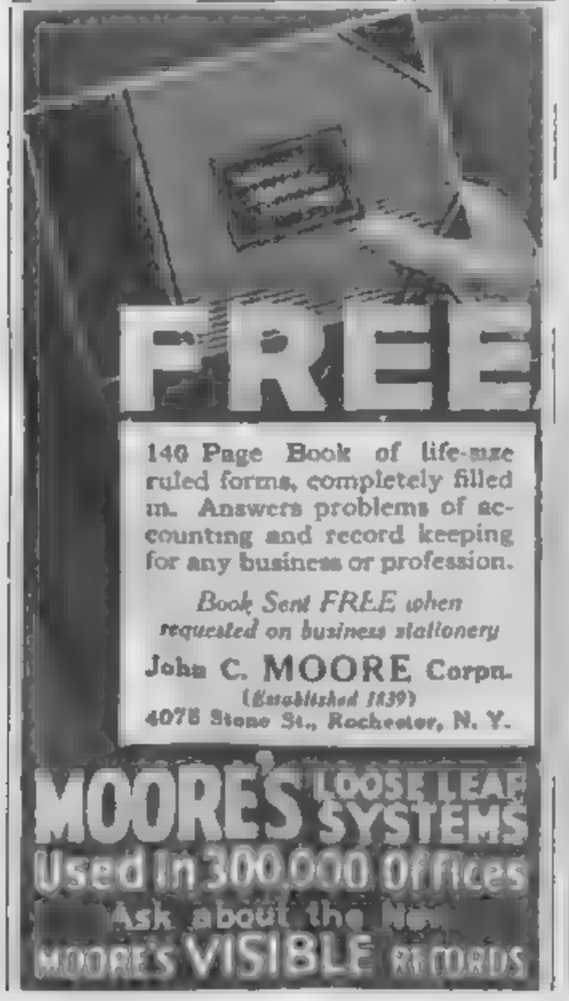
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(Continued from Page 190)

the three others put together. These companies maintain with unremitting care a great system of farms, buying stations, railroads and docks in the Caribbean and a fleet of refrigerator ships plying constantly between these ports and the Atlantic coastal ports, where connections are made with trains of refrigerator cars and the fruit hustled off to the stands throughout the whole United States and as far north as Winnipeg.

A banana, to be delivered in perfect condition to a purchaser in the United States, must be under refrigeration in a green state within twenty-four hours of being cut from the tree. It must be protected from bruising at every stage, yet it must be handled quickly. This has led to a planning of effort which is a story all in itself and a lesson to all agriculture. But though the banana grows easily, one windstorm will blow down hundreds of acres and ruin all the fruit. This has led to developing areas far apart so that no one storm can wreck a company's business.

Two-Crop Farming

A disease called the Panama disease appeared some years ago and no one has yet been able to fight it in spite of millions already spent in research. This has left the fruit companies with land organized for agriculture but unfit for the banana, and thus they have gone into sugar, into cacao, pineapples and other fruit. In order to cut down the cost of shipping by having cargoes back as well as out, the companies are in the general freight business; and Central America, which formerly had to depend on tramps, now has weekly and semiweekly passenger and freight services of the finest sort. In further search for economy, the refrigerator cars which leave from the Atlantic Coast full of bananas are taken still farther west, to come back loaded with the fruits of our Western states.

The point is that because of all this organization within the United States it is possible for the Central American states to find a new source of wealth. Without it, the fact that bananas will grow in Central America would be unimportant. And that is of further significance, for the future of these countries will depend not so much upon their natural resources as upon how American ingenuity can fit them into the scheme of life.

Panama, which is the most southerly of the republics of Central America, is scarcely typical, because before the Canal came it was a part of Colombia and practically a wilderness excepting for the polyglot cities of Panama and Colón at the termini of the railroad. It is overshadowed by the Canal. Its two cities import goods and sell them to residents of the Zone and to the great transient population of soldiers, sailors and tourists. The imports are five times as great as the exports.

Getting away from the region of the Canal, the only enterprise of moment is the fruit-company plantation at Almirante, which represents the reclamation of many thousands of acres of jungle and the investment of about $10,000,000. But these plantations are on the wane. The wilt has hit them and they are in part being replanted to cacao. The same company has acquired a tract of 40,000 acres on the Pacific on which it has already spent $1,000,000 and will eventually spend about $12,000,000. A deal of the country has been prospected for oil and there is a small amount of mining, but all the American investments outside of the fruit company will scarcely amount to $500,000. The public utilities of the Canal cities are owned by Americans, but no American enterprise has as yet served to open up the country.

Our real development begins with Costa Rica. Only a small portion of Costa Rica is opened, but that portion is highly developed. The native white population lives in a comparatively small area in the mountains around San José and Cartago. This is the coffee country, and most of the growers are natives, and many in a small way. The coffee is handled and rehandled with meticulous care and most of it goes abroad, because Americans will not pay fancy prices. But the coffee would not get out had it not been for the efforts of one American, Minor C. Keith, the great railroad builder of the tropics, who is nearly eighty and is still at it. He built the railway from Limón on the Caribbean up through the mountains to San José. He raised Limón out of a swamp and then he built the railroad down the mountains on the other side from San José to the Pacific port of Puntarenas. He raised most of the capital in England, but this work was begun nearly fifty years ago and at that time only England had money for foreign investment. The whole Caribbean slope of the country was jungle. The natives could not work on the railroad. They died like flies, and it was put through by Keith, by American beach combers who were so tough that they did not know one climate from another, and by crews of negroes brought from New Orleans and Jamaica.

Later, Keith began to grow bananas and ship them out over the railroad, and then a fruit company took over his holdings, and now the whole coast up into the foothills of the mountains is organized and shot through with railroad spurs. The Panama disease has taken the bananas from the coast and these lands are being planted in cacao and in pineapples, while experiments are being carried on with rubber. A whole new section has been opened up by the fruit company branches of the railroad around Turrialba and many thousands of acres brought into coffee cultivation under private ownership.

It takes coffee about three years to become profitable—which means a considerable investment. Coffee trees must be shaded. Good coffee land is not good banana land, but it was found that in this Turrialba region bananas could be planted with the coffee and not only give the proper shade while the coffee was developing but also give profitable crops of bananas for several years. By this scheme some thousands of Costa Ricans who did not have the funds for coffee plantations are getting coffee plantations free. The land in the section has quadrupled in value. All this is wealth created by American ingenuity.

The Revenue Producers

The fruit company has invested in lands, in cultivations, in railroad lines and in general equipment about $10,000,000. It also operates for the government the main line of railroad from Limón to the capital. It buys about three-quarters of the fruit it ships, and these purchases, together with its pay roll, leave annually in the country a sum in excess of $10,000,000. It pays wages to common labor which will average close to two dollars a day, and since bananas form 40 per cent of the exports of the country as against 44 per cent for coffee, the effect of America upon prosperity does not require much imagination. There are no other American enterprises of note in the country, although a few individuals are in the coffee business. The republic last year borrowed $8,000,000 to refund its internal debt. American tourists probably leave $1,000,000 a year in the country.

Honduras probably offers the most striking example of American development, because this country, which stretches from a broad coast line on the Caribbean across to a narrow edge fronting the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific, is sharply divided between the American zone and the native. It is about as large as Pennsylvania, but it has less than 750,000 people, and outside the American region no transportation at all. It has a nominal seaport at Amapala, which is only an island in the Gulf of Fonseca, and from there one must make one's way for several hours through swampy bayous to San Lorenzo.

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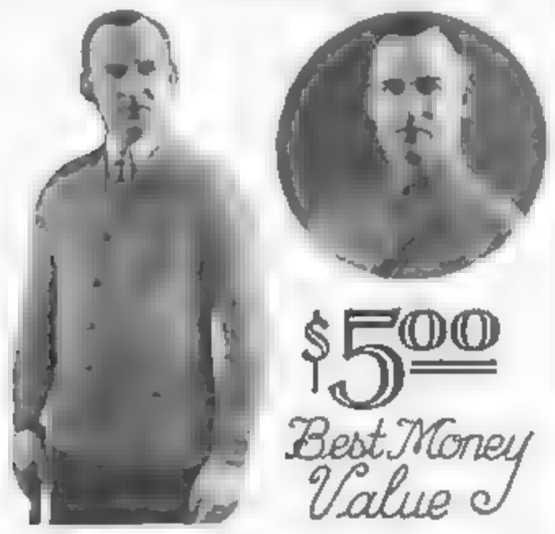

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heings. Thence there is a road cut through the mountains to Tegucigalpa, the capital. This is the only way into Tegucigalpa, and over it go all the goods from the Pacific on muleback or by oxcart or in American motor trucks manned by dare-devil, cheerful-looking American drivers who have somehow drifted into this section of the world. They manage to stand ten hours a day of steady bumping. All of them I talked with had driven trucks in France and when the war was over had just kept on hunting for excitement.

Tegucigalpa is a tumble-down place, its single modern improvement being an American wireless station. To reach the nearest railway head going toward the Caribbean one must travel a day and a half over impossible roads. In the rainy season the roads pass out and then the trip takes a week by mule. In the whole interior the only American investment is a rather important mine which gives employment to a considerable number of natives and which represents about $4,000,000.

When we reach the coast the scene changes. The entirety of the coast for thirty or forty miles back is a network of banana properties which are owned by three American fruit companies. They employ in the neighborhood of 18,000 people, of whom about 85 per cent are Honduran, and they pay out annually in wages, for purchase of local products and taxes somewhere between $9,000,000 and $10,000,000.

Bananas form more than 63 per cent of the exports of Honduras, with gold and silver next, and then sugar, so that more than 80 per cent of the exportable products of the republic arise from American investment and enterprise. These represent on the coast for one fruit company about $30,000,000 and for the two others about $12,000,000. The United States buys three-quarters of all the products sent out and sells to the country more than 80 per cent of what it buys. The American companies pay from $1.50 to $2 a day in wages. These are practically the only wages paid in the country, because there is little or no work outside of the American properties. In the interior, a man is glad to get thirty cents a day. Only on these properties do the natives live in other than thatched cottages. The American operations generate the bulk of all the revenues of the country, and of these revenues it is interesting to note that the government spends about one-third in the keeping of a military establishment. We have no loans in Honduras.

Transportation and Markets

In Salvador some years ago an American started a scheme of development and fell down—which made the people suspicious of everything American. Only lately, first through the finishing of a railway and next through the making of a loan, has the republic come under American influence, and with most surprising results. This little country, perched on a ledge of mountains overlooking the Pacific, is about the size of Maryland. It has more than 1,500,000 people and is the most densely populated country in Central America, and per capita the most prosperous. In San Salvador it now has a real city.

The railroad which runs the length of the country down to La Union, with the seaport of Cutuca on the Gulf of Fonseca, is also the work of Minor C. Keith, and represents an investment of $10,000,000. It is part of his plan to have a railway from the Mexican border to the Panama Canal. The road is 207 miles long and within a year will connect with the line of the International Railways pushing through Guatemala, making the only railway in Central America which connects two countries.

The effects of this road have been remarkable. The country has no real ports on the Pacific. At La Libertad, for instance, one must transfer from the ship in the open sea by a swinging chair to a launch and reach the mole in the same precarious fashion. At Cutuca ships may dock, which means a great saving in the handling of freight. Before the railroad was built, the coffee had to come out and be sold before the rainy season set in and the roads were closed, which meant that the crop was forced on the market. Now it may be held for the market. Land which could hardly find a buyer at $2.50 an acre before the railroad came in now sells readily at three times that price. The railroad has made the country.

Aside from the railroad, the only American interest is a bank which was established many years ago by San Francisco interests and which has become the principal bank. It represents around $5,000,000. But perhaps the most interesting thing about Salvador is the American loan, which points a way out for these countries, because in all of them the customs are about the only tangible receipts and certainly the only ones which can be taken as security. This loan came about because of a default on a British loan, and it is divided into three series of bonds: First a series of $6,000,000, then a series of £1,000,000 for the British creditors, and then a series of $10,000,000, of which $8,500,000 has been issued. The bonds are a lien on 70 per cent of the customs revenue, all of which is collected by an American, W. W. Renwick.

On the Right Track

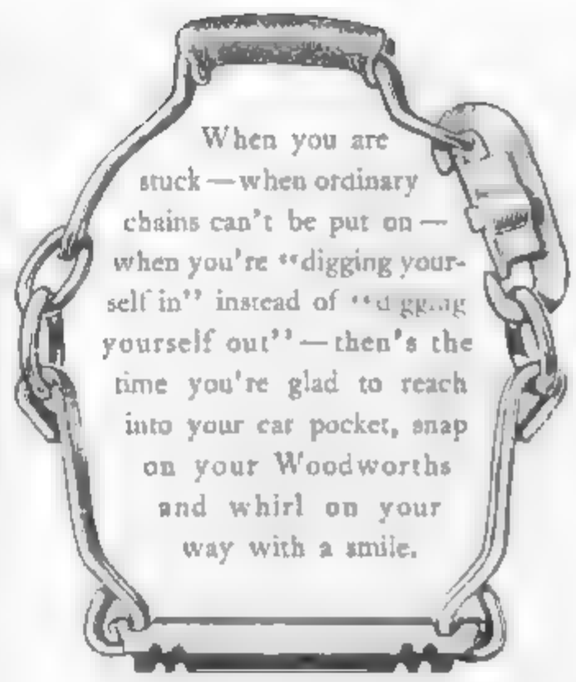
The new money gained under the loan has been expended under American supervision for roads, sewers and waterworks, and the national finances, as well as the physical equipment of the country, are now in better condition than ever they have been.

Mr. Renwick calls his job an experiment in relationships. "We are trying," he told me, "to make friendship and mutual respect take the place of strong powers. The increasing responsibilities the government asks us to assume would seem to indicate that the basis is a sound one. During the anti-American demonstrations of a few months back no criticism was made of our work. I think we are on the right track."

The American interests in Guatemala center on the railroad and on bananas. An American fruit company holds 271,000 acres of land in the region between Zacapa and the Caribbean. This is a vast tract, but of it more than 200,000 acres is classed as unavailable for growing. The company purchases more bananas than it grows, these purchases being on a contract basis; and it now pays fifty cents a stem for bananas as against twenty-five cents in 1910, which was the price the planters were then glad to get. The company obligates itself to take all the sound bananas that the planters can produce, and since the cost of raising bananas is between twenty-five and thirty cents a bunch, the business is very profitable for the local planters. That it is profitable is shown by the figures. In 1908 the company was able to buy bananas only to the value of $32,000, while last year it paid nearly $600,000. If the business were not profitable, so many would not have gone into the growing.

Since entering the country, the company has paid close to $25,000,000 in wages. Its expenditures within the country last year for taxes, wages and purchased fruit ran to about $3,250,000, while the International Railways, the other large American enterprise, paid out more than $2,000,000 within the country. These are very large sums in a country of 2,000,000 people and less than the size of Louisiana, and they are still larger when it is taken into account that at least two-thirds of the people are Indians, living up in the mountains away from all this work.

The railroad represents an investment of $45,000,000, and the fruit company $10,000,000. An American company owns the public services of Guatemala City, amounting to about $2,000,000, while scattered American investments in banks amount to another $2,000,000. We have no loans in Guatemala, but the government is planning to get funds to build highways. The largest total American investment is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Better get [illegible] If your dealer has not stocked the [illegible] sent prepaid at these prices

WOODWORTH SPECIALTIES CO.
Binghamton, N. Y. Established 1905

Two Men Digging Themselves in

Or One Man Digging Himself out

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented [illegible] be operated by anyone in either full or spare [illegible] New, almost incredible as it may sound $400 to $[illegible] [illegible] is cooked in a remarkable electrical device [illegible] than old-style doughnuts [illegible] This [illegible] new dainty Brown Bobby [illegible] make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

$3 000 in 5 Months [illegible]

Men and women start in this business [illegible] Never be offered you [illegible] Write at once for full plans and details

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. 18-18, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

PLAYS for Amateurs

We can supply any play in print.
Send for free illustrated catalogue
Manuscripts purchased for cash.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
921 Filbert Street, Philadelphia

John D. Howe Says:

I Use My Profits for Pocket Money, Clothes, Savings

JOHN D. HOWE is retired from active service in the Q. M. Corps—but not from active interest in things of everyday life. He wanted to build up a business that would bring in extra cash for pocket money, clothes, insurance, and to provide a fund for a possible "rainy day."

As a starter, Mr. Howe clipped and mailed a coupon like the one below. Since then, without leaving his own home, he has built up a well-paying business as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

If you, too, want extra money—which you can so easily earn—just ask for full details of our plan.

Mail This Coupon Today

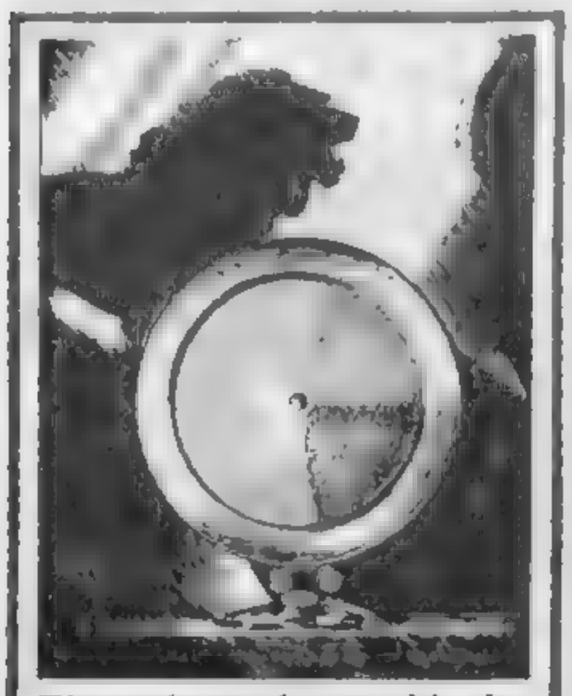
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
263 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can earn more money

Name ..... Age .....
Please print name and address

Street or R. F. D. .....

Town ..... State .....



Throughout the world—for years—the name Amplion has meant all that is quality in radio sound reproduction.

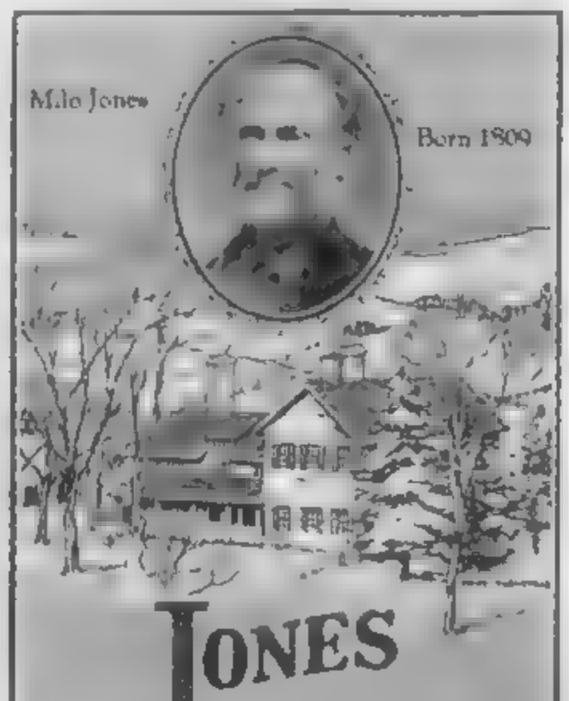
Few people realize how vitally important a good reproducer is in real radio entertainment. It is the "vocal cords" of the set. Prove to yourself how different—how much better—the program comes over with an Amplion reproducer. Your dealer will be glad to demonstrate.

Model illustrated is the Amplion Lion Cone AC 21 .. $25. Height, including handsome moiré bronze base .. 22½". With silk cord and tassel for hanging on wall, Amplion MURAL AC 24 .. $25.

Amplions from $12 to $145. Send for illustrated booklet.

The Amplion Corporation of America
531-535 West 37th Street, New York
Amplion Corporation of CANADA Ltd., Toronto

AMPLION



JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

When Milo Jones, a Vermont farmer, started the making of Sausage in 1834, he laid the foundations of a business unique in the annals of food products.

For three generations the members of the Jones family have operated the Jones Dairy Farm and produced the same delicious sausage now known all over America.

The Jones Dealer near you will gladly deliver Sausage weekly.

JONES DAIRY FARM
FT ATKINSON WIS

in Guatemala, and it has the largest volume of imports of all the countries. Of these we have more than half.

Finally we come to Nicaragua, in which our interests are very small, but out of which all the trouble seems to arise. Nicaragua is potentially rich, but it has never been developed because of the political unrest which springs from a bitter feud dating back many years between the people of Granada, who call themselves Conservatives, and the people of León, who call themselves Liberals. The capital has been in both cities, but was finally established in Managua, halfway between the two.

From Managua to Corinto, on the Pacific, is a line of railroad built years ago by English capital and owned by the government. That is the only transport in the country.

To get from Managua to Bluefields, on the Caribbean, about 200 miles away, one must commonly take ships from Corinto and then via the Canal and New Orleans get to Bluefields—an affair, with luck, of about three weeks.

The Caribbean coast is none too well suited to bananas, and although several companies own land, only one operates, and this in connection with a lumbering company. The entire American investment in the country will not amount to $5,000,000.

The hope has been to open up the land with a railroad to the Caribbean, and this was nearly realized sixteen years ago, when Secretary Knox wrote a treaty and on the side arranged for a loan of $15,000,000. Congress would not approve the treaty and the road was never built. Had it gone through, the troubles of the country might have been over. The bankers who thought that they were going to make the loan advanced various sums in order to arrange for the stabilization of the currency. Arrangements were made also for the funding of a British debt which was in default. Their final loan was $1,000,000 on the security of the customs, which were put in the hands of an American collector as part of the arrangement with the British bondholders.

Hospitals for Everyone

This loan was fully paid in September, 1919, and after that time until the present year, when a credit of $1,000,000 was advanced to the government, there were no loans in Nicaragua. The bankers made 6 per cent on their money and a commission of $7550. In 1913 the same bankers bought 51 per cent of the stock of the railroad for $1,000,000. The road was not then earning its operating expenses, because under the government no one who had any influence paid fare or freight, and the staff was enormous. The road went under the management of a New York corporation which almost rebuilt it out of earnings and brought it up to a surplus of around $400,000 a year.

In 1920 the republic bought back the railroad from the bankers, paying them a profit of $750,000. The payment was in cash and treasury bills, the last of which were paid in July, 1924. The managers received at first $10,000 and later $15,000 a year for their services, and their books show that this fee was less than their expenses. They kept in because they wanted to have a chance at any improvements that might be undertaken. That is all the money which bankers have made out of Nicaragua. The customs agent remains as under the agreement to collect the British debt.

There is one other effect of American enterprise in the tropics which is impossible to estimate in dollars and cents, but which makes the wages paid by American companies much more effective than any other wages, and that is the medical service. The large companies maintain hospitals which are open to all the residents of the district, whether or not they be company employes. These hospitals are not maintained merely to care for accidents. That is the least of their functions. They are general hospitals, and although at first they were naturally regarded with deep suspicion, they are now very generally used, even for childbirth.

Making the Tropics Healthful

These hospitals are headed by American doctors, but wherever possible they are staffed by native doctors who have been educated abroad, and in them nurses are trained. It is hard to conceive that these countries had been practically without hospital or nursing facilities, but such is the fact; and whether you were rich or whether you were poor, it was taken for granted that you would get well or you would die, just as fate decreed. However, important as the hospitals are, of much greater importance is the dispensary system which extends throughout all the regions where American companies operate. These dispensaries not only treat the cases which come to them but keep down malaria through liberal uses of quinine, and also they are able quickly to check dysentery and many other of the formerly fatal tropical diseases.

The Rockefeller Institute works through all these countries on hookworm, while, wherever there is an American company, there will also be good drinking water and at least some sanitation. No company has had the funds to clean up to the extent that Gorgas and his aids did in the Canal Zone, yet the net effect has been to cut out at least three-quarters of the malaria, dysentery and hookworm in the company neighborhoods.

Without these medical facilities it is quite doubtful whether the native employes would be able to work much more than half the time, and therefore no matter what wages were paid there could be very little surplus purchasing power, even if a half-sick man could be paid the wages of a well man. These medical and sanitary services are not on any false basis of charity. They are a recognition of the economic value of health, of increasing a man's capacity both to earn and to spend.

That is the record of American imperialism in the Caribbean.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crowther.

Vessels in Port, Gloucester, Mass.

In these three ways Rust costs $57 every year

in the home where rustable metals are used

You can save nearly $300 every five years—according to country-wide figures covering the average house—by installing copper gutters and leaders, brass pipe and bronze screens.

SOME people think that fire is the great destroyer of American homes. Possibly because fires are spectacular.

But *rust* is a far greater enemy of the home—insidious, stealthy. Never spectacular.

Day and night rust eats away, not only destroying metals, but rotting wood, undermining the very foundation sills of a house.

These facts are more widely known nowadays. This accounts for the general acceptance of Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze as rust-proofing features in modern construction.

Their economy is apparent, as explained completely in the book "Rust-Proofed," sent free to all who mail the coupon on this page.

One of the most conspicuous usages is where weather strikes—copper gutters, flashings and rain pipes. Anaconda Copper can't rust.

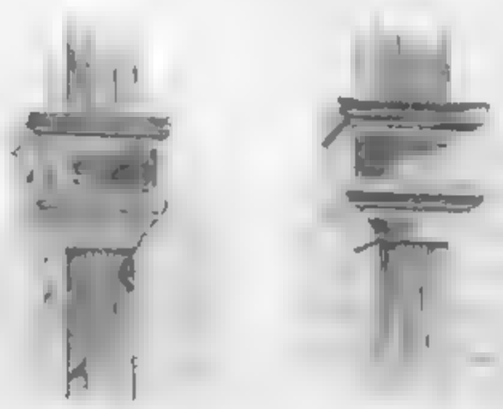
Copper gutters, rain pipes and flashings last indefinitely. According to country-wide figures, copper saves $21 a year, which rust costs when ordinary metals are installed.

Such makeshifts are not permanent but need annual repair, periodic replacement.

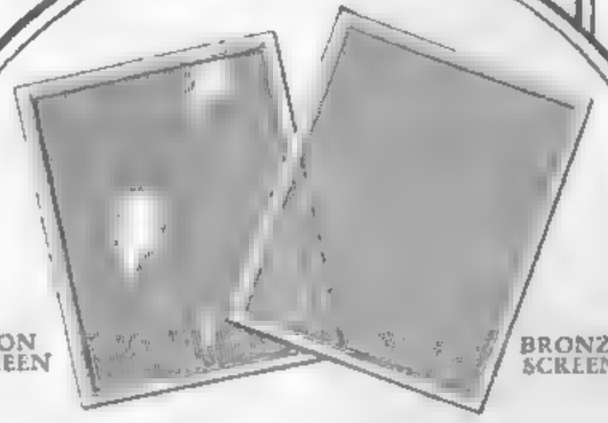
* * * *

Another less conspicuous but equally vital installation is brass water pipe instead of rustable pipe. Brass pipe can't rust. In rusted pipe the water gets reddish, the flow is retarded.

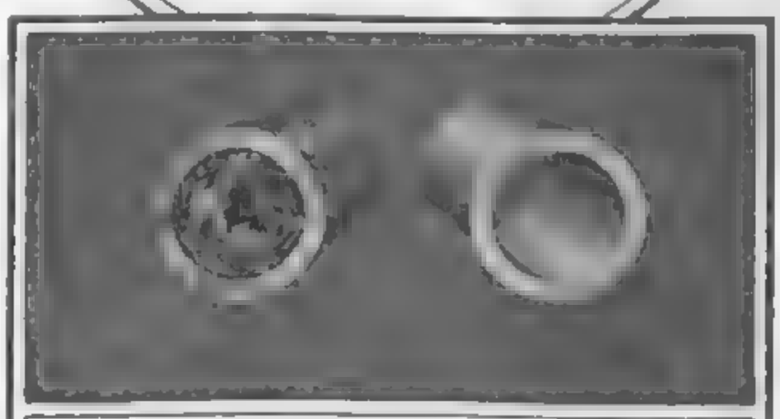
One faces the constant danger of a leak—maybe when you're absent—ruined ceilings and furniture, perhaps a flooded cellar.



Nobody knows how long copper gutters, rain pipes and flashings last—many Early Colonial houses still have perfect installations. Copper seems almost everlasting. Rustable metal, even if coated or painted, will disintegrate and sooner or later require replacement—usually about every seven years.



Screens which rust are a springtime annoyance. A percentage must be overhauled. Then midsummer holes appear, bidding welcome to flies. Bronze (strengthened copper) can't rust, can't sag.



Pictured above are two pieces of pipe. Both were installed in the same building at the same time.

At the left is the rusted pipe. The water trickled through, rusty, disagreeable.

At the right is Anaconda Brass Pipe, as sound as when installed. Utterly rust-resistant.

The brass pipe cost a little more to install in the beginning, but saved this extra cost—many times over.

Pipe which rusts is the greatest extravagance—the ripping out and replacement not only costs money, but there is always the mental worry of a leak, a water-soaked ceiling—maybe fallen plastering over lovely furniture, a flooded cellar. Remember, brass *can't* rust.

Most plumbing trouble and expense are due to rusted pipes.

Anaconda Brass Pipe frees you from needless expense and worry.

* * * *

A third saving in rust-proofing is bronze screens as compared with iron or steel. Bronze is strengthened copper. It can't rust, can't sag. Bronze is beautiful and permanent—never needs painting. No annual overhauling—no midseason welcome holes for flies.

* * * *

Learn how rust can cost $57 per year for the average house—how Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze quickly pay for their slight extra initial cost, how they soon bring you an annual saving—in money, in peace of mind.

Learn how to make your building dollar do its utmost, how your labor charge is better employed if you build for permanency, rather than installing makeshifts.

Learn how to resist the insidious assault of rust—how to free yourself from that "third-mortgage" of upkeep.

Just mail the coupon for an informative booklet on Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze.

ANACONDA COPPER BRASS BRONZE

PERMANENT — ECONOMICAL

565

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me your booklet "Rust-proofed"

Name

Address

City *State*

New Mulkey Spout
Pours a *thin* Stream

Even For Moo-Cow's Baby

HAVE YOU ever seen a new-born calf—with great soft eyes and softer coat—little helpless creature? Wise farmers will tell you that years ago many were killed by goitre—but now iodine salt is fed to their cattle and goitre prevented. Certainly *human* babies deserve as much protection. Doctors urge it. As leaders in our field we are proud to be able to offer an iodine salt which is worthy of its splendid purpose.

Use Mulkey's in All Food—Protect YOUR Family—At All Grocers'.

MULKEY'S *Iodine* SALT

Mulkey Salt Co., Detroit
Also Makers of
3B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt—each perfect for its purpose.

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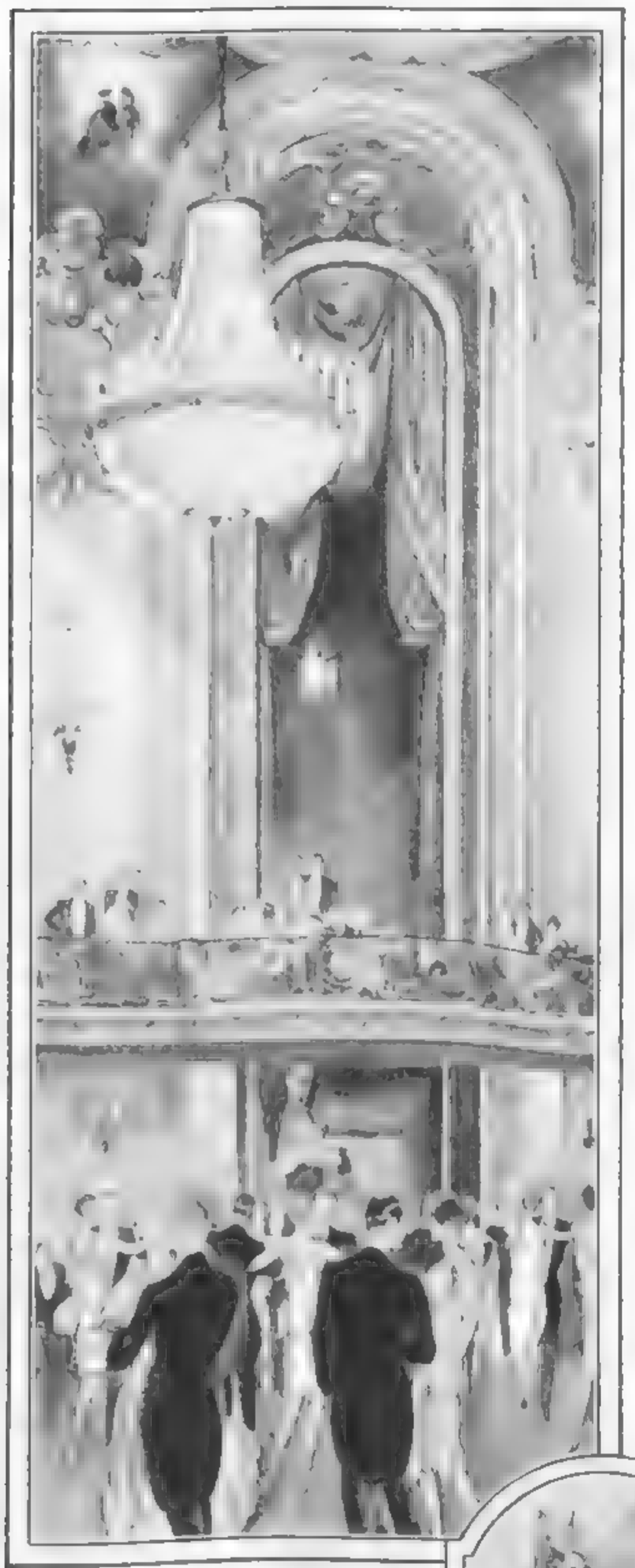
THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets CHICAGO *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL
Offers the WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE



Corner of the Grand Ball Room of The Stevens

Brilliantly Chicago Opens the Social Season in the
GRAND BALLROOM

In a setting which rivals the magnificent Palace of Versailles, smart Chicago presents the famed St. Luke's Fashion Show and Dinner Dance

3000 OUTSIDE ROOMS

3000 PRIVATE BATHS

"THE Grand Ball Room of The Stevens with its ever changing lights is a fairyland background—a fit setting for Marie Antoinette and her gay court," so says Mrs. John W. Gary, Chairman of St. Luke's Fashion Show and Dinner Dance. "It provides now to Chicago a needed stage for its most important civic and social affairs."

In the Louis XVI period, with its wide balcony, St. Genevieve marble facings and half acre of floor space, it is the largest unpillared room in the world. For all its beauty, it has utility unsuspected. In this room was served the world's record banquet with covers laid for 4700 guests. With its floor stanchly designed to hold tremendous weights and with power outlets conveniently at hand, the Grand Ball Room is an ideal Exposition Hall in which rare beauty adds to any commercial exhibit or social function.

In the Grand Ball Room and individually designed guest rooms, antique lounge, recreation halls, extensive library and four magnificent restaurants is found evidence of world supremacy.

On Michigan Boulevard, facing the wide stretches of Grant Park on Lake Michigan, The Stevens is convenient to the business district and railroad stations. It affords to its guests the utmost in hotel value at rates surprisingly modest. On your next visit to Chicago make the world's greatest hotel your home.

When visiting The Stevens ask the bell captain for a guide who will be supplied gratis

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 35c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $3.00 per person
A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate	Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate
[illegible]	$3.50	$5.00	278	$ 6.00	$ 9.00
1242	4.00	6.00	185	7.00	10.00
943	5.00	7.50	93	10.00	15.00

This is the third of a series of full page announcements portraying the World's Greatest Hotel and its many features of public interest

Hotel LaSalle
La Salle at Madison Street

In the heart of Chicago's shopping and theatre district, Hotel La Salle makes a special appeal to the busy man. Under the same management as the Stevens, Hotel La Salle affords accommodations noted for their comfort. In its restaurants, famous for food, fixed prices prevail. The guest at Hotel La Salle knows in advance exactly what the charges will be. This feature is one reason for the substantial character of the guests Hotel La Salle is privileged to entertain.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Success *is often judged by* FACES that are FIT!

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with WILLIAMS."

THEY may look at your clothes—the people you meet. They may not. But they'll surely look at your face. And by it, in part at least, they'll appraise you—measure your success.

Turn to the world a smiling countenance if you may. But smiling or frowning make sure it's clear and Fit!

Let Williams help. For 87 years three generations of experts have spent their time in specialized and unending search for those things that are best for beard and skin, best to keep faces Fit. And Williams Shaving Cream is the product of their labors.

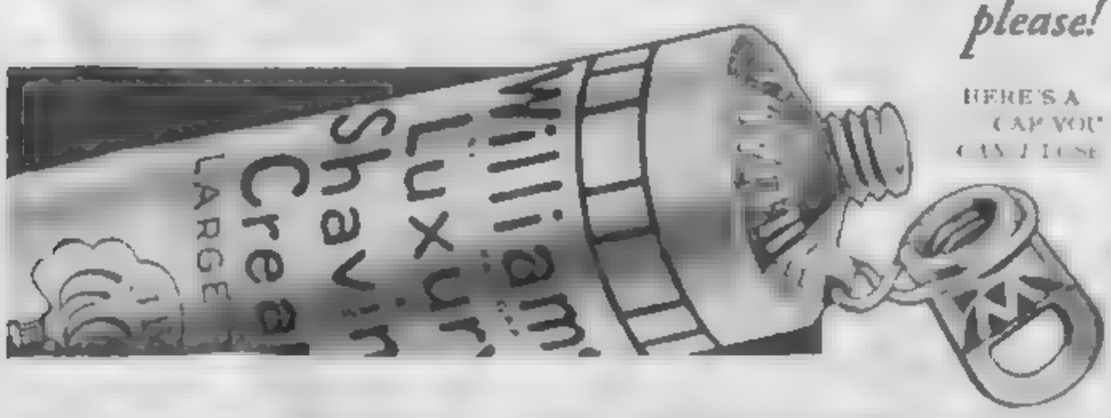
The day starts well that starts with a rich face blanket of Williams lather—lather that rises quickly, softens thoroughly, stays moist to the end.

Made by masters who have learned how to blend the choicest ingredients, absolutely pure and absolutely uncolored, in a *super mildness,* Williams makes shaving quick and comfortable and always leaves faces Fit!

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes . . . . . sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to WILLIAMS."*

Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream *please!*



Afterwards! A splash of AQUA VELVA, a scientific after-shaving preparation of remarkable virtue. Ask for a free sample.

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

The Poets' Corner

To One Estranged

GOD had not bound us heart to heart
If he had meant us just to part.

He'd not have guided you to find
Out of the world my heart, my mind,

Out of the world my face, my tone,
If, after, we must walk alone.

We two have been more close, more near
Than mortals ever get, my dear,

Unless they're born, until life ends,
To be self-sacrificing friends,

Unless they're born for aye to be
Partners and pals, like you and me,

Lovers and friends—God meant us two
To be like that, I think—don't you?

He'd not have bound us heart to heart
So, if he'd meant us just to part.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Prophets in Their Own Country

YOUR light may dazzle other men,
But never those that knew you when——

The soaring eagle seems a wren
To all the birds that knew him when——

Your old home town and native glen
Are full of those that knew you when——

Succeed again and yet again,
"Fool luck!" they'll say that knew you when——

Though Daniel dared the lion's den,
"A fake!" cried those that knew him when——

At Franklin's fame they jeered, "Old Ben?
He can't fool us! We knew him when——"

We laud the prize egg-laying hen:
The barnyard clucks, "We knew her when——"

What horse that wins at one to ten
Is backed by those that knew him when——

To build the bridge or drain the fen
Counts naught with those that knew you when

No star to fill the watcher's ken
They saw in Keats that knew him when

I gain approval now and then,
But not from those that knew me when——

Of all cold words of tongue or pen
The worst are these: "I knew him when"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A COMPARISON

Automotive engines had reached their highest stage of perfection. There was but one means of increasing their performance. That means was to lighten the weight of reciprocating parts—a LYNITE accomplishment.

Every stroke of an iron piston and rod carries twice the weight of LYNITE. This extra burden penalizes performance. The power required to carry the unnecessary load caused by iron pistons and rods is the power which *must* be used in realizing the greater speed, quicker acceleration and vibrationless operation which the driving public demands. Through LYNITE, power is directed into the right channels.

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Several seconds quicker acceleration.
Less wear on cylinders and bearings.
Vibration reduced to a minimum.
Less weight—greater fuel economy.
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PISTONS AND RODS

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Moral Look with confidence upon articles made from genuine Stainless Steel—if they cost slightly more in the first place it's because you are getting a value that will be priceless in your eyes long after the cost is forgotten—and a service which makes that cost the very essence of economy.

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AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Lucile Patterson Marsh

Orange Custard

1⅓ cups Pet Milk — Grated rind one orange
1½ cups orange juice — ¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar — 4 tablespoons cornstarch

Mix thoroughly together sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add ½ cup milk and blend until smooth. Heat remaining milk in double boiler. Add mixture and cook until it begins to thicken slightly. Add orange juice and grated rind and cook until thick, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Turn into molds and chill.

Custards made with Pet Milk are *better* custards. They *taste* better. You can prove that for yourself by the recipe above. They *are* better. Here's the reason:

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You probably are a wonderful cook— but haven't you had embarrassing moments?

ONE view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you

This new advance in the art of baking— "Kitchen-tested" Flour— eliminates 50% of the cause of imperfect baking results

EVEN the best cooks *occasionally* have a baking turn out badly. And it usually happens just when you most want everything to be perfect.

That's why we believe you will be interested in this new achievement—the famous "Kitchen-test."

For it is only recently that chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* was 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely differently in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

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Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer good only if you live in U. S.)

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